OVID'S METAMORPHOSIS ENGLISHED,

BY

GEO: SANDYS.

The 3d. Edition.

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TO THE MOST High and Mighty Prince CHARLES, King of Great *Britaine, France, and Ireland.*

SIR,

YOur Gracious acceptance of the first fruits of my Travels, when You were our Hope, as now our Happinesse; hath attuated both Will and Power to the finishing of this peece: being limn'd by that unperfect light, which was snatcht from the houres of night and reposse. For the day was not mine, but dedicated to the service of your Great Father, and your Selfe: which, had it proved as fortunate as faithfull, in me, and others more worthy; we had hoped, ere many yeares had turned about, to have presented you with a rich and wel-peopled Kingdome; from whence now, with my selfe, I onely bring this Composure:

Inter victrices Hederam tibi serpere Laurus.

It needeth more then a single denization, being a double Stranger: Sprung from the Stocke of the ancient Romanes; but bred in the New-World, of the rudenesse whereof it cannot but participate; especially having warres and Tumults to bring it to light, in stead of the Muses. But how ever unperfect, Your favour is able to supply; and to make it worthy of life, if you iudge it not unworthy of your Royall Patronage. Long may you live to be, as you are, the delight and Glory of your People: and slowly, yet surely, exchange your mortall Diadem for an immortall. So wishes.

Your Majesties most humble Servant,
GEORGE SANDYS.

TO THE MOST

High and Mighty Prince

CHARLES, King of Great

[illegible]

Y

GEORGE SANDYS.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The first Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe World, farm'd out of Chaos. *Man is made. The Ages change. The Giants Heaven invade. Earth turnes their blood to men. Iove's flames consume Lycaon, now a Wolfe. The World is drown'd. Mankind, cast stones restore. All quickning Earth Renewes the rest, and gives new Monsters birth. Apollo, Python kills; heart-wounded, loves Lust flying* Daphne: *shee a Lawrell proves. Iove, Io made a Cow, to make foule deeds. Hermes, a Heardsman. Syrinx, chang'd to Reeds. Dead Argus eyes adorne the Peacocks traine. The Cow, to Io, Iove transformes againe.*

OF bodies chang'd to other shapes I sing.
Assist, you Gods (from you these changes spring)
And, from the Worlds first fabrick to these times,
Deduce my never-discontinued Rymes.
The Sea, the Earth, all covering Heaven unfram'd,
One face had Nature, which they *Chaos* nam'd:
An undigested lump; a barren load,
Where jarring seeds of things ill-joyn'd abode.
No *Titan* yet the world with light adornes;
Nor waxing *Phœbe* fill'd her wained hornes:
Nor hung the selfe-poiz'd Earth in thin Ayre plac'd;

Not *Amphitrite* the vast shore imbrac'd
With Earth, was Ayre and Sea: the Earth unstable,
The Ayre was darke, the Sea un-navigable:
No certaine forme to any one assign'd:
This, that resists. For in one body join'd,
The Cold and Hot, the Drie and Humid fight;
The Soft and Hard, the Heavie with the Light.
But God, the better Nature, this decides:
Who Earth from Heaven, the Sea from earth divides;
And purer Heaven extracts from grosser Ayre.
All which unfolded by his prudent care
From that blind Masse; the happily dis-joyn'd
With strifelesse peace He to their seats confin'd.
Forth-with up-sprung the quick and waightlesse Fire,
Whose flames unto the highest Arch aspire:
The next, in levitie and place, is Ayre:
Grosse Elements to thicker Earth repayre
Selfe-clog'd with waight: the waters flowing round,
Possesse the last, and solid *Tellus* bound.
What God soever this division wrought,
And every part to due proportion brought;
First, least the Earth unequall should appeare,
He turn'd it round, in figure of a Spheare;
Then, Seas diffus'd; commanding them to roare
With ruffling Winds, and give the Land a shore.
To those he added Springs, Ponds, Lakes immense;
And Rivers, whom their winding borders fence:
Of these, not few Earths thirsty jawes devoure;
The rest, their streams into the Ocean poure;
When in that liquid Plaine, with freer wave,
The foamie Cliffes, in stead of Banks, they lave:
Bids Trees increase to Woods, the Plaines extend,
The rocky Mountaynes rise, and Vales descend.
Two equall Zones, on either side, dispose
The measur'd Heavens; a fifth, more hot then those.
As many Lines th'included Globe divide:
I'th'midst unsufferable beams reside;
Snow-clothes the other two: the temperate hold
'Twixt these their seats, the Heat well mixt with Cold.
As Earth, as Water, upper Ayre out-waighs;
So much doth Ayre Fires lighter balance raise.
There, He commands the changing Clouds to stray;
There, thundering terrors mortall mindes dismay;
And with the Lightning, Winds ingendring Snow;

Yet not permitted every way to blow;
Who hardly now to teare the world refraine
(So Brothers jarre!) though they divided raigne,
To *Perſis* and *Sabbæa*, *Eurus* flies;
Whoſe gums perfume the bluſhing Mornes up-riſe;
Next to the evening, and the Coaſt that glowes
With ſetting *Phœbus*, flowrie *Zeph'rus* blowes:
In *Scythia* horrid *Boreas* holds his raigne,
Beneath *Boötes* and the frozen Waine:
The Land to this oppos'd doth *Auſter* ſteepe
With fruitfull ſhowres, and clouds which ever weepe.
Above all theſe he plac't the liquid Skies;
Which, void of earthly dregs, did higheſt riſe.
Scarce had He all thus orderly diſpos'd;
When as the Starres their radiant heads diſclos'd
(Long hid in Night) and ſhone through all the skie.
Then, that no place ſhould unpoſſeſſed lie,
Bright Conſtellations, and faire figured Gods,
In heavenly Manſions fixt their bleſt abodes:
The glittering Fiſhes to the Flouds repayre;
The Beaſts to Earth, the Birds reſort to Ayre.
The nobler Creature, with a mind poſſeſt,
Was wanting yet, that ſhould command the reſt.
That Maker, the beſt Worlds originall,
Either Him fram'd of ſeed Cæleſtiall;
Or Earth, which late he did from Heaven divide,
Some ſacred ſeeds retain'd, to Heaven ally'd:
Which with the living ſtreame *Prometheus* mixt;
And in that artificiall ſtructure fixt
The forme of all th'all-ruling Deities.
And whereas others ſee with downe-caſt eyes,
He with a loftie looke did Man indue,
And bade him heavens tranſcendent glories view.
So, that rude Clay, which had no forme afore,
Thus chang'd, of Man the unknowne figure bore.
The *Golden Age* was firſt; which uncompeld.
And without rule, in faith and Truth exceld.
As then, there was nor puniſhment, nor feare;
Nor threatning Lawes in braſſe preſcribed were;
Nor ſuppliant crouching pris'ners ſhooke to ſee
Their angrie Iudg: but all was ſafe and free.
To viſit other Worlds, no wounded Pine
Did yet from Hills to faithleſſe Seas decline.
Then, un-ambitious Mortals knew no more,

But their owne Countrie's Nature-bounded ſhore.
Nor Swords, nor Armes were yet: no trenches round
Beſieged Townes, nor ſtrifefull Trumpets ſound:
The Souldier, of no uſe. In firme content
And harmleſſe eaſe, their happy dayes were ſpent:
The yet-free Earth did of her owne accord
(Vntorne with ploughs) all ſorts of fruit afford.
Content with Natures un-enforced food,
They gather Wildings, Strawb'ries of the Wood,
Sowre Cornels, what upon the Bramble growes,
And Acornes, which *Iove's* ſpreading Oke beſtowes.
'Twas alwaies Spring: warme *Zephyrus* ſweetly blew
On ſmiling flowres, which without ſetting grew.
Forth with the Earth corne, unmanured, beares;
And every yeare renewes her golden Eares:
With Milke and Nectar were the Rivers fill'd,
And Hony from greene Holly-okes diſtill'd.
But, after *Saturne* was throwne downe to Hell,
Iove rul'd; and then the *Silver age* befell:
More baſe then Gold, and yet then Braſſe more pure.
Iove chang'd the Spring (which alwayes did indure)
To winter, Summer, Autumne hot and cold:
The ſhortned Springs the year's fourth part uphold.
Then, firſt the glowing Ayre with fervor burn'd
The Raine to ice-ſicles by bleake winds turn'd.
Men houſes built; late hons'd in caves profound,
In plaſhed Bowres, and Sheds with Oſiers bound.
Then, firſt was corne into long furrowes throwne:
And Oxen under heavy yokes did groane.
Next unto this ſucceeds the *Braſen Age*;
Worſe natur'd, prompt to horrid warre, and rage:
But yet not wicked. Stubborne *Ir'n* the laſt.
Then, bluſhleſſe crimes, which all degrees ſurpaſt,
The World ſurround. Shame, Truth, and Faith depart;
Fraud enters, ignorant in no bad Art;
Force, Treaſon, and the wicked love of gaine.
Their ſailes, thoſe winds, which yet they knew not, ſtraine;
And ſhips, which long on lofty Mountaines ſtood,
Then plow'd th'unpractiz'd boſom of the Flood.
The Ground, as common earſt as Light, or Aire,
By limit-giving Geometry they ſhare.
Nor with rich Earth's juſt nouriſhments content,
For treaſure they her ſecret entralles rent;
The powerfull Evill, which all power invades,

By

By her well hid, and wrapt in *Stygian* ſhades.
Curſt Steele, more curſed Gold ſhe now forth brought:
And bloody-handed Warre, who with both fought:
All live by ſpoyle. The Hoſt his Gueſt betrayes;
Sons, Fathers-in-lawe: 'twixt Brethren love decayes.
Wives husbands, Husbands wives attempt to kill:
And cruell Step-mothers pale poyſons fill.
The Sonne his Fathers haſtie death deſires:
Foild Pietie, trod nnderfoot, expires.
Aſtræa, laſt of all the heavenly birth,
Affrighted, leaves the blood defiled Earth.
And that the Heavens their ſafety might ſuſpect,
The Gyants now cœleſtiall Thrones affect;
Who to the skies congeſted mountaines reare.
Then *Iove* with thunder did *Olympus* teare;
Steepe *Pelion* from under *Oſſa* throwne.
Preſt with their burthen their huge bodies growne;
And with her Childrens blood the Earth imbru'd:
Which ſhee, ſcarce throughly cold, with life indu'd;
And gave thereto, t'uphold her ſtock; the face
And forme of Man; a God contemning Race,
Greedie of ſlaughter, not to be withſtood;
Such, as well ſhewes, that they were borne of blood.
Which when from Heaven *Saturnius* did behold,
He ſigh't; revolving what was yet untold,
Of fell *Lycaon's* late inhumane feaſt.
Iuſt anger, worthy *Iove*, inflam'd his breſt.
A Synod call'd, the ſummoned appeare.
There is a way well ſeene when skies be cleare,
The *Milkie* nam'd: by this, the Gods reſort
Vnto th'Almightie Thunderers high Court.
With ever-open doores, on either hand,
Of nobler Deities the Houſes ſtand:
The Vulgar dwell diſperſt: the Chiefe and Great
In front of all, their ſhining Manſions ſeat.
This glorious Roofe I would not doubt to call,
(Had I but boldneſſe lent me,) Heaven's *White-Hall*.
All ſet on Marble ſeats; He leaning on
His Ivory Scepter, in a higher Throne,
Did twice or thrice his dreadfull Treſſes ſhake:
The Earth, the Sea, the Starres (though fixed) quake;
Then thus, inflam'd with indignation, ſpake:
I was not more perplext in that ſad Time,
For this Worlds Monarchie, when, bold to clime,

The Serpent-footed Giants durſt invade,
And would on Heaven their hundred hands have laid.
Though fierce the Foe, yet did that Warre depend
But of one Bodie, and had ſoone an end.
Now all the race of man I muſt confound,
Where-ever *Nereus* walks his wavy Round:
And this I vow by thoſe infernall Floods,
Which ſlowly glide through ſilent *Stygian* woods.
All cures firſt ſought; ſuch parts as health reject
Muſt be cut off, leaſt they the ſound infect.
Our Demi-gods, Nymphs, Sylvans, *Satyres*, Faunes,
Who haunt cleare Springs, high *Mountaines*, Woods and Lawnes
[On whom ſince yet we pleaſe not to beſtow
Cæleſtiall dwellings) muſt ſubſiſt below.
Thinke you, you Gods, they can in ſafety reſt,
When me (of lightning, and of you poſſeſt,
Who both at our Imperiall pleaſure ſway)
The ſterne *Lycaon* practiz'd to betray?
All bluſter, and in rage the wretch demand.
So, when bold treaſon ſought, with impious hand,
By *Cæſars* blood t'out-race the Roman name;
Man-kind, and all the Worlds affrighted Frame,
Aſtoniſht at ſo great a ruine, ſhooke,
Nor thine, for Thee, leſſe thought, *Auguſtus*, tooke,
Then they for *Iove*. He, when he had ſuppreſt
Their murmur, thus proceeded to the reſt,
He hath his puniſhment; remit that care,
The manner how, I will in briefe declare.
The Time's accuſ'd, (but, as I hop't bely'd)
To trie, I downe from ſteepe *Olympus* ſlide.
A God, tranſform'd like one of humane birth,
I wandred through the many-peopl'd Earth.
'Twere long to tell, what crimes of every ſort
Swarm'd in all parts: the truth exceeds report.
Now paſt den dreadfull *Manalus* confines,
Cyllene, cold *Lycæus* clad with Pines,
There where th'*Arcadians* dwell, when Doubtfull light
Drew-on the deawy Charriot of the Night,
I entred his un-hoſpitable Court.
The better Vulgar to their prair's reſort,
When I by ſignes had ſhowne a Gods repaire.
Lycaon firſt derides their zealous pray'r;
Then ſaid, We ſtraight th'undoubted truth will trie,
Whether He be immortall or may die.

In

In dead of Night, when all was whist and still,
Me, in my sleepe, he purposeth to kill.
Nor with so foule an enterprize content,
An Hostage murders, from *Moloſſia* sent:
Part of his sever'd scarce-dead limmes he boyles;
An other part on hissing Embers broyles;
This set before me, I the house ore-turn'd
With vengefull flames, which round about him burn'd.
He, frighted, to the silent Desart flies;
There howles, and speech with lost indeavour tries.
His selfe-like jawes still grin: more then for food
He slaughters beasts, and yet delights in b'ood.
His armes to thighs, his clothes to bristles chang'd;
A Wolfe; not much from his first forme estrang'd:
So horie hair'd; his lookes so full of rape;
So fiery ey'd; so terrible his shape.
One house that fate, which all deserve, sustaines:
For, through the World the fierce *Erinnys* raignes.
Youl'd thinke they had conspir'd to sinne. But all
Shall swiftly by deserved vengeance fall.
Loves words a Part approve, and his intent
Exasperate: the rest give their consent.
Yet all for *Mans* destruction griev'd appeare;
And aske what forme the widdowed Earth shall beare?
Who shall with odours their cold Altars feast?
Must Earth be onely by wild beasts possest?
The King of Gods re-comforts their despaire;
And biddeth them impose on him that care:
Who promis'd, by a strange originall
Of better people, to supply their fall.
And now about to let his lightning flie,
He fear'd least so much flame should catch the skie,
And burne Heavens Axeltree. Besides, by doome,
Of certaine Fate, he knew the time should come,
When, *Sea*, Earth, ravisht Heaven, the curious Frame
Of this Worlds masse, should shrinke in purging flame.
He therefore those *Cyclopean* darts rejects;
And different-natur'd punishments elects:
To open all the Flood-gates of the skie,
And *Man* by inundation to destroy.
Rough *Boreas* in *Æolian* prison laid,
And those drie blasts which gathered Clouds invade:
Out flyies the *South*, with dropping wings; who shrouds
His terrible aspect in pitchie clouds.

His white haire ſtream's, his Beardbig-ſwoln with ſhowres;
Miſts bind his browes, Raine from his boſom poures,
As with his hands the hanging clouds he cruſht:
They roar'd, and downe in ſhowres together ruſht
All-colour'd *Iris*, *Iuno's* meſſenger.
To weeping Clouds doth nouriſhment confer.
The Corne is lodg'd, the Husband-men deſpaire;
Their long years labour loſt, with all their care.
Iove, not content with his æthereall rages,
His brother's auxil'arie flouds ingages.
The Streames convented; 'Tis too late to uſe
Much ſpeech, ſaid *Neptune*; all your powers effuſe;
Your doores unbarre, remove what-ere reſtraines
Your liberall Waves, and give them the full raynes.
Thus charged, they returne; their Springs unfold;
And to the Sea with head-long furie rol'd.
He with his Trident ſtrikes the Earth: Shee ſhakes;
And way for water by her motion makes.
Through open fields now ruſh the ſpreading Floods;
And hurrie with them Cattell, People, Woods,
Houſes, and Temples with their Gods inclos'd.
What ſuch a force, un-overthrowne, oppos'd,
The higher-ſwelling Water quite devoures;
Which hides th'aſpiring tops of ſwallowed towres.
Now Land and Sea no different viſage bore:
For, all was Sea, nor had the Sea a ſhore.
One, takes a Hill: One in a Boate deplores;
And where He lately plow'd, now ſtrikes his Oares.
O'r Corne, o'r drowned Villages He ſailes:
This from high Elmes intangled Fiſhes hales.
In Fields they anchor caſt, as Chance did guide:
And Ships the under-lying Vineyards hide.
Where Mountaine-loving Goats did lately graze,
The Sea-calfe now his ugly body layes.
Groves, Cities, Temples, cover'd by the Deepe,
The Nymphs admire; in woods the Delphins keepe,
And chaſe about the boughs: the Wolfe doth ſwim
Amongſt the Sheepe: the Lyon (now not grim)
And Tygres tread the Waves. Swift feet no more
Availe the Hart: nor wounding tuſks the Bore.
The wandring Birds, hid Earth long ſought in vaine,
With weary wings deſcend into the Mayne.
Licentious Seas o'r drowned Hills now fret:
And unknowne ſurges ayrie Mountaines beat.

The

The Waves the greater part devoure: the reſt,
Death, with long-wanted ſuſtenance, oppreſt.
The Land of *Phocis*, fruitfull when a Land,
Divides *Aönia* from th'*Aſſean* ſtrand;
But now a part of the inſulting Mayne,
Of ſudden-ſwelling waters a vaſt Playne,
There, his two heads *Parnaſſus* doth extend
To touched Stars; whoſe tops the Clouds tranſcend.
On this *Deucalion's* little Boat was throwne:
With him, his wife; the reſt all overflowne.
Corycian Nymphs, and Hill-gods he adores;
And *Themis*, then oraculous, implores.
None was there better, none more juſt then Hee:
And none more reverenc't the Gods then Shee.
Iove, when he ſaw that all a Lake was growne,
And of ſo many thouſand men but one;
One, of ſo many thouſand women, left;
Both guiltleſſe, pious both; and all bereft;
The clouds (now chac't by *Boreas*) from him throwes:
And Earth to Heaven, Heaven unto Earth he ſhewes.
Nor Seas perſiſt to rage: their awfull guide
The wild waves calmes, his Trident laid aſide;
And calls blew *Triton*, riding on the Deep.
(Whoſe mantle Nature did in purple ſteep)
And bids him his lowd ſounding ſhell inſpire,
And give the Floods a ſignall to retire.
He his wreath'd trumpet takes (as given in charge)
That from the turning bottome growes more large:
To which when he gives breath, 'tis heard by all,
From far-upriſing *Phabus* to his fall.
When this the watery Deity hath ſet
To his large mouth, and ſounded a retreat;
All Floods it heard, that Earth or Ocean knew:
And all the Floods, that heard the ſame, with-drew.
Seas now have ſhores: full ſtreames their channels keepe:
They ſink, and hills above the waters peep.
Earth re-aſcends: as waves decreaſe, ſo grow
The formes of things, and late-hid figures ſhew.
And after a long day, the trees extend
Their bared tops; with mud their branches bend.
The World's reſtor'd. Which when in ſuch a ſtate,
So deadly ſilent, and ſo deſolate,
Deucalion ſaw: with teares which might have made
Another Flood, he thus to *Pyrrha* ſaid.

O Sister! O my wife! the poore remaines
Of all thy Sex; which all, in one, containes!
Whom humane Nature, one paternall Line,
Then one chaste Bed, and now like dangers joyne!
Of what the Sunne beholds from East to West.
We two are all: the Sea intombs the rest.
Nor yet can we of life be confident;
The threatning clowds strange terrors still present.
O what a heart wouldst thou have had, if Fate
Had ta'ne me from thee, and prolong'd thy date!
So wild a feare, such sorrowes, so forlorne
And comfortlesse, how couldest thou have borne:
If Seas had suckt thee in, I would have follow'd
My Wife in death, and Sea should me have swallow'd.
O would I could my Fathers cunning use!
And soules into well-modul'd Clay infuse!
Now, all our mortall Race we two contayne;
And but a patterne of Man-kind remayne.
This said, both wept: both, pray'rs to Heaven addresse;
And seeke the Oracle in their distresse.
Forth-with descending to Cephisus Flood,
Which in knowne banks now ran, though thick with mud;
They on their heads and garments water throw,
And to the Temple of the Goddesse goe;
At that time all defil'd with mosse and mire;
The unfrequented Altar without fire.
Then, humbly on their faces prostrate lay'd,
And kissing the cold stones, with feare thus pray'd.
If Powers divine to just desires consent,
And angry Gods doe in the end relent;
Say, Themis, how shall we our race repaire?
O, helpe the drown'd in Water and Despaire!
The Goddesse, with compassion mov'd, reply'd;
Goe from my Temple: both your faces hide;
Let Garments all unbraced loosely flow;
And your Great-Parents bones behinde you throw.
Amaz'd! first Pyrrha silence breakes, and said;
By me the Goddesse must not be obayd;
And, trembling, pardon craves: Her Mothers ghost
Shee feares would suffer, if her bones were tost.
Meane while they ponder and reiterate
The words proceeding from ambiguous Fate,
Then, Promethides, Epimethida
Thus recollecteth; lost in her dismay:

Or I the Oracle misse understand,
Or the just Gods no wicked thing command,
The Earth is our Great-*Mother*: and the stones,
Therein contain'd, I take to be her bones.
These, sure, are those we should behind us throw.
Although *Titania* thought it might be so,
Yet shee misse-doubts. Both with weake faith rely
On ayding Heaven. What hurt was it to try?
Departing with heads vail'd and clothes unbrac't,
Commanded stones they o're their shoulders cast.
Did not Antiquity avouch the same,
Who would beleev't! the stones lesse hard became,
And as their naturall hardnesse them forsooke;
So by degrees they *Mans* dimensions tooke;
And gentler-natur'd grew, as they increast:
And, yet not manifestly *Man* expreſt;
But, like rough-hewne rude marble Statues stand,
That want the Workmans last life-giving hand.
The Earthy parts, and what had any juyce,
Were both converted to the body's use.
Th'unflexible and solid, turne to bones:
The veines remain, that were when they were stones.
Those, throwne by *Man*, the forme of men in lie:
And those were Women, which the Woman threw.
Hence we, a hardy Race, inur'd to payne:
Our Actions our Originall explaine.
All other Creatures tooke their numerous birth
And figures, from the voluntary Earth.
When that old humor with the Sunne did sweat,
And slimy *Marishes* grew big with heat;
The pregnant Seeds, as from their *Mothers* wombe,
From quickning Earth both growth and forme assume.
So, when seven chanel'd *Nile* forsakes the Playne,
When ancient bounds retyring streames containe,
And late-left slime æthereall fervours burne,
Men various creatures with the gleabe up-turne:
Of those, some in their very time of birth;
Some lame; and others halfe alive, halfe earth.
For, Heat and *Moysture*, when they temperate grow,
Forth-with conceive; and life on things bestow.
From striving Fire and Water all proceede;
Discording Concord ever apt to breede.
So, Earth by that late Deluge muddy growne
When on her lap reflecting *Titan* shone,

Produc'

Produc't a World of formes; reſtor'd the late:
And other unknowne Monſters did create.
Huge *Tython*, thee, againſt her will, ſhee bred;
A Serpent, whom the new-borne People dread;
Whoſe bulk did like a moving Mountaine ſhow.
Behold! the God that beares the ſilver Bow
(Till then, inur'd to ſtrike the flying Deere,
Or ſwifter Roe, who every ſhaddow feare)
That Terror with a thouſand arrowes flew;
And through black wounds the clo ted poiſon drew.
Then, leaſt the well-deſerved memorie
Of ſuch a Praiſe, in future times ſhould die;
He inſtituteth celebrated Games
Of free contention; which he *Tythia* names.
Who Ran, who Wraſtled beſt; or Rak'd the ground
With ſwifteſt Wheeles, the Oken Garland crown'd.
The Lawrell was not yet: all ſorts of Boughs
Phœbus then bound about his radiant Browes.
Peneian Daphne was his firſt belov'd,
Not Chance, but *Cupid's* wrath, that fury mov'd.
Whom *Delius* (proud of his late Conqueſt) ſaw,
As he his pliant Bowe began to draw;
And ſaid: Laſcivious Boy, how ill agree
Thou and theſe Armes! too Manly far for thee.
Such ſuit our ſhoulders; whoſe ſtrong arme confounds
Both Man and Beaſt, with never-miſſing wounds;
That *Tython*, briſtled with thick Arrows, queld,
Who o're ſo many poys'ned Akers ſweld.
Be thou content to kindle with thy Flame
Deſires we know not; nor our praiſes claime.
Then *Venus* ſonne; Selfe-prayſed ever be:
All may thy Bowe transfixe, as mine ſhall thee.
So farre as Gods exceed all earthly powr's;
So much thy glorie is exceld by ours.
With that, He breaks the Ayre with nimble wings,
And to *Parnaſſus* ſhadie ſummit Springs;
Two different arrowes from his Quiver drawes:
One, hate of Love; the other Love doth cauſe.
What caus'd, was ſharpe, and had a golden Head:
But what repulſt, was blunt, and tipt with Lead.
The God this in *Peneia* fixt: that ſtrucke
Apollo's bones, and in his Marrow ſtucke
Forth-with he loves: a lover's name ſhee flyes;
And emulating un-wed *Phœbe*, joyes

In ſpoyles of ſalvage Beaſts, and ſylvan Lares;
A fillet binding her neglected haires.
Her, many ſought: but ſhe, averſe to all,
Vnknowne to Man, nor brooking ſuch a thrall
Frequents the pathleſſe Woods; and hates to prove,
Nor cares to heare, what *Hymen* is, or Love.
Oft ſaid her Father; Daughter, thou do'ſt owe
A Son-in-law, who Nephews may beſtowe.
But ſhe, who Marriage as a Crime eſchew'd
(Her Face with bluſhing ſhamefac'tnes imbew'd)
Hung on his necke with fawning armes, and ſaid,
Deare Father, give me leave to live a Maid:
This boone *Diana's* ſire did her afford.
He, too indulgent, gave thee his accord:
But thee, thy excellency countermands;
And thy owne beautie thy deſire with-ſtands.
Apollo loves, and faine would *Daphne* wed:
What he deſires, he hopes; and is miſſe-led
By his owne Oracles. As ſtubbles burne,
As hedges into ſudden blazes turne,
Fire ſet too neere, or left by chance behinde
By paſſengers, and ſcattered with the winde:
So ſprings he into flames: a fire doth move
Through all his veines: hope feeds his barren love.
He on her ſhoulders ſees her haire untreſt:
O what, ſaid he, if theſe were neatly dreſt?
He ſees her eyes two Starrs! her Lips which kiſſe
Their happy Selves, and longs to taſte their bliſſe:
Admires her fingers, hands, her armes halfe-bare;
And Parts unſeene conceives to be more rare.
Swifter then following winds, away ſhe runs;
And him, for all this his intreatie, ſhuns.
Stay Nymph, I pray thee ſtay; I am no Foe:
So Lambs from Wolves, Harts fly from Lyons ſo;
So from the Eagle ſprings the trembling Dove.
They, from their deaths: but my purſuite is Love.
Wo's me, if thou ſhouldſt fall, or thornes ſhould race
Thy tender legs, whilſt I inforce the chace!
Theſe roughs are craggy: moderate thy haſt,
And, truſt me, I will not purſue ſo faſt.
Yet know, who 'tis you pleaſe: No Mountainere,
No home-bred Clowne; nor keepe I Cattle here.
From whom thou fly'ſt thou know'ſt not (ſilly fooke!)
And therefore fly'ſt thou. I in *Delphos* rule;

Tenian

Ionian Claros, Lycian, Patara,
And Sea-girt *Tenedos* doe me obay,
Iove is my Father. What shall be, hath beene,
Or is; by my instructive rayes is seene.
Immortall Verse from our invention springs;
And how to strike the well concording-strings.
My shafts hit sure: yet He one surer found,
Who in my empty bosome made this wound.
Of herbs I found the vertue; and through all
The World they *Me* the great Physitian call.
Ay me, that herbs can Love no cure afford!
That Arts, releeving all, should faile their Lord!
More had he said, when she, with nimble dread,
From him, and his unfinisht court-ship fled.
How gracefull then! the Wind that obvious blew,
Too much betray'd her to his amorous view;
And play'd the Wanton with her fluent haire:
Her Beauty, by her flight, appear'd more rare.
No more the God will his intreaties loose;
But, urg'd by love, with all his force pursues.
As when a Hare the speedy Gray-hound spyes;
His feet for prey, shee hers for safety plyes;
Now bears he up; now, now he hopes to fetch her;
And, with his snowt extended, straines to catch her:
Not knowing whether caught or no, shee slips
Out of his wide-stretcht jawes; and touching lips.
The God and Virgin in such strife appeare:
He, quickned by his hope; She, by her feare,
But, the Pursuer doth more nimble prove:
Enabled by th'industrious wings of love.
Nor gives he time to breath: now at her heeles,
His breath upon her dangling haire she feeles.
Cleane spent, and fainting, her affrighted blood
Forsakes her cheeks. Shee cryes unto the Flood.
Helpe Father, if your streames containe a Power!
May Earth, for too well-pleasing; me devour:
Or, by transforming, O destroy this shape,
That thus betrayes me to undoing rape.
Forth-with, a numnesse all her limbs possest;
And slender filmes her softer sides invest.
Haire into leaves, her Armes to branches grow:
And late swift-feet, now rootes, are lesse then slow.
Her gracefull head a leavie top sustaynes:
One beauty throughout all her forme remaines.

Peil

Still *Phœbus* loves. He handles the new Plant;
And feeles her Heart within the barke to pant.
Imbrac't the bole, as he would her have done;
And kist the bough: the boughs his kisses shun.
To whom the God: Although thou canst not be
The wife I wisht, yet shalt thou be my Tree,
Our Quiver, Harp, our Tresses never shorne,
My Laurell, thou shalt ever more adorne;
And Browes triumphant, when they *Iö* sing,
And to the Capitol their Trophees bring.
Thou shalt defend from Thunders blasting stroke,
Augustus doores, on either side the Oke.
And, as our un-cut haire no change receaves;
So ever flourish with unfading leaves.
Here *Pæan* ends. The Laurell all allowes:
In signe whereof her gratefull head shee bowes.
A pleasant Grove within *Æmonia* growes,
Call'd *Tempe*; which high ragged Cliffs inclose.
Through this, *Peneus*, pour'd from *Pindus*, raves,
And from the bottom rowles with foming waves;
That by steep down-falls tumbling from on hie,
Ingender mists, which smoke-like, upward flie,
That on the deawy tops of Trees distill,
And more then neighbouring woods with noyses fill.
Here, in a Cave, his Court and residence
The great flood keepes: here justice doth dispense
To streames, and gentle Nymphes that streams frequent.
The floods, that native were, with one consent
Pirst thither came; as yet, at selfe-debate,
Whether to comfort, or congratulate.
Coole *Sperchius*, slow *Amphrysus*, *Apidan*,
Swift *Æas*, *Enipe*, that troubled ran.
Then, forth-with those, who (as their sourses bend)
To Seas their waves (with wandring, weary) send.
All but old *Inachus*: who in his Caves
Obscure recesse, with teares augments his waves;
For *Iö*, mournes as lost,; nor yet knowes he
Whether above or under Earth she bee;
But, her, whom he not any-where could find,
He thinkes is no where: feare distracts his mind.
As from her Fathers streams the Nymph return'd,
Saturnius, seeing her in passion burn'd.
O Virgin, worthy *Jove!* whose bed must blesse
What God I know not; though a Man, no lesse;

Here in these Woods, said he, or these repose,
Whil'st thus the World with fainting fervor glowes.
Nor feare among the Salvages to venter:
A God protecting, thou maist safely enter.
Nor one of vulgar ranke; but, He that beares
Heavens Scepter, and the clouds with thunder teares;
O, flie not! for she fled. The Pastures past
Of *Lerna*, and *Lyrcæ's* gloomy wast,
He in the Aire a sable cloud displai'd,
Caught, and devirginat's the strugling Maid.
Mean-while, with wonder *Iuno* doth survay
Those duskie Clouds, that made a night of Day.
And, finding that they neither tooke their birth
From vap'rous streames, nor from the humid Earth,
For her mist Husband searcheth Heaven: as one,
To whom his stealths so often had beene knowne.
Whom when shee could not finde; Deceiv'd am I,
Or wrong'd, she said. Downe from the enamel'd skie
Shee slides to Earth. The foggy clouds with-draw
At her command. Her comming *Iove* fore-saw,
And changed *Inachis* into a Cow;
Whose forme even *Iuno* prais'd; demanding how
Shee thither came? Whose was she? Of what herd?
As ignorant of what she more then fear'd.
Iove faines (her importunity to shift)
Her borne of Earth. *Saturnia* begs the gift.
What should he doe? Be cruell to his Love;
Or by denying her, suspicion move?
Shame that perswades; and Love doth this diffwade;
But, stronger Love Shame under foote had laid;
Yet doubts, if he should such a thing deny
His Wife and Sister, 'twould the fraud descry.
Obtayn'd; not forth-with feare the Goddesse left;
Distrusting *Iove*, and jealous of his theft,
Vntill delivered to *Argus* guard.
A hundred eyes his head's large circuit starr'd;
Whereof, by turnes, at once two onely slept;
The other watcht, and still their Stations kept.
Which way so-ere he stands, he *Io* spyes:
Io, behind him, was before his eyes.
By day, she graz'd abroad: *Sol* under ground,
He hous'd her, in unworthy halter bound.
On leaves of trees and bitter hearbes she fed.
Poore foule! the Earth not alwayes greene, her bed;

And

And of the Torrent drinkes. With hands up-heav'd
Shee thought to beg for pitty: how deceiv'd!
Who low'd, when shee began to make her mone;
And trembled at the voyce which was her owne.
Vnto the bankes of *Inachus* she stray'd;
Her Fathers banks, where shee so oft had playd:
Beholding in his streame her horned head,
Shee starts; and from her selfe, selfe-frighted, fled.
Her Sisters, nor old *Inachus*, her knew:
Which way so-ere they went, she would pursue,
And suffer them to stroke her; and doth move
Their wonder with her strange expressed love.
He brought her Grasse: She gently likt his hands,
And kist his palmes; nor, longer, teares withstands,
And had shee then had words, shee had display'd
Her name, her Fortunes, and implor'd his ayde.
For words, shee letters with her foot impreſt
Vpon the Sand, which her sad change profeſt.
Wo's me! cry'd *Inachus*; his armes he throwes
About her snowy Necke. O, woe of woes!
Art thou my daughter throughout all the Round
Of Earth so sought; that now, not found, art found?
Lesse was thy losse: lesse was my misery.
Dumbe wretch (alas!) thou canst not make reply:
Yet: as thou canst thou dost: thy lowings speake,
And deep-fetcht sighs that from thy bosom breake.
I, ignorant, prepar'd thy marriage bed:
My hopes, a Son-in-law; and Nephewes fed.
Now, from the Heard, thy issue must descend:
Nor can the length of time my sorrowes end;
Accurst in that a God. Death's sweet reliefe
Hard fates denie to my immortall griefe.
This said: his Daughter (in that shape belov'd)
The Star-ey'd *Argus* farre from thence remov'd;
When, mounted on a hill, the warie Spie
Survayes the Plaines that round about him lie.
The King of Gods those sorrowes she indur'd,
Could brooke no longer, by his fault procur'd:
But, calls his sonne, of fulgent *Pleias* bred;
Commanding him to cut off *Argus* head.
He wings his heeles, puts on his Felt, and takes
His drowsie Rod; the Towre of *Iove* forsakes;
And, winding, stoops to Earth. The changed God
His Hat and Wings layes by; retaynes his Rod;

With

With which he drives his Gotes (like one that feeds
The bearded Heard) and ſings t'his ſlender Reeds.
Much taken with that Art, before unknowne,
Come, ſit by me, ſaid *Argus*, on this ſtone.
No place affordeth better Paſtorage,
Or ſhelter for the Sunnes offenſive rage.
Pleaſ'd *Atlantiades* doth him obey;
And with diſcourſe protracts the ſpeedy Day:
Then, ſinging to his Pipes ſoft melody,
Endeavours to ſubdue each wakefull eye.
The Herdſ-man ſtrives to conquer urgent ſleepe:
Though ſeiz'd on halfe, the other halfe doe keepe
Obſervant watch. He askes who did invent
(With that, he yawn'd) that late-found Inſtrument.
Then, thus the God his charmed eares inclines:
Amongſt the *Hamadriad's Nonacrines*
(On cold *Arcadian Hils*) for beauty fam'd,
A *Naias* dwelt; the Nymphs, her *Syrinx* nam'd.
Who oft deceiv'd the Satyres that purſu'd,
The rurall Gods, and thoſe whom Woods include:
In exerciſes and in chaſte deſire,
Diana-like: and ſuch in her attire,
You either in each other might behold:
Save that Her Bow was *Horne*; *Diana's* Gold:
Yet oft miſtooke. *Pan*, crown'd with Pines, returning
From ſleepe *Lycæus*, ſaw her; and, love-burning,
Thus ſaid: Faire Virgin, grant a God's requeſt;
And be his Wife. Surceaſt to tell the reſt;
How from his prayers ſhee fled, as from her ſhame,
Till to ſmooth *Ladons* ſandy banks ſhee came.
There ſtopt; implores the liquid Siſters aid,
To change her ſhape, and pitty a forc't Maid.
Pan, when he thought he had his *Syrinx* claſpt
Betweene his armes, Reeds for her body graſpt.
He ſighs: they, ſtir'd therewith, report againe
A mourneſull ſound, like one that did complaine.
Rapt with the muſick; Yet, O ſweet (ſaid he)
Together ever thus converſe will we.
Then, of unequall wax-joyn'd Reeds he fram'd
This ſeven-fold Pipe: of her 'twas *Syrinx* nam'd.
Thus much about to have ſaid, *Cyllenius* ſpyes
How leaden ſleepe had ſeal'd up all his eyes.
Then, ſilent, with his Magick rod he ſtrokes
Their languiſht lights, which ſounder ſleep provokes,

And

And with his Fawchion lops his nodding head:
Whose blood besmeard the hoarie Rock with red.
There lyes he; of so many lights, the light
Put forth: his hundred eyes set in one night.
Yet, that those starry jewels might remaine,
Saturnia fixt them in her Peacocks traine.
Inflam'd with anger, and impatient haste,
Before sad *Ios* eyes and thoughts she plac't
Erynnis Snakes; and through the World doth drive
The conscience-stung affrighted Fugitive.
Thou, *Nile*, to her long toyle an end didst yeeld.
Approaching thee, she on thy margent kneel'd;
Her looks (such as she had) to heaven up-throwes:
With tears, sighs, sounds (expressing wordlesse woes)
Shee seemed *Iove* t'accuse, as too ingrate,
And to implore an end of her hard fate.
He clips his VVife; and her intreats to free
Th'unjustly plagu'd. Be confident (said he)
Shee never more shall cause thy griefe, or feare:
His vow he bids the *Stygian* VVaters heare.
Appeas'd; the Nymph recover'd her first looke;
So faire, so sweet! the haire her skin forsooke:
Her hornes decrease: large eyes, wide jawes, contract:
Shoulders and hands againe become exact:
Her hooves to nailes diminish: nothing now,
But that pure VVhite, retaines she of the Cow.
Then, on her feet her body shee erects
Now borne by two. *Her* selfe she yet suspects;
Nor dares to speake alowd, lest she should heare
Her selfe to low; but softly tries with feare.
Now, shee, a Goddesse, is ador'd by those
That shine in linen stoles where *Nilus* flowes.
Hence sprung *Ioves Epaphus*, no lesse divine;
Whose Temples next unto his *Mothers* joyne.
Equall in yeares, nor equall spirit wants
The Sunne-got *Phaëton*: who proudly vants
Of his high Parentage; nor will give place.
Inachides puts on him this disgrace:
Foole, thou thy *Mother* trusts in things unknowne;
And of a Father boasts thats not thy owne.
Vext *Phaëton* blusht: his shame his rage repels;
Who straight to *Clymene* the slander tels:
And *Mother*, said he, to your griefes increase,
I, free, and late so loftie, held my peace,

Asham'd

Asham'd that such a tainture should be lai'd
Vpon my blood, that could not be gain-said.
But, if I be descended from above;
Give proofe thereof, and this reproach remove.
Then hangs about her neck: by her owne Head,
By *Merops*, by his Sisters nuptiall bed,
Intreats her to produce some certaine gage,
That might assure his question'd parentage.
Mov'd with her sonnes intreaty, more inflam'd
With indignation to be so defam'd,
Shee casts her armes to Heaven: and looking on
His radiant Orbe, thus said: I sweare, my son,
By yon' faire Taper, that so bright appeares
With far-projected beames; who sees, and heares;
That Sun whom thou behold'st, who light and heat
Affords the informed World, did thee beget.
If not, may he to me deny his sight:
And to my eyes let this be his last light.
Nor far-removed doth his Palace stand;
His first-uprise confines upon our Land:
If that thy heart doe serve thee, thither goe;
And there thy Father, of thy Father, know.
Hereat, joy'd *Phaëton* enlightned grew;
Whose towring thoughts no lesse then Heaven pursew,
His *Æthiopia* past, and *Ind* which fries
With burning beames, he climes the Sun's uprise.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The second Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

RAsh Phaeton *fires the world. His sisters mourne*
His Tragedie, who into Poplars turne;
Their teares to Amber; Cygnus, *to a Swan.*
Iove, Phœbe-*like*, Calisto *found a Man:*
Her, Iuno *made a Beare: Shee and her son,*
Advanced starres, that fill the Ocean soun.
Coronis, *now a Crow, flyes* Neptunes *fright.*
Nictimine *is made the Bird of Night.*
The too-officious Raven, late so faire,
Is plumd with blacke. Ocyroe *growes a Mare.*
Phœbus, *a Heardsman:* Mercury, *twice such;*
Who turnes betraying Battus *into Tuch.*
Envious Aglauros, *to a Statue, full*
Of her minde's spots. Love Iove *converts t'a Bull.*

SOl's loftie Palace on high Pillars rais'd,
Shone all with gold, and stones that flamelike blaz'd;
The roofe of Ivory, divinely deckt:
The two-leavd silver-doores bright raies project.
The workmanship more admiration cravd:
For, curious *Mulciber* had there iugravd
The Land-imbracing Sea, the orbed Ground,
The arched Heavens. Blew Gods the billowes crownd;
Shape-changing *Proteus*, *Triton* shrill; the tall
Big-brawnd *Ægæon* mounted on a Whale.

Grey

Gray *Doris*, and her daughters; heavenly-faire:
Some sit on Rocks, and drie their Sea-greene haire;
Some seeme upon the dancing Waves to glide;
Others on backs of crooked fishes ride:
Amongst them all, no two appeare the same;
Nor differ more then sisters well became.
The Earth had salvage Beasts, Men, Citties, VVoods,
Nymphs, Satyrs; rurall Gods, and chrystall Floods:
Above all these, Heavens radiant Image shines,
On both sides deckt with sixe refulgent Signes.
To this, bold *Phaëton* made his ascent;
And to his doubted Fathers presence bent;
Yet forst to stand aloofe: for, mortall sight
Could not indure t'approach so pure a light.
Sol cloth'd in purple, sits upon a Throne,
VVhich clearely with tralucent Emralds shone.
VVith equall-raigning Houres, on either hand,
The dayes, the Months, the Yeares, the Ages stand:
The fragrant Spring with flowrie chaplet crown'd:
VVheat-eares, the browes of naked Summer bound:
Rich Autumne smear'd with crusht *Lyæus* blood;
Next, hoary-headed VVinter quivering stood.
Much daunted at these sacred novelties,
The fearefull Youth all-seeing *Phœbus* spies;
VVho said, VVhat hether drew thee *Phaëton*,
VVho art, and worthily my deerest Sonne?
He thus replyd. O thou refulgent Light,
VVho all the world rejoycest with thy sight!
O Father! if allowd to use that name,
Nor *Clymene* by thee disguise her shame;
Produce some signe, that may my birth approve,
And from my thoughts these wretched doubts remove.
He, from his Browes, his shining rayes displast;
And, bidding him draw-neere, his neck imbrast.
By merit, as by birth, to thee is due
That name, said he; and *Clymene* was true.
To cleere all doubts; aske what thou wilt, and take
Thy granted wish. Beare witnesse thou dark Lake,
The oath of Gods, unto our eyes unknowne.
These words no sooner from his lips were flowne,
But he demands his Chariot, and the sway
Of his hot Steeds, to guide the winged Day.
The God repents him of the oath he made;
And, shaking his illustrious Tresses, said:

Thy tongue hath made mine erre, thy birth unblest.
O, would I could break promise! this request,
I must confesse, I onely would deny:
And yet, disswade I may. Thy death doth lie
Within thy wish. What's so desir'd by thee,
Can neither with thy strength nor youth agree.
Too great intentions set thy thoughts on fire.
Thou, mortall, dost no mortall thing desire;
Through ignorance, affecting more then they
Dare undertake, who in *Olympus* sway.
Through each himselfe approve; except me, none
Is able to supply my burning Throne.
Not that dread Thunderer, who rules above,
Can drive these wheeles: and who more great then *Iove*?
Steep is the first ascent; which in the prime
Of springing Day, fresh Horses hardly clime.
At Noone, through highest skies their course they beare:
VVhence Sea and Land even VVe behold with feare.
Then downe the Hill of Heaven they scoure amaine
VVith desperate speed, and need a steady traine;
That *Tethys*, in whose wavy bowres I lie,
Each evening dreads my down-fall from the skie.
Besides; the Heavens are daily hurried round,
That turn the Starres, to other motions bound.
Against this violence, my way I force,
And counter-run their all-ore-bearing course.
My Charriot had: can thy fraile strength ascend
The obvious Poles, and with their force contend?
No Groves, no Cities, fraught with Gods, expect;
No marble Fanes, with wealthy offerings deckt.
Through salvage shapes, and dangers lyes thy way:
VVhich couldst thou keep, and by no error stray,
Betweene the Buls sharpe horns yet must thou goe;
By him that drawes the strong *Æmonian* bowe;
The deathfull Scorpions far-out-bending clawes;
The shorter Crabs; the roaring Lions jawes.
Nor easie is't those fiery-Steeds to tame:
VVho from their mouthes and nostrils vomit flame.
They, heated, hardly of my rule admit;
But, head-strong, struggle with the hated bit.
Then, lest my bounty, which would save, should kill;
Beware: and whilst thou maist, reforme thy will,
A signe thou crav'st, that might confirme thee mine:
I, by dehorting, give a certaine signe;

Approv'd

Approvd a Father, by Paternall feare:
Look on my looks, and reade my ſorrowes, there.
O, would thou couldſt deſcend into my breſt;
And apprehend my vexed Soules unreſt!
And laſtly, all the wealthy World behold,
Of all that Heaven enrich, rich Seas inſold,
Or on the pregnant-boſomd Earth remaine,
Aske what thou wilt; and no repulſe ſuſtayne.
To this alone, I give a fore't conſent:
No honour, but a true-namd puniſhment.
Thou, for a bleſſing, beg'ſt the worſt of harms.
Why hangſt thou on my neck with fawning arms?
Diſtruſt not; We have ſworn: but aske, and take
What thou canſt wiſh: yet, wiſer wiſhes make.
In vaine dehorted; he, his promiſe claimd;
With glory of ſo great a charge inflamd,
The wilfull Youth then lingring *Phœbus* brought
To his bright Chariot, by *Vulcan* wrought.
The Beam and Axeltree of maſſie gold;
On ſilver Spokes the golden fellies rold:
Rich Gems and Chryſolites the Harneſſe deckt;
Which, *Phœbus* beams, with equall light, reflect.
Whilſt this, admiring *Phaeton* ſurvayes,
The wakefull morning from the Eaſt diſplayes
Her purple doores, and odoriferous bed,
With plenty of deaw-dropping Roſes ſpred.
Cleare *Lucifer* the flying Starres doth chace;
And, after all the reſt, reſignes his place.
When *Titon* ſaw the Dawning ruddy grew,
And how the Moone her ſilver hornes with-drew;
He bade the light-foote Houres, without delay
To joyn his Steeds. The Goddeſſes obay:
With, from their loftie Mangers, forth-with led
His fierie *Horſes*, with *Ambroſia* fed.
With ſacred Oyle anoynted by his Syre,
Of vertue to repulſe the rage of fire,
He crownes him with his Rayes; Then, thus began
With doubled ſighs which following woes fore-ran:
Let not thy Father ſtill adviſe in vaine.
Sonne, ſpare the whip, and ſtrongly uſe the raine.
They, of their owne accord, will run too faſt.
Tis hard, to moderate a flying haſte.
Nor drive along the five directer Lines.
A broad and beaten path obliquely windes.

Contente

Contented with three Zones: which doth avoid
The distant Poles: the track thy wheeles will guide.
Descend thou not too low, nor mount too high,
That temperate warmth may Heaven, and Earth supply.
A loftie course will Heaven with fire infest,
A lowlie, earth: the safer Meane is best.
Nor to the folded Snake thy Chariot guide:
Nor to the Altar on the other side:
Betweene these drive. The rest I leave to Fate;
Who better prove, then thou, to thy owne state.
But, while I speak, behold, the humid Night
Beyond th'*Hesperian* Vales hath ta'ne her flight.
Aurora's splendor re-inthrones the Day:
We are expected, nor can longer stay.
Take up the raines, or, while thou mayst, refuse;
And not my Chariot, but my counsell use;
While on a firme foundation thou dost stand,
Not yet possest of thy ill-wisht Command.
Let me the World with usuall influence cheare;
And view that light which is unsafe to beare.
The generous and gallant *Phaëton*,
All courage, vaut's into the blazing Throne:
Glad of the raines, nor doubtfull of his skill;
And gives his Father thankes against his will.
Meane while, the Sunnes swift Horses, hot *Pyrois*,
Light *Æthon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright *Eöus*,
Neighing alowd, inflame the Ayre with heat;
And, with their thundring hooves, the barriers beate.
Which when hospitious *Tethys* once with-drew,
(who nothing of her Nephews danger knew)
And gave them scope; they mount the ample skie,
And cut the obvious Clouds with feet that flie.
Who, rays'd with plumed pinions, leave behinde
The glowing *East*, and slower Easterne-winde.
But, *Phœbus* Horses could not feele that fraight:
The Chariot wanted the accustom'd waight.
And as unballac't ships are rockt and tost
With tumbling waves, and in their steerage lost:
So, through the Ayre the lighter Chariot reeles;
And joults, as empty, upon jumping Wheeles.
Which when they found, the beaten path they shun;
And, straggling, out of all subjection run.
He knowes not how to turn, nor knowes the way;
Or had he knowne, yet would not they obay.

The cold, now hot, *Triones* fought in vaine
To quench their heat in the forbidden Maine.
The Serpent, next unto the frozen Pole,
Benum'd, and huttleſſe, now began to rowle
With actuall heat; and long forgotten ire
Reſumes, together with æthereall fire.
'Tis ſaid, that thou *Boötes* ranſt away,
Though ſlow, though thee thy heavy Waine did ſtay.
But, when from top of all the arched skie.
Vnhappy *Phaëton* the Earth did eye:
Pale ſudden feare un-nerves his quaking thighs;
And, in ſo great a light, be-nights his eyes.
He wiſht thoſe Steeds unknown; unknown his birth;
His ſute ungranted: now he covets earth;
Now ſcornes not to be held of *Merops* blood,
Rapt as a ſhip upon the high-wrought flood;
By ſalvage tempeſts chac't; which in deſpaire
The Pilot leaveth to the Gods, and Pray'r.
What ſhould he doe? much of the heaven behinde;
Much more before: both meaſur'd in his minde.
The never-to-be entred Weſt ſurvay's;
And then the Eaſt. Loſt in his owne amaze,
And ignorance, he cannot hold the raines,
Nor let them goe; Nor knowes his Horſes names:
But ſtares on terror-ſtriking skies (poſſeſt
By Beaſts and Monſters) with a panting breſt.
There is a place, in which the Scorpion bends
His compaſt clawes; who through two Signes extends.
Whom when the Youth beheld, dew'd in black ſweat
Of poyſon, and with turn'd-up taile to threat
A mortall wound; pale feare his ſenſes ſtrooke,
And ſlackned raines let's fall, from hands that ſhooke.
They, when they felt them on their backs to lie,
With un-controwled error ſcoure the skie,
Through unknowne ayrie Regions; and tread
The way which their diſordred fury led.
Vp to the fixed Starres their courſe they take;
And ſtranger Spheares with ſmoking Chariot rake:
Now clime: now, by ſteep Præcipies deſcend:
And neerer Earth their wandring race extend.
To ſee her brother's Steeds beneath her owne
The Moon admires: the Clouds like Comets ſhone.
Invading, fire the upper earth aſſayl'd;
All chapt and con'd; her pregnant juice exhal'd.

Tra

Trees feed their ruin: Graſſe, grey-headed turns:
And Corne, by that which did produce it, burns.
But this was nothing. Cities with their Towres,
Realmes with their People, funerall fire devoures.
The Mountaines blaze: High *Athos*, but too high;
Fount-fruitfull *Ida*, never till then drie;
Oete, old *Tmolus*, and *Cilician Taurus*,
Muſe-haunted *Helicon*, *Oeägrian Æmus*.
Loud *Ætna* roreth with her doubled fires:
Parnaſſus grones beneath two flaming ſpires,
Steepe *Othrys*, *Cynthus*, *Eryx*, *Mimas*, glow;
And *Rhodope*, no longer eloath'd with ſnow.
The *Phrygian Dindyma*, in cinders mourns:
Cold *Caucaſus* in froſty *Scythia* burns,
High *Mycale*, divine *Citharon*, waſt;
Pindus, and *Oſſa* once on *Pelion* caſt,
More Great *Olympus* (which before did ſhine)
The ayrie *Alpes*, and clowdy *Appenine*.
Then *Phaëton* beheld on every ſide,
The World on fire, nor could ſuch heat abide;
And, at his deadly-drie and gaſping jawes,
The ſcalding Ayre, as from a furnace, drawes;
His Chariot, redder then the fire it bore,
And, being mortall could indure no more
Such clouds of aſhes, and ejected coles.
Muffled in ſmoake which round about him rowles,
He knowes not where he is, nor what ſucceeds;
Drag'd at the pleaſure of his frantick Steeds;
Men ſay, the *Æthiopians* then grew ſwart;
Their blood exhaled to the outward part.
A ſandy Deſert *Lybia* then became,
Her full veins emptied by the thirſty flame.
With hair unbound and torn, the Nymphs, diſtraught,
Bewaile their Springs. *Bœotia Dirce* ſought;
Argos, *Amymone*, *Ephyre* the faire
Pirene miſt: Nor ſtreames ſecurer are.
Great *Tanais* in boyling channell fumes;
Tenthranian Caicus heat conſumes;
Iſmenus, old *Peneus*, *Erymanthus*,
Yellow *Lycormas*; to be twice-burnt, *Xanthus*,
Mæander, running in a turning maze,
Mygdonian Melas, and *Eurotas* blaze;
Euphrates, late inveſting *Babylon*;
Orontes, *Thaſis*, *Iſter*, *Thermodon*,

Ganges, *Alphëus*, *Sperchius* flames infould:
And *Tagus* floweth with dissolved gold,
The Swans, that ravisht with their melodie
Maonian banks, now in *Cayster* frie.
To fartheſt Earth affrighted *Nilus* fled;
And there conceal'd his yet unfound-out head,
Whil'ſt his ſeven duſtie channels ſtreamleſſe lie,
Iſmarian Hebrus, *Strymon* now are drie.
Heſperian ſtreams, *Rhene*, *Rhodanus*, the *Po*,
And Scepter-deſtinated *Tyber* glow.
Earth cracks: to Hell the hated light deſcends;
And frighted *Pluto*, with his Queene, offends,
The Ocean ſhrinks, and leaves a field of Sand;
Where new diſcover'd Rocks, and Mountaines ſtand,
That multiply the ſcatter'd *Cyclades*,
Late cover'd with the deepe and awfull Seas,
The Fiſhes to the boſtome dive: nor dare
The ſportleſſe Dolphins tempt the ſultrie Ayre.
Long boyl'd alive, the monſtrous *Phocæ* die,
And on the brine with turn'd-up bellies lie.
With *Doris* and her daughters, *Nereus* raves;
Who hide themſelves beneath the ſcalding waves.
Thrice wrathfull *Neptune* his bold arme up-held
Above the Floods: whom thrice the fire repel'd.
Yet foodfull *Tellus* with the Ocean bound,
Amidſt the Seas, and Fountaines now unfound
(Selfe-hid within the wombe where they were bred)
Neck-high advanceth her all-bearing head
(Her parched fore-head ſhaddow'd with her hand)
And, ſhaking, ſhooke what-ever on her ſtand:
Where-with, a little ſhrunke into her breſt,
Her ſacred tongue her ſorrowes thus expreſt:
If ſuch thy will, and I deſerve the ſame,
Thou chiefe of Gods, why ſleeps thy vengefull flame?
Be't by Thy fire, if I in fire muſt frie?
The Author leſſens the calamity.
But, whilſt I ſtrive to utter this, I choke.
View my ſing'd hair, mine eyes halfe-out with ſmoke!
The ſparkling cinders on my viſage throwne!
Is this my recompence? the favour ſhowne
For all my ſervice? for the fruit I have borne?
That thus I am with Plow and harrowes torne?
Wrought-out through-out the yeare? that man and beaſt
Suſtaine with food? and you with incenſe feaſt?

But

But, say I merit ruine, and thy hate:
What hath thy brother done (by equall Fate
Elected to the wavy Monarchie,)
That Seas should sinke, and from thy presence flie?
If neither he, nor I thy pitty move,
Pitty thy Heaven. Behold! the Poles above
At either end doe fume: and should they burne,
Thy habitation would to ruine turne.
Distressed *Atlas* shoulders shrinke with payne,
And scarce the glowing Axeltree sustayne.
If Sea, if Earth, if Heav'n shall fall by fire,
Then all of us to *Chaos* must retire.
O! quench these flames: the miserable state
Of things releeve, before it be too-late,
This said, her voyce her parched tongue forsooke,
Nor longer could the smothering vapours brooke;
But, downe into her-selfe with-drew her head,
Neere to th'infernall Caverns of the Dead.
Iove calls the Gods to witnesse, and who lent
The straying Chariot; should not he prevent,
That All would perish by one destinie;
Then mounts the highest Turret of the skie,
From thence inur'd to cloud the spacefull Earth:
And give the flame fore-running thunder birth,
But, there, for wasted clouds he sought in vaine,
To shade, or coole the scorched Earth with raine.
He thunders; and, with hands that cannot erre,
Hurls lightning at the audacious Charioter.
Him strooke he from his seat, breath from his breast,
Both at one blow, and flames with flames suppreast.
The frighted horses, plunging severall wayes,
Breake all their tire: to whom the bit obayes:
The raines, torne beame, crakt spokes, dispersst abroad,
Scorcht Heav'n was with the Chariots ruines strow'd.
But, soule-lesse *Phaëton* with blazing haire,
Shot head-long through a long descent of Aire;
As when a falling starre glides through the skie,
Or seemes to fall to the deceived eye.
Whom great *Eridanus* (farre from his place
Of birth) receiv'd, and quencht his flagrant face:
Whose Nymphs interr'd him in his Mothers wombe;
And fixt this Epitaph vpon his Tombe:
Here *Phaëton* lyes: who though he could not guide
His Fathers Steeds, in high attempts he dy'd.

Phœbus with griefe with-drew. One day did runne
About the World, they say, without the Sunne,
Which flamie funeralls illuminate
That good, derived from a wretched Fate.
When *Clymene* had said what could be said
In such a griefe, halfe-soul'd, in black array'd,
She fils the Earth she wanders through, with grones,
First seeking his dead corps, and then his bones.
Interr'd in forren Lands she found the last:
Her feeble limbs upon the place she cast.
And bath'd his name in teares, and strictly prest
The carved Marble with her bared brest.
Nor lesse th'*Heliades* lament, who shead
From drowned eyes vaine offerings to the dead:
Who with remorseleſse hands their bolomes teare,
And wayling, call on him that cannot heare.
With joyned hornes foure Moones their orbs had fil'd,
Since they their customary plaints upheld;
When *Phaëthusa*, thinking to have cast
Her selfe on Earth, cry'd, ah! my feet stick fast!
Lampetie, pressing to her sisters ayd,
As suddenly with fixed roots was stayd.
A third, about t'have torne her scattered haire,
Tore-off the leaves which on her crowne she bare.
This, grieveth at her stiffe and senseleſse thighes:
Shee, that her strecht-out armes in branches rise.
And whil'st with wonder they themselves behold,
The creeping bark their tender parts infold;
Then, by degrees, their bellies, brests, and all,
Except their mouths, which on their mother call.
What should she doe? but runne to that, to this,
As fury drave, and snatcht a parting kisse?
But yet, not so suffic'd, she strove to take
Them, from themselves, and downe the branches brake:
From whence, as from a wound, pure blood did glide.
O pitty, Mother! (still the wounded cry'd)
Nor teare us in our Trees! O! now adieu!
With that, the barke their lips together drew.
From these cleere dropping trees, teares yearely flow:
They, hardned by the Sunne, to Amber grow;
Which, on the moisture-giving River spent,
To *Roman* Ladies, as his gift, is sent,
Sthenelian Cygnus at that time was there,
A-kin to *Phaëton*; in love, more neere.

We

He, leaving State (who in *Liguria* raign'd,
Which Cities great and populous contain'd)
Fil'd with complaints the River, chiding floods,
The ſedgie banks, and late augmented Woods.
At length, his voice grew ſmall: white plume contends
In whiteneſſe with his haire: his neck aſcends.
Red filmes unite his toes: armes turne to wings:
His mouth, a flat blunt bill; that ſadly ſings.
Become a Swan, remembring how unjuſt
Iove's lightning was, nor Heaven, nor him will truſt.
Whom Lakes and Ponds (deteſting fire) delight;
And Floods, to Flames in nature oppoſite.
The wofull Father to dead *Phaëton*,
Him-ſelfe neglecting (all his luſtre gon,
As when eclipſt) day, light, his owne life hates;
And loved griefe, with anger, aggravates.
Refuſing to illuminate the Earth.
Enough, too much my toyle! borne with the birth
Of Time; (as reſtleſſe;) without end, regard,
Or honour: recompenc't with his reward!
Some other now may on my Chariot ſit.
If all of you confeſſe your ſelues unfit;
Let *Iove* aſcend: that he (when he ſhall trie)
At length may lay his murd'ring thunder by.
Then will he finde, that he, who could not guide
Thoſe fire-hoof'd Steeds, deſerv'd not to have dy'd.
The Gods ſtand round about him, and requeſt
That endleſſe Night might not the World inveſt.
Even *Iove* excus'd his lightning, and intreats:
Which, like a King, he intermixt with threats.
Diſpleaſed *Phœbus*, hardly reconcil'd,
Takes-up his Steeds, as yet with horror wild.
On whom he vents his ſpleen: and, though they run,
He laſhes, and upbraids them with his Son.
The Thunderer then walks the ample Round
Of Heavens high walls, to ſearch if all were ſound.
When finding nothing there by fire decay'd;
He Earth, and humane induſtries ſurvay'd.
Arcadia chiefely exerciz'd his cares;
There, Springs and ſtreames, that durſt not run, repair's;
The Fields with Graſſe, the Trees with leaves indue's,
And withered Woods with vaniſht Shades renew's.
Oft paſſing too and fro, a *Nonacrine*
The God inflam'd; her beauty, more divine!

'Twas

'Twas not her Art to ſpin, nor with much care
And fine varietie to trick her haire;
But, with a zone, her looſer garments bound,
And her rude treſſes in a Fillet wound:
Now armed with a Dart, now with a Bow:
A Squire of *Phœbe's*, *Mænalus* did know
None more in grace, of all her Virgin throng:
But, Favorites in favour laſt not long.
The parted Day in equall ballance held,
A Wood ſhe entred, as yet never feld.
There from her ſhoulders ſhe her Quiver takes,
Vnbends her Bow; and, tyr'd with hunting makes.
The flowry-mantled Earth her happy bed;
And on her painted Quiver layes her head.
When *Iove* the Nymph without a guard did ſee
In ſuch a poſiture; This ſtealth, ſaid he,
My Wife ſhall never know: or, ſay ſhee did;
Who, ah, who would not for her ſake be chid!
Diana's ſhape and habit them indew'd,
He ſaid; My Huntreſſe, where haſt thou purſew'd
This morning's chace? She, riſing, made reply;
Haile Pow'r, more great then *Iove* (though *Iove* ſtood by)
In my eſteeme----. He ſmil'd: and gladly heard
Him-ſelfe, by her, before him-ſelfe preferr'd;
And kiſt. His kiſſes too intemperate grow;
Not ſuch as Maids on Maidens doe beſtow.
His ſtrict imbracements her narration ſtay'd;
And, by his crime, his owne deceit betray'd.
She did what Woman could to force her Fate;
(Would *Iuno* ſaw! it would her ſpleene abate)
Although, as much as Woman could ſhe ſtrove;
What Woman, or, who can contend with *Iove*?
The Victor hies him to th'ætherecall States.
The Woods, as guilty of her wrongs, ſhe hates;
Almoſt forgetting, as from thence ſhe flung,
Her Quiver, and the Bow which by it hung.
High *Mænalus Dictynna* with her traine
Novv entring, pleaſed with the quarry ſlaine,
Beheld, and call'd her: call'd upon, ſhee fled;
And in her ſemblance *Iupiter* doth dread.
But, when ſhe ſaw the attending Nymphs appeare;
Shee troops amongſt them, and diverts her feare.
Ah, how our faults are in our faces read!
With eyes ſcarce ever rais'd, ſhe hangs the head;

Not

Nor perks she now, as she was vvont to doe,
By *Cynthia's* side, nor leads the starry crew.
Though mute she be, her violated shame
Selfe-guilty blushes silently proclaime.
But that a Maid, *Diana* the ill hid
Had soone espy'd: they say, her slie Nymphs did.
Nine Crescents now had made their Orbs compleat;
When, faint with labour, and her brothers heat,
Shee takes the shades; close by the murmuring
And silver current of a fruitfull Spring.
The place much prays'd, the streame as coole as cleere
Her faire feet glads. No Spyes, said she, be here:
Here will we our disrobed bodies dip.
Calisto blusht: the rest their faire lims strip.
And her perforce uncloth'd, that sought delayes;
Who, vvith her body, her offence displayes.
They, all abasht, yet loth to have it spy'd,
Striving her belly with their hands to hide;
Avaunt, said *Cynthia*; get thee from our trayne;
Nor, with thy lims, this sacred Fountaine staine:
This knew the Matron of the Thunderer;
Whose thoughts, to fitter times, revenge defer:
Nor long delay's; for, *Arcas* (which more scorne
And griefe provok't) was of the Lady borne.
Beheld with ire, which turn'd her eyes to flame;
Must thou be fruitfull too, to blaze my shame,
And propagate the wrong? And must he be
A living infamie to *Iove* and me?
I'le not iudur't: That so selfe-pleasing shape,
Which drew my husband to thy willing rape,
I sure shall spoile. This said, her haire she wound
About her hand, and dragg'd her on the ground.
Her hands, for pitty heav'd (so smooth, so faire!)
Grew forthwith rough, and horrid with blacke haire.
Her dainty hands (which, swift deformity
Converts to pawes) the place of feete supply.
The mouth, so prays'd by *Iove* (that late to sin
Entic't a God) now horribly doth grin.
And, lest she might too powerfully beseech,
She instantly bereft her of her speech:
In stead whereof, a noyse ascends her hoarse
And rumbling throate, which terror doth inforce;
Although a Beare, her minde she still possest,
And with continuall grones her griefe exprest;

With pawes ſtrecht up to heaven, accus'd her fate:
And whom ſhe could not call, ſhe thought ingrate.
How oft, afraid to keep the Wood's alone,
Sought ſhe the houſe and fields that were her owne!
How often, chaced by the following cry,
Th'affrighted Huntreſſe from her hounds did flie!
Oft ſhe (the Wood's wild foragers eſpy'd)
Forgetting what ſhe was, her ſelfe would hide:
A Beare; yet trembles at the ſight of Beares;
And Wolves (her Father then amongſt them) feares.
When (lo!) *Lycaon's* Grand-child thither drew,
Thrice five yeares old, nor of his Mother knew;
While he purſues the chaſe and ſalvage ſpoyles
(The *Erymanthian* Woods begirt with toyles)
Her he encounters. *Arcas* ſeene, ſhe ſtay'd,
And would have ta'ne acquaintance. He, afraid,
Stared upon her with a conſtant eye;
And backward ſtept, as ſhe approached nye.
About to wound her uudefended breſt:
The King of Gods, who did the fact dereſt,
With them, the crime with-drew, and both convai'd
To heaven; now neighbouring Conſtellations made.
Saturnia ſweld to ſee her Rivall ſhine
Amongſt the Starres. She ſtoops to *Neptune's* brine;
Gray *Tethys* and the old *Oceanus*
(Grac't by the Deities) accoaſting thus:
Aske you why I, the Queene of Gods, am come
From bleſt aboads? Another holds my roome.
When Nights blacke mantle ſhall the World infold;
My wounds (thoſe honour'd Starres) you may behold;
There, where the ſhorteſt Circle, at the end
Of all the turning Axeltree, doth bend.
Who would not injurie the wife of *love*,
When our worſt puniſhments preferments prove?
How great our Act! how is our powre diſplay'd!
Vnform'd a Woman, and a Goddeſſe made.
Thus we the guilty ſcourge! Thus, thus we our
Revenge advance! ſuch, and ſo great our powre?
Let him unbeaſt the beaſt (as heretofore
Phoronis) and her wanton ſhape reſtore.
Why doth he not *Lycaon's* daughter wed,
Rejecting me, and place her in his bed?
But, you who once my carefull Nurſes were,
If my indignities doe touch you neere,

Command

Command you that the seven *Triones* keepe
Their lazie Waine out of your sacred Deepe.
From thence, those starres, the price of whoredome, drive;
Nor let th'impure in your pure Surges dive.
They both assent. Her Peacocks to the skies
Their Goddesse draws; late stuck with *Argus* eyes.
Thou too, thou prating Raven, turn'd as late
From white to blacke, by well-deserved Fate.
(The spotlesse silver Dove was not more white.
Nor Swans which in the running Brookes delight;
Nor yet that vigilant Fowle, whose gagling shall
Hereafter free th'attempted Capitoll.)
Thy tongue, thy tell-tale tongue did thee undoe;
And what was white, is now of sable hew.
The Palme, *Coronis* of *Larissa*, bare
From all th'*Æmonian* Dames for matchlesse faire,
Who dearly, *Delphian*, was belov'd by thee;
As long as chaste, or from detection free.
But, *Phœbus* Bird her scapes did soone descrie:
Nor could they charme th'inexorable Spie:
Whom, flying to his Lord, the Crowe pursewes
(As talkative as he) to know the newes:
And, knowing, said: Thy selfe thou dost ingage
By thanklesse service: slight not my presage.
Know what I was, and am: through all my time
My actions sift: thou'lt find my faith my crime.
For *Pallas*, on a day, in chest compos'd
Of *Attick* Osiers, privately inclos'd
Her *Erichthonius* (whom on Woman bare)
Committed to the custody and care
Of three faire Virgin Nymphs, that daughters were
To Prudent *Cecrops*, who two shapes did beare:
Nor told what it contayn'd; but charg'd that they
Her secrets should not to themselves betray.
These from an Elme I (unespy'd) espy.
Faire *Herse* and *Pandrosa* faithfully
Performe their charge; *Aglauros* then did call
Her fearefull sisters, and unties with-all
The wicker Cabinet; whose twigs containe
An infant, raysed on a Dragon's trayne.
This, I my Goddesse told; and for reward,
Am now cashiered from *Minerva's* Guard,
The Bird of Night preferd. Beware by me:
Nor too officiously tell all you see.

Truth is, I never to that place aſpir'd;
She gave it me, unſought too, undeſir'd:
Were *Pallas* askt, though angry, yet know I
That angry *Pallas* would not this deny.
Me had King *Coronius*, great in fame,
Through happy *Phœbus*, by a royall Dame.
Rich ſuiters I (deſpiſe me not) had ſtore:
My beauty wrackt me. Walking on the ſhore,
As leaſurely as now I uſe to goe,
Cold *Neptune* ſaw me, and with luſt did glow.
The time, his prayr's, and prayſes ſpent in vaine;
What would not yeeld, he offers to conſtraine;
And followes me that fled. The harder ſtrand
Behind me left, and tyr'd with yeelding ſand,
To Gods and Men I cry. No humane aid
Was then at hand: a Maid releeves a Maid.
For, as to heaven my trembling armes I threw;
My armes cole-black with hovering feathers grew.
My Robe I from my ſhoulders thonght to throw:
But, that was plume, and to my skin did grow.
With hands to beat my naked breſt, I trie:
But, neither breſt to beat, nor hands, had I.
Running, in ſand I ſunke not as before;
But, me the ſcarce-toucht Earth, unburden'd bore.
Forth-with, I lightly through the Ayre aſcend;
And on *Minerva*, without blame, attend.
But, what was this; when ſhe, whoſe wicked deeds
Vnwoman'd her, in our loſt grace ſucceeds?
For, know (no more then through all *Lesbos* ſpred)
Nyctimene defil'd her Fathers bed.
Though now a Bird; yet, full of guilt, the ſight,
The Day, ſhe ſhuns, and masks her ſhame in Night.
About her, all our winged troops repayre;
And, with invectives, chace her through the Ayre.
To her, the Raven: Miſchiefe thee ſurpriſe
For ſtaying me. Vaine Omen's I deſpiſe;
Then, forward flew; and told the hurtfull truth
Of loſt *Coronis*, and th'*Æmonian* Youth.
The harp drops from his hand: and from his head
The Laurell fell, his chearefull colour fled.
Tranſported with his rage, his bow he tooke,
And with inevitable arrow ſtrooke
That breſt, which he ſo oft to his had joyn'd:
She ſhreekes; and from the deadly wound doth wind

The

The biting steele, pursu'd with streames of blood,
That bath'd her pure white in a crimson Flood:
And said; Though this be due, yet, *Phœbus*, I
Might first have teem'd: now, two in one must die.
She faints; forc't life in her blood's torrent swims:
And stifning cold benums her senseless limbs.
His cruelty, to her he lov'd, too late,
He now repenteth, and him-selfe doth hate,
Who lent an eare, whom rage could so incense:
He hates his Bird, by whom he knew th'offence;
He hates his Art, his quiver, and his Bow;
Then, takes her up, and all his skill doth show.
But (ah!) too late to vanquish Fate he tries;
And surgerie, without successe, applies.
Which when he saw, and saw the funerall pyle
Prepared to devoure so deare a spoyle;
He deepely grones (for no cœlestiall eye
May shead a teare) as when a Cow stands by
And lowes alowd to see th'advanced mall
Vpon the fore-head of her suckling fall.
And now unear'd-for odours powr'd upon her;
And undue death with all due rites doth honour.
But, *Phœbus*, not indaring that his seed
(And that by her) the greedy Fire should feed,
Snatcht it both from her womb, and from the flames;
And to the two-shap't *Chiron* brought the same.
The white-plum'd Raven, who reward expects,
He turnes to black; and for his truth rejects.
It pleas'd the Halfe-horse to be so imploy'd;
Who in his honourable trouble joy'd.
Behold: the *Centaur's* daughter with red haire,
Whom formerly the Nymph *Caricle* bare
By the swift River, and *Ocyroë* nam'd;
Who had her Father's healthfull Art disclaim'd,
To sing the depth of Fates: Now, when her brest
Was by the propheſying rage possest,
And that th'included God inflam'd her minde;
Beholding of the Babe, shethus divin'd:
Health-giver to the World, grow Infant, grow;
To whom mortality so much shall owe.
Fled Soules thou shalt restore to their aboads:
And once against the pleasure of the Gods.
To doe the like, thy Grand-sires flames deny;
And thou, begotten by a God, must die.

Then

Thou, of a bloodlesse corps, a God shalt be:
And Nature twice shall be renew'd in thee.
And you, deare Father, not a Mortall now;
To whom the Fates eternity allow;
Shall wish to die, then when your wound shall smart
With Serpents blood, and slight your helplesse Art.
Relenting Fates will pitty you with death,
Against their Law, and stop your groning breath.
Not all yet said, her sighs in stormes arise;
And ill-aboding teares burst from her eyes.
Then, thus: My Fates prevent me: Io, they tie
My falt'ring tongue, and farther speech deny.
Alas! these Arts not of that value be,
That they should draw the wrath of Heaven on me!
O, rather would I nothing had fore-knowne!
My lookes seeme now not humane, nor my owne.
I long to feed on grasse: I long to run
About the spacious fields. Woes me, undone!
Into a Mare (my kindred's shape) I grow:
Yet, why throughout? my Father but halfe so.
The end of her complaint you scarce could heare
To understand: her words confused were.
Forth-with, nor words, nor neighings, she expreſt;
Her voice yet more inclining to the beast:
Then, neigh'd out-right. Within a little space,
Her down-thrust armes upon the Meddow pace.
Her fingers joyne: one hoofe five nayles unite:
Her head and neck enlarge, not now upright:
Her trayling garment to a trayne extends:
Her dangling haire upon her creſt descends:
Her voice and shape at once transform'd became:
And to it selfe the Monster gives a name.
Old *Chiron* weeps; and *Phœbus*; vainly cryes
On thee to change the changeleſse Destinies.
Admit thou could'st: thee, from thy selfe expeld,
Then *Elis*, and *Messenian* pastures held.
It was the time when, cloth'd in Neat-herds weeds,
Thou plaid'st upon unequall seven-fold Reeds:
Whil'st thee thy Pipe delights, whil'st cares of love
Thy soule possesse, and other cares remove;
Thy Oxen in the fields of *Pylos* stray:
Observed by the crafty sonne of *May*,
Forthwith he secretly conveyes them thence,
In untrac't Woods concealing his offence.

None

None saw but *Battus*, in that Country bred;
VVho wealthy *Neleus* famous horses fed.
Him only he misdoubts: then, (ta'ne a-part)
Stranger, said *Mercury*, what ere thou art;
If any for this Herd by chance enquire,
Conceale thy knowledge: and receive, for hire,
This white-hair'd Cow. He tooke her, and reply'd,
Be safe; thy theft shall sooner be descry'd
By yonder stone, then me, and shew'd a stone.
Iove's sonne departs, and straight returnes unknowne
(A seeming Clowne in forme and voice) who said:
Saw'st thou no Cattle through these fields convay'd?
Detect the theft; in their recovery joyne:
And, lo, this Heifer, with her Bull, is thine,
He (the reward redoubl'd) answer'd: There
Beneath those hills, beneath those hills they were.
Then, *Hermes*, laughing lowd; What, knave, I say,
Me to my selfe; me to my selfe betray?
Then, to a touch-stone turn'd his perjur'd brest;
Whose nature now is in that name exprest.
Hence, he, who beares the Caduceus, springs
Through boundlesse ayre; and viewes, from stretcht-out wings,
Munychian fields, *Minerva's* loved soyle,
Lyceum, exercis'd with learned toyle.
By chance, upon that day it did befall,
When to her Fane, prepar'd for festivall,
In crowned baskets on their shining haire,
The Virgin-trayne her sacrifices bare:
Returning; these the winged God doth view;
Who not forth-right, but in a circuit flew.
As when a greedy Kite fresh entrailes spies,
Fearing to stoop for those that sacrifice,
Strikes circles through the ayre, nor farre removes;
But, with fixt eyes reverts to what he loves:
So, swift *Cyllenius* o're the *Attick* towers,
In ayrie windings circularly scowers.
As *Lucifer* out-shines each other Starre;
As silver *Phœbe*, *Lucifer*; so farre
Did *Herse* all the other Virgins stayne;
The glory of that pomp, and of her trayne.
Love-struck, he burnes as in the Ayre he hung.
A bullet by *Balarian* Slinger flung,
Increaseth so in fervor as it flyes;
And findes the fire it had not, in the skyes.

From

From Heaven, he stoops to more affected Earth:
Not now disguis'd like one of humane birth;
Such confidence his beauteous parts impart;
Which, though divine, he strives to grace by Art.
He curles his haire; his mantle, wrought with gold,
He in the most becomming garb doth fold;
And his fine feete adornes: then, in his hand
Takes his sleep-causing and expelling wand,
Three roomes there were within the faire contect
Of *Cecrop's* house, with Ivory arches deckt.
Pandrosa and *Aglauros* on each side
Of *Herse* lay; *Aglauros* first espy'd
The sly-approaching *Mercury*: his name
Shee boldly asks, and why he thither came.
To whom, *Pleïones* nephew: He am I
Who on *Iove's* errands (*Iove*, my Father) flie.
And to be plaine; to *Herse* faithfull prove:
And be an Aunt unto our fruitfull love.
Thy sister's beauties this repaire inforce:
I pray thee of a Lover take remorse.
So star'd she on him, and as much amaz'd;
As when she on *Minerva's* secrets gaz'd:
Who askes a masse of treasure for her hire;
And, till 'twere payd, constrain'd him to retire.
Warres angry Goddesse cast on her a looke
That darted fire; and fetcht a sigh which shooke
Her bosome, with the *Ægis* which shee wore:
Who calls to minde, how shee, not long afore,
Profanely did, against her faith, discover
The *Lemnian* issue, borne without a Mother:
Now to her sister, to the God ingrate;
And by so base a meanes t'inrich her state.
Forth-with to *Envie's* cave her course she bent,
Furr'd with black filth, within a deepe descent
Betweene two hills; where *Phœbus* never showes
His chearefull face; where no winde ever blowes:
Repleat with sadnesse, and unactive cold;
Devoid of fire, yet still in smoak enrol'd.
Whether when as the fear'd in battell came,
She stayd before the house (that hatefull frame
She might not enter) and the darke dore stroke
With her bright lance; which straight in sunder broke.
There saw she *Envie* lapping Vipers blood;
And feeding on their flesh, her vices food:

And,

And, having seene her, turn'd-away her eyes.
The Caitiffe slowly from the ground doth rise
(Her halfe-devoured Serpents laid-aside)
And forward creepeth with a lame-like stride.
Viewing her forme so faire; her armes, so bright;
She groan'd, and sigh'd at such a chearfull sight.
Her body more then meager; pale her hew;
Her teeth all rustie; still she looks askew;
Her breast with gall, her tongue with poyson sweld:
She only laught, when she sad sights beheld.
Her ever-waking cares exil'd sort sleepe:
Who lookes on good successe, with eyes that weepe;
Repining, pines: who, wounding others, bleeds:
And on her selfe revengeth her misdeeds.
Although *Tritonia* did the Hag detest;
Yet briefely thus her pleasure she expresst:
Aglauros, one of the *Cecropides*.
Doe thou infest with thy accurst disease.
This said; the hastie Goddesse doth advance
Her body, with her earth-repelling lance.
Envy cast after her a wicked eye,
Mutters, and could for very sorrow die
That such her power: a shaggy staffe then tooke
Wreathed with thornes; and her darke Cave forsooke,
Wrapt in black clouds, which way so ere she turnes,
The Corne she lodges, flowry pastures burnes,
Crops what growes high; Townes, Nations, with her breath
Pollutes; and Vertue persecutes to death.
When she the faire *Athenian* towres beheld,
Which so in wealth, in learned Artes exce'd,
And feastfull Peace; to crie she scarce forbeares,
In that she saw no argument for teares.
When she *Aglauros* lodging entred had,
She gladly executes what *Pallas* bade:
Her cankred hand upon her breft she lai'd,
And crooked thornes into her heart convay'd,
And breath'd in baineſull poyson; which she sheads
Into her bones, and through her spirits spreads.
And that her envy might not want a cause;
The God in his divineſt forme she drawes:
And with it, sets before her wounded eyes
Her happy sister, and their nuptiall joyes:
Augmenting all. These secret woes excite,
And gnaw her soule. She sighs all day, all night;

And

And with a ſlow infection melts away,
Like Ice before the Sunnes uncertaine ray.
Faire *Herſe's* happy ſtate ſuch heart-burne breeds
In her black boſome, as when ſpiny weeds
Are ſet on fire: which without flame conſume,
And ſeeme (ſo ſmall their heat) to burne with fume,
Oft ſhe reſolves to die, ſuch ſights to ſhun:
Oft, by diſcloſing, to have both undone.
Now ſits ſhe on the threſhold, to prevent
The Gods acceſſe; who with loſt blandiſhment,
And his beſt Art, perſwades. Quoth ſhe; forbeare,
I cannot be removed, if you ſtay here.
I to this bargaine, he reply'd, will ſtand:
The figured doore then forces with his wand.
Striving to riſe, to ſecond her debate,
Her hips could not remove, preſt with dull waight.
Againe ſhe ſtruggl'd to have ſtood on end:
But, thoſe unſupple ſinewes would not bend.
Incroaching cold now enters at her nayles:
And lack of blood her veines blew branches pale's,
And as a Canker, ſlighting helpleſſe Arts,
Creeps from th'infected to the ſounder parts:
So by degrees the winter of wan Death
Congeales the path of life, and ſtops her breath:
Nor ſtrove ſhe: had ſhe ſtrove to make her mone,
Voice had no way; her neck and face now ſtone.
There ſhe a bloodleſſe Statue ſate, all freckt:
Her ſpotted minde the Marble did infect.
When *Atlantiades*, on her, prophane
Of tongue and heart, this ſharp revenge had ta'ne;
He from the Cittie, nam'd by *Pallas*, flew
On mounting wings, and unto heaven with-drew.
With whom, *Iove* thus (his love concealing) joynes;
Thou, faithfull Miniſter to my deſignes,
Shoot ſwiftly through the Ayre unto that Land,
Whoſe borders North-ward of thy Mother ſtand,
Which thoſe Inhabitants *Sidonia* name:
Behold yon royall Heard: conduct the ſame,
From not farre diſtant Mountaines, to the ſhore.
This he diſpatcht, with ſpeed that went before
A humane thought. There, oft the princely Maid,
Accompany'd with *Tyrian* Virgins, play'd.
Love and high Majeſty agree not well;
Nor will together in one boſome dwell.

That

That Powre, from whom, what-ere hath being, ſprings;
That King of Gods, who three-fork't lightning flings;
Whoſe nod the World's unfixt foundation ſhakes,
The figure of a ſenſuall Bull now takes:
And, lowing, walkes upon the tender graſſe
Amongſt the Heard; though he in forme ſurpaſſe.
His colour whiter then untroden ſnow,
Before ſtill-moiſt and thawing *Auſter* blow.
The fleſh, in ſwelling rowles, adornes his neck:
His broad-ſpread breſt, long dangling dew-laps deck.
His hornes, though ſmall, yet ſuch as Art invite
To imitate, then ſhining gemmes more bright:
His eyes no wrath, his browes no terror threat;
His whole aſpect with ſmiling peace repleat.
The beaſt, *Agenor's* daughter doth admire,
So wondrous beautifull, ſo void of ire.
Though ſuch, at firſt ſhe his approach did dread,
Yet forthwith toucht; and then with flowres him fed
The Lover joyes: till he his hopes might feaſt.
He kiſt her hands; ah, ſcarce deferres the reſt!
Now, on the ſpringing graſſe, he friſks and playes;
His ſides now on the golden ſands he layes.
Her feare ſubdu'd, ſhe ſtrokes his profferd breſt:
Her Virgin-hands his hornes with garlands dreſt.
The royall Maid, who now no courage lackt,
Aſcends the Bull, not knowing whom ſhe backt.
He, to the ſea approaching, by degrees
Firſt dips therein his hooves, anon his knees;
Then, ruſhing forward, beares away the prize.
She ſhreeks, and to the ſhore reverts her eyes:
One hand his horne, the other held behind;
Her lighter garments ſwelling with the wind.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The third Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

ARm'd troops from Dragons late-sowne teeth arise.
By his owne Hounds the Hart Actæon dies.
Iuno *a Beldame.* Semele *doth frie*
In wisht imbraces. Bacchus *from* Ioves *thigh*
Takes second birth. The wise Tiresias *twice*
Doth change his sex. Scorn'd Eccho *pines t'a voice:*
Selfe-lov'd Narcissus *to a Daffadill.*
Bacchus, *a Boy. The* Tyrrhen's *ship stands still,*
With Ivy mor'd. Strange shapes the Saylers fright!
Who Dolphines turne, and still in ships delight.

AND now the God, arriving with his Rape
At sacred *Crest*, resumes his heavenly shape.
The King, his sonne to seeke his daughter sent,
Fore-doomed to perpetuall banishment,
Except his fortune to his wish succeed:
How pious, and how impious in one deed!
Earth wandred-through (*Ioves* thefts who can exquire?)
He shunnes his Country, and his Fathers ire:
With *Phœbus* Oracle consults, to know
What Land the Fates intended to bestow.
Who, thus: In desert fields observe a Cow,
Yet never yoakt, nor servile to the plow:
Follow her slow conduct: and where she shall
Repose, there build: the place *Bœotia* call.

Scarce

Scarce *Cadmus* from *Caſtalian* Cave deſcended,
When he a Heifer ſaw, by no man tended,
Her neck ungall'd with groaning ſervitude.
The God ador'd, he foot by foot perſew'd.
Cephiſus flood, and *Panope* now paſt,
Shee made a ſtand; to heaven her fore-head caſt,
With lofty hornes moſt exquiſitely faire;
Then, with repeated lowings fill'd the ayre:
Lookes back upon the company ſhe led;
And, kneeling, makes the tender graſſe her bed.
Thanks-giving *Cadmus* kiſt the unknowne ground;
The ſtranger fields and hills ſaluting round.
About to ſacrifice to heaven's high King,
He ſends for water from the living Spring.
A Wood there was, which never Axe did hew;
In it, a Cave, where Reeds and Oſiers grew,
Rooft with a rugged Arch by Nature wrought;
With pregnant waters plentifully fraught.
The lurking Snake of *Mars* this Hold poſſeſt;
Bright ſcal'd, and ſhining with a golden creſt;
His bulk with poyſon ſwolne; fire-red his eyes:
Three darting tongues, three ranks of teeth compriſe.
This fatall Well th'unlucky *Tyrians* found;
Who with their down-let Pitcher, rays'd a ſound.
With that, the Serpent his blew head extends;
And ſuffering ayre with horrid hiſſes rends.
The water from them fell: their colour fled:
Who all, aſtoniſht, ſhook with ſudden dread.
He wreaths his ſcaly foldes into a heape;
And fetcht a compaſſe with a mighty leape:
Then, bolt-upright his monſtrous length diſplayes
More then halfe way, and all the VVoods ſurvaies.
VVhoſe body, when all ſeene, no leſſe appeares,
Then that, which parts the two Cœleſtiall Beares.
VVhether the *Tyrians* ſought to fight, or flie,
Or whether they through feare could neither trie,
Some craſht he 'twixt his jawes, ſome claſpt to death,
Some kills with poyſon, others with his breath.
And now the Sunne the ſhorteſt ſhadowes made,
Then, *Cadmus*, wondring why his ſervants ſtai'd,
Their foot-ſteps trac't. A hide the Heroe wore,
VVhich late he from a ſlaughtred Lyon tore:
His Armes a dart, abright ſteele-pointed Speare,
And ſuch a minde as could not ſtoope to feare.

VVhen

When he the Wood had entred, and there view'd
The bodies of the slaine with blood imbrew'd;
The insulting Victor quenching his dire thirst
And their suckt wounds; he sigh't, as heart would burst:
Then said, I will revenge, O faithfull Mates,
Your murders, or accompany your Fates.
With that he lifteth up a mighty stone,
Which with a more then manly force was throwne.
What would have batter'd downe the strongest wall,
And shivered towres, doth give no wound at all.
The hardnesse of his skin, and scales that growe
Vpon his armed back, repulse the blow.
And yet that strong defence could not so well
The vigour of his thrilling Dart repell;
Which through his winding back a passage rends;
There sticks: the steele into his guts descends.
Rabid with anguish, he retorts his looke
Vpon the wound; and then the javelin tooke
Betweene his teeth; it every way doth winde:
At length, tugg'd out, yet leaves the head behind.
His rage increast with his augmenting paines:
And his thick-panting throte swels with full veines.
A cold white froth surrounds his poys'nous jawes:
On thundring Earth his trayling scales he drawes:
Who from his black and *Stygian* maw ejects's
A blasting breath, which all the ayre infect's.
His body, now he circularly bends;
Forth-with into a monstrous length extends:
Then rusheth on, like showr-incensed Floods;
And with his brest ore-beares the obvious Woods.
The Prince gave way; who with the Lyon's spoyle
Sustayn'd th'assault; and forc't a quick recoile,
His Lance fixt in his jawes. What could not feele,
He madly wounds; and bites the biting steele.
Th'invenom'd gore, which from his palate bled,
Converts the grasse into a duskie red:
Yet, slight the hurt, in that the Snake with-drew;
And so, by yeelding, did the force subdue.
Till *Agenorides* the steele imbrew'd
In his wide throte, and still his thrust pursu'd;
Vntill an Oke his back-retrait with-stood:
There, he his neck transfixt: with it, the Wood.
The tree bends with a burden so unknowne;
And, lasht by the Serpents taile, doth grone.

While

While he ſurvai'd the hugeneſſe of his foe,
This voice he heard (from whence he did not know)
Why is that Serpent ſo admir'd by thee?
Agenor's ſonne, a Serpent thou ſhalt bee.
He ſpeechleſſe grew: pale feare repell'd his blood;
And now uncurled haire like briſtles ſtood.
Behold! mans Fautreſſe, *Pallas* (from the ſky
Deſcending to his needfull aid) ſtood by:
Who bad him in the turn'd-up furrowes throw
The Serpents teeth; that future men might grow.
He, as commanded, plow'd the patient Earth:
And therein ſow'd the ſeeds of humane birth.
Lo (paſt beliefe!) the Clods began to move:
And tops of Lances firſt appear'd above:
Then, Helmets, nodding with their plumed Creſts;
Forth-with, refulgent Pouldrons, plated Breſts;
Hands, with offenſive weapons charg'd, inſew:
And Target-bearing troops of Men up-grew.
So in our Theater's ſolemnities,
When they the Arras rayſe, the Figures riſe:
Afore the reſt, their faces firſt appeare;
By little and by little then they reare
Their bodies, with a meaſure keeping hand,
Vntill their feet upon the border ſtand.
Bold *Cadmus*, though much daunted at the ſight
Of ſuch an Hoſt, addreſt him to the fight.
Forbeare (a new-borne Souldier cry'd) t'ingage
Thy better fortune in our civill rage!
With that, he on his Earth-bred brother flew:
At whom, a deadly dart another threw.
Nor he that kil'd him, long ſurvives his death;
But, through wide wounds expires his infant breath.
Slaughter, with equall furie, runnes through all:
And by uncivill civill blowes they fall,
The new-ſprung Youth, who hardly life poſſeſt,
Now panting, kick their Mother's bloody breſt.
But five ſurviv'd: of whom, *Echion* one;
His Armes to Earth by *Pallas* counſell throwne,
He craves the love he offers. All accord
As Brothers ſhould: and what they take afford.
Sidonian Cadmus theſe aſſiſt, to build
His lofty walls; the Oracle fulfil'd.
Now flouriſht *Thebes*: now did thy exile prove
In ſhew a bleſſing; thoſe that rule in love

And

And warre, thy Nuptials with their daughter grace?
By such a Wife to have so faire a race;
So many sonnes and daughters, nephews too
(The pledges of their peacefull beds) insue;
And they now growne to excellence and power.
But, Man must censur'd be by his last houre:
VVhom truly we can never happy call,
Afore his death, and closing funerall.
In this thy every way so prosperous state,
Thy first misse-hap sprung from thy Nephew's fate;
VVhose browes unnaturall branches ill adorne;
By his ungratefull dogges in peeces torne.
Yet fortune did offend in him; not he:
For, what offence may in an error be?
VVith purple blood, slaine Deare the Hills imbrew:
And now high Noone the shades of things withdrew;
VVhile East and VVest the equall Sunne partake:
Thus, then, *Hyantius* to his Partners spake,
That trod the Mazes of the pathlesse VVood:
My Friends, our nets and javelins reake with blood:
Enough hath beene the fortune of this day:
To morrow, when *Aurora* shall display
Her rosie cheeks, we may our sports renew.
Now, *Phœbus*, with inflaming eye doth view
The crannied Earth: here let our labour end:
Take up your toyles. They gladly condescend.
A Vale there was with Pines and Cypresse crown'd,
Gargaphie call'd; for *Diana's* love renown'd.
A shadie Cave possest the inward part,
Not wrought by hands; there Nature witty Art
Did counterfeit: a native Arch she drew,
VVith Pumice and light Tofusses, that grew.
A bubbling Spring, with streames as cleare as glasse,
Ran chiding by, inclos'd with matted grasse,
The weary Huntresse usually here laves
Her Virgin lims, more pure then those pure waves.
And now her Bow, her Javelin, and her Quiver;
Doth to a Nymph, one of her Squires, deliver:
Her light impoverisht Robes another held:
Her buskins two untie. The better skild
Ismenian Crocale, her long haire wound
In pleited wreathes: yet was her owne unbound.
Neat *Hayle*, *Niphe*, *Rhanis*, *Pseca* (still
Imploy'd) and *Phiale* the Lavers fill.

While

Sweet Boy, said she, well worthy the aboad
Of blest cœlestialls! if thou be a God,
Then art thou *Cupid*! if of humane race,
Happy the Parents, whom thy person grace?
Thy sister, if thou hast a sister, blest?
Thy Nurse, much more, who fed thee with her brest!
But (O!) no lesse then deifi'd is she,
Whom mariage shall incorporate to thee!
If any such; let me this treasure steale:
If not, be't I; and our deare Nuptials seale.
This said, she held her peace. He blusht for shame;
Not knowing love: whom shamefac'tnesse became.
So Apples shew upon the sunny side;
So Iuory, with rich Vermillion dy'd:
So pure a red the silver Moon doth staine,
When auxil'ary brasse resounds in vaine.
She earnestly intreats a sisters kisse:
And now, advancing to imbrace her blisse,
He, strugling, said; Lascivious Nymph, forbeare;
Or I will quit the place, and leave you here.
Faire Stranger, timorous *Salmacis* reply'd,
'Tis freely yours; and therewith stept aside:
Yet, looking back, amongst the shrubby Trees
She closely sculks, and crouches on her knees.
The vacant Boy, now being left alone,
Imagining he was observ'd by none,
Now here, now there, about the margent trips;
And, in th'alluring waves his ankles dips.
Caught with the water's flattering temp'rature,
He streight disrobes his body; O, how pure!
His naked beauty *Salmacis* amaz'd.
Who with unsatisfied longing gaz'd.
Her sparkling eyes shoot flame through this sweet error;
Much like the Sunne reflected by a mirror.
Now, she impatiently her hope delayes;
Now, burnes t'imbrace: now, halfe-madde, hardly stayes.
He swiftly from the banke on which he stood,
Clapping his body, leaps into the flood;
And, with his rowing armes, supports his lims:
Which, through the pure waves, glister as he swims.
Like Iuory statues, which the life surpasse;
Or like a Lilly, in a crystall glasse.
He's mine! the Nymph exclaim'd: who all unstript;
And, as she spake, into the water skipt;

Hanging about the neck that did reſiſt;
And, with a maſtring force, th'unwilling kiſt:
Now, puts her hand beneath his ſcornefull breſt;
Now every way invading the diſtreſt:
And wraps about the ſubject of her luſt,
Much like a Serpent by an Eagle truſs't;
Which to his head and feet, infettered, clings;
And wreaths her tayle about his ſtreatcht-out wings.
So claſping Iuy to the Oke doth grow;
And ſo the *Polypus* detaines his foe.
But *Atlantiades*, relentleſſe coy,
Still ſtruggles, and reſiſts her hop't-for joy.
Inveſted with her body: foole, ſaid ſhe,
Struggle thou mai'ſt, but never ſhalt be free.
O you, who in immortall thrones reſide,
Grant that no day may ever us divide!
Her wiſhes had their Gods. Even in that ſpace
Their cleaving bodies mix: both have one face.
As when we two divided ſcions joyne,
And ſee them grow together in one rine:
So they, by ſuch a ſtrict embracement glew'd,
Are now but one, with double forme indew'd.
No longer he a Boy, nor ſhe a maid;
But neither, and yet either, might be ſaid.
Hermaphroditus at himſelfe admires:
Who halfe a female from the ſpring retires,
His manly lims now ſoftned; and thus prayes,
With ſuch a voice as neither ſex betrayes:
Swift *Hermes*, *Aphrodite*! him O heare
Who was your ſonne! who both your names doth beare!
May every man, that in this water ſwims,
Returne halfe-woman, with infeebled lims.
His gentle parents ſigne to his requeſt;
And with unknowne receits the ſpring infeſt.
Here, they conclude: yet give their hands no reſt;
But *Bacchus* flight, and ſtill prophane his Feaſt.
Then ſuddenly harſh inſtruments ſurprize
Their charged eares, not extant to their eyes:
Sweet Myrrhe, and Saffron all the houſe perfume:
Their webs (paſt credit!) flouriſh in the loome:
The hanging wooll to greene-leav'd Iuy ſpreads;
Part, into vines: the equall twiſted threads
To branches run: buds from the diſtaffe ſhoot;
And with that purple paint their bluſhing fruit.

Now

Now to the day ſucceeds that doubtfull light;
Which neither can be called day, nor night.
The building trembles: torches of fat Pines
Appeare to burne; the roome with flaſhes ſhines;
Fill'd with fantaſticall reſemblances
Of howling beaſts, whom blood, and ſlaughter pleaſe.
The Siſters, to the ſmoaky roofe retire;
And, there diſperſt, avoid both light and fire.
Thus, while they corners ſeeke, thin filmes extend
From lightned lims, with ſmall beames inter-pend.
But how their former ſhapes they did forgoe,
Concealing darkneſſe would not let them know.
Nor are theſe little Light-deteſting things
Born-up with feathers, but tranſparent wings.
Their voice befits their bodies; ſmall, and faint:
Wherewith they harſhly utter their complaint.
Theſe houſes haunt, in night conceale their ſhame;
And of the loved Evening take their name.
All *Thebes* now feared *Bacchus* celebrates:
Whoſe wondrous power his boaſting Aunt relates.
She onely, of ſo many ſiſters, knew
No griefe as yet, but what from them ſhe drew.
A happy Mother, Wife to *Athamas*,
Nurſe to a God: theſe caus'd her to ſurpaſſe
The bounds of her felicities; and made
Vext *Iuno* ſtorme; who to her ſelfe thus ſaid;
What? could that Strumpets brat the forme defeiſe
Of poore *Mæonian* Saylers, drencht in Seas?
A Mother urge to murther her owne ſonne?
And wing the three *Minëides* that ſpun?
Can I but un-revenged wrongs deplore?
Muſt that ſuffice? and is our power no more?
He teacheth what to doe; learne of thy Foe:
What furie can, the wounds of *Pentheus* ſhow
More then too-much. Why ſhould not *Ino* tread
The path which late her frantick ſiſters lead?
A ſteepe darke Cave, with deadly yew repleat,
Through ſilence leads to hells infernall ſeat.
By this dull *Styx* ejects a blaſting fume:
Here ghoſts deſcend, whoſe bodies graves inhume;
Amongſt thoſe thorns, ſtiffe Cold, and Paleneſſe dwell:
The new-come ghoſts nor know the way to Hell;
Nor where the roomy *Stygian* City ſtands;
Or that dire Palace where black *Dis* commands.

A thousand entries to this Citie guide:
The gates still open stand, on every side.
And as all Rivers run into the Deep:
So all unhonsed soules doe thither creep.
Nor are they pestered for want of roome:
Nor can it be perceiv'd that any come.
Here shadowes wander from their bodies pent:
Some plead; and some the Tyrants Court frequent:
Some in life-practiz'd Arts imploy their times:
Others are tortur'd for their former Crimes.
Saturnia stooping from her Throne of Ayre,
(Her hate immortall!) thither makes repayre.
As soone as she had entered the gate,
The threshold trembl'd with her sacred waight.
Still-waking *Cerberus* the Goddesse dreads,
And barketh thrice at once, with his three heads.
She calls the Furies, Daughters to old night;
Implacable, and hating all delight.
Before the doores of Adamant they sit;
And there with combs their snaky curles unknit.
When they through gloomy darknesse did disclose
That forme of Heaven, the Goddesses arose.
The Dungeon of the Damned this is nam'd.
Here *Tityus*, for attempted Rape defam'd,
Had his vast body on nine Acres spread:
And on his heart a greedy Vulture fed.
From *Tantalus*, deceitfull water slips;
And catcht-at fruit avoids his touched lips.
Thou ever seekest, or roul'st up in vaine
A stone, O *Sisyphus*, to fall againe.
Ixion, turn'd upon a restlesse wheele,
With giddy head pursues his flying heele.
The *Belides*, whom Kinsmen's blood accuse,
For ever draw the Water, which they loose.
On all, *Saturnia* frowns; but most of all
At thee *Ixion*, then, a looke lets fall
On *Sisyphus*: And why (said she) remaines
This brother only in perpetuall paines;
When haughty *Athamas*, whose thoughts despise
Both *Iove*, and me, abides in constant joyes?
Then tels the cause of her approach, her hate,
And what she would: the fall of *Cadmus* state;
That *Athamas* the Furies would distract,
And urge him to some execrable fact.

Importunately she soliciteth,
Commands, intreats, and promist, with one breath.
Incenst *Tisiphone* her Tresses shakes;
And tossing from her face the hissing Snakes,
Thus said: You need not use long ambages;
Suppose all done already, that may please:
Forsake this lothsome Kingdome, and repayre
To th'upper world's more comfortable ayre.
Well-pleas'd *Saturnia* then to heaven with-drew:
Whom first *Thaumantian Iris* purg'd with dew.
Forthwith, *Tisiphone* her garment takes,
Dropping with blood, and girt with knotted Snakes.
About her head a bloody torch she shooke;
And swiftly those accurst aboads forsooke.
Still-sighing Sorrow, Horror, trembling Feare,
And gastly Madnesse, her associates were.
The entred Palace gron'd: pale poyson soyles
The polisht doores: the frighted Sunne recoyles.
Then *Athamas* and *Ino*, strucke with dread
And monstrous apparitions, sought t'have fled:
But sterne *Erinnys* their escape withstands;
And stretching out her viper-grasping hands,
Shooke her darke browes. The troubled Serpents hist:
Some, falling on her shoulders, there untwist;
Others, upon her ugly brest descend,
Spet poyson, and their forked tongues extend.
Two Adders from her crawling haire she drew;
And those at *Athamas* and *Ino* threw:
These up and downe about their bosoms roule;
And with infus'd infection sad the Soule.
No wound upon their bodies could be found:
It was the mind that felt the desperate wound.
She brought besides, from her abhorred home.
The surfet of *Echidna*, with the fome
Of hell-bred *Cerberus*, still-wandring Error,
Oblivion, Mischiefe, Teares, infernall Terror,
Distracted Fury, an Affection fixt
On murder; allogether ground, and mixt
With blood yet reeking; boyl'd in hollow brasse,
And stird with Hemlocke. While sad *Athamas*,
And *Ino* quake, she powres into their brests
The ragefull poyson; which their peace infests.
Her flamy torch then whisking in a round
(Whose circulary fire her conquest crown'd)

To *Pluto's* empty regiment she makes
A swift descent; and there ungirts her Snakes.
Forthwith, *Æolides* with poyson boyles.
Iö, my Mates, he cryes, here pitch your toyles;
Here, late a Lyoneſſe by me was ſeene
With her two whelps. With that purſues the Queene,
And from her breaſt *Clearchus* ſnatcht: The child
Stretcht forth his little armes, and on him ſmil'd:
Whom like a ſling about his head he ſwings;
And cruelly againſt the pavement flings.
The Mother, whether with her griefe diſtraught,
Or that the poyſon on her ſenſes wrought,
Runs howling with her haire about her eares;
And in bare armes her *Melicerta* beares;
Cryes Euohe *Bacchus*: *Iuno* laught, and ſaid;
Thus art thou by thy Foſter-child repay'd.
There is a Rock that over-looks the Mayne,
Hollow'd by fretting Surges, ſconſt from rayne;
Whoſe craggy brow to vaſter Seas extends.
This, *Ino* (fury adding ſtrength) aſcends;
Deſcending head-long, with the load ſhe beares;
And ſtrikes the ſparkling waves, that fall in teares.
Then, *Venus*, grieving at her Neece's Fate,
Her Vnkle thus intreats: O thou, whoſe State
Is next to *Ioves*; great Ruler of the Flood;
My ſuite is bold; yet pitty thou my blood,
Not toſſed in the deepe *Iönian* Seas:
And joyne them to thy watry Deities.
Some favour of the Sea I ſhould obtaine,
That am ingender'd of the foamie Maine:
Of which, the acceptable name I beare.
Neptune affords a favourable eare;
Who what was mortall from their beings tooke;
Then gave to either a Majeſticke looke;
In all their faculties divinely fram'd:
And her, *Leucothea*, him *Palemon* nam'd.
The *Theban* Ladies, who her ſteps perſew'd,
Her laſt on the firſt Promontorie view'd.
Then, held for dead; with haire, and garments rent,
They beat their breſts; and *Cadmus* Houſe lament.
Of little Iuſtice, and much Cruelty,
All, *Iuno* tax. Indure (ſhe ſaid) ſhall I
Such blaſphemies? I'le make you monuments
Of my revenge. Threats uſher their events.

When

When one, of all the moſt affectionate,
Cry'd, O my Queene, I will partake thy Fate!
And thought to leap into the roaring Flood;
But could not move: her feet faſt fixed ſtood.
Another, who her boſome meant to beat;
Perceiv'd her ſtiffned armes to loſe their heat.
By chance, her hand This ſtretcheth to the Maine;
Nor could her hand, now ſtone, unſtretch againe.
As She her violated Treſſes tare,
Her fingers forthwith hardned in her haire.
Their Statues now thoſe ſeverall geſtures beare
Wherein they formerly ſurpriſed were.
Some, Fowles became; now cald *Cadmëides*;
Who with their light wings ſweepe thoſe gulphy Seas.
Little knew *Cadmus*, that his Children raign'd
In ſacred Seas, and deathleſſe States retayn'd.
Subdew'd with woes, with tragicall events,
That had no end, and many dire oſtents,
He leaves his Citie; as not through his owne,
But by the fortune of the place o're-throwne:
And with his wife *Hermione*, long toſt,
At length arriveth at th' *Illyrian* Coaſt.
Now ſpent with griefe and age, whil'ſt they relate
Their former toyles, and Familie's firſt fate:
And was that Serpent ſacred, which I ſlew
(Said he) whoſe teeth into the Earth I threw
(An uncouth ſeed) when I from *Sidon* came?
If this, the vengefull Gods ſo much inflame,
May I my belly Serpent-like extend!
His belly lengthned, ere his wiſh could end.
Tough ſcales upon his hardned out-ſide grew;
The black, diſtinguiſhed with drops of blew.
Then, falling on his breaſt, his thighs unite;
And in a ſpiny progreſſe ſtretch out-right.
His armes (for, armes as yet they were) he ſpreads:
And teares on cheekes, that yet were humane, ſheds.
Come, O ſad Soule, ſaid he; thy husband touch;
Whil'ſt I am I, or part of me be ſuch.
Shake hands, while yet I have a hand to ſhake,
Before I totally endue a Snake.
His tongue was yet in motion; when it cleft
In two, forthwith of humane ſpeech bereft.
He hiſt, when he his ſorrowes ſought to vent,
The onely language now which Nature lent.

His Wife her naked bosome beats, and cryes,
Stay *Cadmus*, and put off these prodigies.
O strange! where are thy feet, hands, shoulders brest,
Thy colour, face, and (while I speake) the rest!
You Gods, why also am not I a Snake?
He lickt her willing lips even as she spake;
Into her well-knowne bosome glides, her waste,
And yeelding neck, with loving twines imbrac't.
Amazement all the standers-by possest;
While glittering combs their slippery heads invest.
Now are they two: who crept, together chayn'd,
Till they the covert of the Wood attain'd.
These gentle Dragons, knowing what they were,
Doe hurt to no man, nor mans presence feare.
Yet were those sorrowes, by their daughters sonne
Much comforted, who vanquisht *India* won:
To whom th'*Achaians* Temples consecrate;
Divinely magnifi'd through either State.
Alone *Aeristus Abantiades*,
Though of one Progenie, dissents from these:
Who, from th'*Argolian* Citie, made him flie;
And manag'd armes against a Deitie.
Nor him, nor *Perseus* he for *Iove's* doth hold;
(Begot on *Danaë* in a showre of gold)
Yet straight repents (so prevalent is truth)
Both to have forc't the God, and doom'd the Youth.
Now is the one inthroned in the skyes:
The other through Ayr's empty Region flyes;
And beares along the memorable spoyle,
Of that new Monster, conquer'd by his toyle.
And as he o're the *Lybian* Deserts flew;
The blood, that dropt from *Gorgon's* head, streight grew
To various Serpents, quickned by the ground:
With these, those much infested Climes abound.
Hither and thither, like a cloud of raine,
Borne by crosse windes, he cuts the ayrie Mayne;
Far-distant earth beholding from on high;
And over all the ample World doth flie:
Thrice saw cold *Arctos*, thrice to *Cancer* prest;
Oft hurried to the East, oft to the West.
And now, not trusting to approched night,
Vpon th'*Hesperian* Continent doth light:
And craves some rest, till *Lucifer* displayes
Aurora's blush, and she *Appollo's* rayes.

Huge-

Huge-statur'd *Atlas Iapetonides*
Here sway'd the vtmost bounds of Earth and Seas;
Where *Titan's* panting steeds his Chariot steepe,
And bathe their fiery feet-locks in the Deepe.
A thousand Heards, as many Flocks, he fed
In those large Pastures, where no neighbours tread.
Here to their tree the shining branches suite;
To them, their leaves; to those, the golden fruit.
Great King, said *Perseus*, if high birth may move
Respect in thee, behold the sonne of *Iove*:
If admiration, then my Acts admire;
Who rest, and hospitable Rites desire:
He, mindfull of this prophecie, of old
By sacred *Themis* of *Parnassus* told;
In time thy golden fruit a prey shall prove,
O *Iaphets* sonne, vnto the sonne of *Iove*.
This fearing, he his Orchard had inclos'd
With solid Cliffs, that all accesse oppos'd:
The Guard whereof a monstrous Dragon held;
And from his Land all Forrainers expel.'d.
Be gone, said he, for feare thy glories prove,
But counterfeit; and thou no sonne to *Iove*;
Then addes uncivill violence to threats.
With strength the other seconds his intreats:
In strength inferior, Who so strong as he?
Since curtesie, nor any worth in me,
Vext *Perseus* said, can purchase my regard;
Yet from a guest receive thy due reward.
With that, *Medusa's* ugly head he drew,
His owne reversed. Forthwith, *Atlas* grew,
Into a Mountaine equall to the man:
His haire and beard to woods, and bushes ran;
His armes and shoulders into ridges spred;
And what was his, is now the Mountaines head:
Bones turne to stones; and all his parts extrude
Into a huge prodigious altitude.
(Such was the pleasure of the ever-blest)
Whereon the heavens, with all their tapers rest.
Hippotades in hollow Rocks did close
The strife-full Windes: Bright *Lucifer* arose
And rous'd-up Labour. *Perseus*, having ty'd
His wings t'his feet, his fauchion to his side,
Sprung into ayre: below, on either hand
Innumerable Nations left: the Land

Of *Æthiop*, and the *Cephen* fields ſurvay'd;
There, where the innocently wretched maid
Was for her mothers proud impiety,
By unjuſt *Ammon* ſentenced to die.
Whom when the Heroe ſaw to hard rocks chain'd,
But that warme teares from charged eye-ſprings drain'd,
And light windes gently fann'd her fluent haire,
He would have thought her marble: Ere aware
He fire attracteth, and, aſtoniſht by
Her beauty, had almoſt forgot to fly.
Who lighting ſaid; O faireſt of thy kinde
(More worthy of thoſe bands which Lovers bind,
Then theſe rude gynes) the Land by thee renown'd,
Thy name, thy birth, declare, and why thus bound.
At firſt the ſilent Virgin was afraid
To ſpeake t'a man, and modeſty had made
A viſard of her hands, but, they were ty'd:
Yet what ſhe could, her teares their fountaines hide.
Still urg'd, leſt ſhe ſhould wrong her innocence,
As if aſham'd to utter her offence,
Her Country ſhe diſcovers, her owne name,
Her beautious Mother's confidence, and blame.
All yet untold, the Waves began to rore:
Th'apparent Monſter (haſt'ning to the ſhore)
Before his breſt, the broad-ſpred Sea up-beares:
The Virgin ſhreekes: Her Parents ſee their feares.
Both mourne, both wretched (but, ſhe juſtly ſo:)
Who bring no aid, but extaſies of woe,
With teares that ſute the time: Who take the leave
They loathe to take, and to her body cleave.
You for your griefe may have, the ſtranger ſaid,
A time too long: ſhort is the houre of aid.
If freed by me, *Love's* ſonne, in fruitfull gold
Begot on *Danaë* through a brazen Hold,
Who conquer'd *Gorgon* with the ſnakie haire;
And boldly glide through un-incloſed aire:
If for your ſonne you then will me prefer;
Adde to this worth, That in delivering her,
I'le trie (ſo favour me the Powres divine)
That ſhe, ſav'd by my valour, may be mine.
They take a Law, intreat what he doth offer:
And further, for a Dowre their Kingdome proffer.
Lo! as a Gally with fore-fixed prow
(Row'd by the ſweat of ſlaves) the Sea doth plow;

Even

Even ſo the Monſter furroweth with his breſt,
The foaming flood; and to the neere Rocke preſt:
Not farther diſtant, then a man might fling
A way-inforcing bullet from a ſling.
Forth-with, the youthfull iſſue of rich ſhowres,
Earth puſhing from him, to the blew skye towres.
The furious Monſter eagerly doth chace
His ſhadow, gliding on the Seas ſmooth face.
And as *Ioue's* bird, when ſhe from high ſurvaies
A Dragon basking in *Apollo's* rayes;
Deſcends unſeene, and through his necks blew ſcales
(To ſhun his deadly teeth) her talons naile's:
So ſwiftly ſtoops high-pitcht *Inachides*
Through ſinging ayre: then on his back doth ſeaze;
And neere his right fin ſheaths his crooked ſword
Vp to the hilts; who deeply wounded, roar'd:
Now capers in the ayre, now dives below
The troubled waves; now turn's upon his foe:
Much like a chafed Bore, whom eager hounds
Have at a Bay, and terrifie with ſounds.
He, with ſwift wings, his greedy jawes avoids;
Now, with his fauchion wounds his ſcaly ſides;
Now, his ſhell-rough-caſt back; now, where the taile
Ends in a Fiſh, or parts expos'd t'aſſaile.
A ſtreame mixt with his blood the Monſter flings
From his wide throat; which wets his heavy wings;
Nor longer dares the wary Youth rely
On their ſupport. He ſees a rocke hard by,
Whoſe top above the quiet waters ſtood,
But underneath the winde-incenſed flood.
There lights; and, holding by the rocks extent,
His oft-thruſt ſword into his bowels ſent.
The ſhore rings with th'applauſe that fills the ſky.
Then, *Cepheus* and *Caſſope*, with joy,
Salute him for their ſonne: whom now they call
The Saviour of their Houſe, and of them all.
Vp came *Andromeda*, freed from her chaines;
The cauſe, and recompence of all his paines.
Meane-while, he waſheth his victorious hands
In cleanſing waves. And leſt the beachy Sands
Should hurt the ſnaky head, the ground he ſtrew,
With leaves, and twigs that under water grew:
Whereon, *Meduſa's* ugly face he layes.
The greene, yet juicy, and attractive ſprayes

From

From the touchr Monſter ſtiffning hardneſſe tooke,
And their owne native pliancy forſooke.
The Sea-Nymphs this admired wonder trie
On other ſprigs, and in the iſſue joy:
Who ſowe againe their Seeds upon the Deepe.
The Corall now that propertie doth keepe,
Receiving hardneſſe from felt ayre alone:
Beneath the Sea a twig, above a ſtone.
Forth-with, three Altars he of Turf erects,
To *Hermes*, *Iove*, and Her who warre affects:
Minerva's on the right; on the left hand
Stood *Mercurie's*: *Iove's* in the midſt did ſtand.
To *Mercurie*, a Calfe they ſacrifice;
To *Iove*, a Bull; a Cow, to *Pallas* dyes:
Then takes *Andromeda*, the full reward
Of ſo great worth; with Dow'r, of leſſe regard.
Now, Love and *Hymen* urge the Nuptiall Bed:
The ſacred Fires with rich perfumes are fed,
The houſe hung round with Garlands; every-where
Melodious Harps, and Songs ſalute the eare;
Of jocond mirth the free and happy ſignes:
With Dores diſplay'd, the golden Palace ſhines:
The *Cephen* Nobles, and each ſtranger Gueſt,
Together enter to this ſumptuous Feaſt;
The Banquet done, with generous wines they cheare
Their-hightned ſpirits: *Perſeus* longs to heare
Their faſhions, manners, and originall;
Who, by *Lyncides* is inform'd of all.
This told; he ſaid: Now tell, O valiant Knight,
By what felicity of force, or ſleight,
You got this purchaſe of the ſnaky haires.
Then *Abantiades* forthwith declares,
How under frosty *Atlas* cliffy ſide
There lay a Plaine, with Mountaines fortifi'd:
In whoſe acceſſe the *Phorcides* did lye;
Two ſiſters; both of them had but one eye:
How cunningly his hands thereon he lay'd,
As they from one another it convay'd.
Then through blind waſtes, and rocky forreſts came
To *Gorgon's* houſe: the way unto the ſame,
Beſet with formes of men, and beaſts, alone
By ſeeing of *Meduſa* turn'd to ſtone:
Whoſe horrid ſhape ſecurely he did eye,
In his bright target's cleere refulgency.

And how her head he from her ſhoulders tooke,
Ere heauy ſleepe her ſnakes, and her forſooke.
Then told of *Pegaſus*, and of his brother,
Sprung from the blood of their new-ſlaughtred mother:
Adding the perils paſt in his long way;
What ſeats, what ſoyles, his eyes below ſurvay;
And to what ſtarres his lofty pitch aſcends:
Yet long afore their expectation ends.
One Lord among the reſt would gladly know,
Why Serpents only on her head did grow.
Stranger, ſaid he, ſince this that you require,
Deſerves the knowledge, take what you deſire:
Her paſſing beauty was the onely ſcope,
Of mens affections, and their envied hope:
Yet was not any part of her more rare
(So ſay they who have ſeene her) then her haire.
Whom *Neptune* in *Minerua's* Fane compreſt.
Iove's daughter, with the *Ægis* on her breſt,
Hid her chaſte bluſhes: and due vengeance takes,
In turning of the *Gorgon's* haire to Snakes.
Who now to make her enemies affraid,
Beares in her ſhield the Serpents which ſhe made.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Fifth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THe Gorgon *ſeene*, Cepheni *Statues grow*;
So Phineus, Prætus, Polydect, *the foe*
To Perſeus *prayſe*. *The fountaine* Hippocrene
By Horſe-hooſe rays'd. The Muſes, into Nine
Rape-flying Birds: Piérides, *to Pyes.*
The Gods, by Typhon *chac't, themſelves diſguiſe.*
Sad Cyane *into a Fountaine flowes.*
Th'ill-nurtur'd Boy a ſpotted Stellion growes.
Lov'd Arethuſa *thawes into a Spring.*
Aſcalaphus *an owle. Light feathers wing*
The ſweet-tongu'd Syrens, *who on Waters mourne.*
Sterne Lyncus Ceres *to a* Lynx *doth turne.*

WHil'ſt the *Danaëan* Hero this relates,
Amidſt th'aſſembly of the *Cephen* States;
Exalted voyces through the Palace ring:
Not like to theirs who at a mariage ſing;
But ſuch as menace warre. The Nuptiall Feaſt,
Thus turn'd to tumult, to the life expreſt
A peacefull Sea, whoſe brow no frowne deformes,
Streight ruffled into billowes by rude ſtormes.
Firſt *Phineus*, the raſh Author of this warre,
Shaking a Launce, began the deadly jarre.
Lo, I the man, that will upon thy life
Revenge, ſaid he, the rapture of my wife.

Nor

Nor ſhall thy wings, nor *Ioue* in forged gold;
Worke thy eſcape. About to throw: O hold!
Perplexed *Cepheus* cries: What wilt thou doe?
What fury, frantick brother, tempts thee to
So foule a fact? Is this the recompence
For ſuch high merit? For her life's defence?
Not *Perſeus*, but th'incenſ't *Nereïdes*,
But horned *Hammon*, and the wrath of Seas
(That Orke that ſought my bowels to devour.)
Hath ſnatcht her from thee; raviſht in the houre
Of her expoſure. But thy cruelty
Perhaps was well content that ſhe ſhould die,
To eaſe thy loſſe with ours. May't not ſuffice,
That ſhe was bound in chaines before thine eyes;
That thou, her Vncle, and her Husband, brought
Her perill no prevention, nor none ſought;
But that anothers aid thou muſt enuy,
And claime the Trophys of his victory?
Which, if of ſuch eſteeme, thou ſhouldſt have ſtrain'd
T'have forc't them from thoſe Rocks, where lately chain'd.
Let him, who did, enjoy them: nor exact
What is his due by merit, and compact.
Nor thinke, we *Perſeus* before thee prefer;
But him, before ſo abhorr'd a ſepulcher.
He, without anſwer, rowling to and fro
His eyes on either, doubts at which to throw:
And pauſing, his ill-aymed launce at length
At *Perſeus* hurles, with rage-redoubled ſtrength.
Fixt in the bed-ſtock; up fierce *Perſeus* ſtarts,
And his retorted Speare at *Phineus* darts:
Who ſuddenly behinde an Altar ſtept;
An Altar vengeance from the wicked kept:
And yet in *Rhætus* brow the weapon ſtuck.
He fell: the ſteele out of his ſcull they pluck:
Who ſpurnes the earth, and ſtaines the board with blood.
With that, the multitude, with fury wood,
Their Lances fling: and ſome there be who crie,
That *Cepheus*, and his ſonne in law, ſhould die.
But *Cepheus* wiſely quits the clamorous Hall:
Who faith, and Iuſtice doth to record call,
With all the hoſpitable Gods; that he
Was from this execrable up-rore free.
The warlike *Pallas*, preſent, with her ſhield
Protects her Brother, and his courage ſteel'd.

Young

Young *Indian Atys* by ill hap was there;
Whom *Ganges*-got *Limniace* did beare
In her cleare Waves: his beauty excellent,
Which care, and coſtly ornaments augment:
Who ſcarce had fully ſixteene Summers told:
Clad in a *Tyrian* mantle, fring'd with gold.
About his neck he wore a carquenet:
His haire with Riband bound, and odors wet.
Although he cunningly a Dart could throw:
Yet with more cunning could he uſe his bow.
Which now a-drawing with a tardy hand;
Quick *Perſeus* from the Altar ſnatcht a Brand,
And daſht it on his face: out-ſtart his eyes;
And through his fleſh the ſhivered bones ariſe.
When *Syrian Lycabas* his *Atys* view'd,
Shaking his formeleſſe looks, with blood imbrew'd:
To him in ſtricteſt bonds of friendſhip ty'd,
And one who could not his affection hide:
After he had his tragedy bewail'd;
Who through the bitter wound his ſoule exhal'd:
He tooke the Bow, which erſt the Youth did bend;
And ſaid; With me, thou Murderer contend;
Nor longer glory in a Boye's ſad fate,
Which ſtaines thy actions with deſerved hate.
Yet ſpeaking, from the ſtring the arrow flew:
Which tooke his plighted robe, as he with-drew.
Acriſioniades upon him preſt;
And ſheath'd his Harpy in his groning breſt.
Now dying, he for *Atys* looks, with eyes
That ſwim in night; and on his boſome lyes:
Then chearefully expires his parting breath:
Rejoycing to be joyn'd to him in death.
Phorbas the *Syenit*, *Methion's* ſon,
With him the *Lybian Amphimedon*;
Eager of combate, ſlipping in the blood
That drencht the pavement, fell: his ſword with-ſtood
Their re-aſcent, which through the ſhort-ribs ſmote
Amphimedon, and cut the others throte.
Yet *Perſeus* would not venture to invade
The Halbertere *Erithew* with his blade;
But in both hands a Goblet high imboſt,
And maſſie, tooke; which at his head he toſt:
Who vomits clotted blood; and, tumbling downe,
Knocks the hard pavement with his dying crowne.

Then

Then *Polydamon* (sprung from Goddesse-borne
Semiramis) *Phlegyas*, the unshorne
Elyce, *Clytus*, *Scythian*, *Abaris*,
And brave *Lycetus* (old *Sperchesius* blisse)
Fell by his hand: whose feet in triumph tread
Vpon the slaughtered bodies of the dead.
But *Phineus*, fearing to confront his Foe
In close assault, far-off a dart doth throw:
Which led by error, did on *Ida* light;
A Neuter, who in vaine forbare to fight.
He, sternly frowning, thus to *Phineus* spake:
Since you, me an unwilling party make,
Receive the enemy whom you have made;
That, by a wound, a wound may be repay'd.
About to hurle the Dart, drawne from his side;
With losse of blood he faints, and falling dy'd.
Then, great *Odytes* fell by *Clymens* sword;
Next to the King, the greatest *Cephen* Lord:
Hypsæus slew *Protenor*; *Lyncedes*
Hypsæus. Old *Emathion* fell with these;
Who fear'd the Gods, and favoured the right.
He, whom old age exempted from the fight,
Fights with his tongue; himselfe doth interpose,
And deepely execrates their wicked blowes.
Cromis, as he imbrac't the Altar; lopt
His shaking head; which on the Altar dropt:
Whose halfe-dead tongue yet curses; and expires
His righteous soule amidst the sacred Fires.
Then *Broteas* and *Ammon*, *Phineus* slew;
Who from one womb at once their being drew:
Invincible with hurle-bats, could they quell
The dints of swords. Neere these *Alphytus* fell,
The Priest of *Ceres*, with a Miter crown'd;
Which to his temples a white fillet bound.
And thou *Lampetides*, whose pleasant wit
Detesting discord, in soft peace more fit
To sing unto thy tunefull Lire; now prest
With Songs to celebrate the nuptiall Feast:
When *Pettalus*, at him, who stood far off,
With his defenseless Harp; strikes with this scoff;
Goe sing the rest unto the Ghosts below:
And pierc't his Temples with a deadly blow.
His dying fingers warble in his fall:
And then, by chance, the Song was tragicall.

This,

This, unreveng'd *Lycormas* could not brooke;
But from the door's right side a Leaver tooke,
And him betweene the head, and shoulders knocks:
Downe falls he, like a sacrificed Oxe.
Ciniphean Palates then sought to seaze
Vpon the left: when fierce *Marmorides*
His hand nail'd to the doore-post with a Speare:
Whose side sterne *Abas* pierc't as he stuck there.
Nor could he fall; but, giving up the ghost,
Hung by the hand against the smeared post.
Melaneus then, of *Perseus* party fell;
And *Dorilas*, whose riches did excell:
In *Nasamonia* none, then he more great
For large possessions, and huge hoards of Wheat.
The steele stuck in his groine, which death pursew'd:
Whom *Halcyoneus* of *Bactria* view'd
(The Author of the wound) as he did roule
His turn'd-up eyes, and sighed out his soule:
For all thy land, said he, by this divorce
Receive thy length, and left his bloodlesse corse.
The Speare, revengefull *Abantides* drew
From his warme wound; and at the Thrower threw:
Which doth his nostrills in the midst divide;
And, passing through, appear'd on either side.
Whilst Fortune crownd him, *Clytius* he confounds
And *Danus*, of one womb, with different wounds:
Through *Clytius* thighes a ready dart he cast;
An other 'twixt the jawes of *Danus* past.
Mindesian Celadon and *Aster* slew,
His father doubtfull, gotten on a *Iew*:
Echion, late well seene in things to come,
Now over-taken by an unknowne doome:
Thoactes, *Phineus* Squire, his fauchion try'd:
And fell *Aggrtes*, that foule parricide.
Yet more remain'd then were already spent:
For, all of them, to murder one, consent.
The bold Conspirators on all sides fight;
Impugning promise, merit, and his right.
The vainely-pious Father sides with th'other;
With him, the frighted Bride, and pensive Mother:
Who fill the court with out-cryes, by the sound
Of clashing Armes, and dying screeches drown'd.
Bellona the polluted floore imbrew's
With streams of blood, and horrid warre renewes.

False-

False *Phineus*, with a thousand, in a ring
Begirt the Heroe: who their Launces sling
As thick as Winters haile, that blind his sight,
Sing in his eares, and round about him light.
His guarded back he to a pillar sets,
And with undaunted force confronts their threats.
Chaonian Molpeus preast to his left side:
The right, *Nabathean Ethemon* ply'd.
As when a Tiger, pincht with famine, heares
Two bellowing Heards within one vale, forbeares,
Nor knowes on which to rush, as being loth
To leave the other, and would fall on both:
So *Perseus*, which to strike uncertaine proves,
Who daunted *Molpeus* with a wound removes,
Contented with his flight, in that the rage
Of fierce *Ethemon* did his force ingage:
Who at his neck uncircumspectly stroke,
And his keene sword against the pillar broke.
The Blade from unrelenting stone rebounds,
And in his throate th'unhappy owner wounds.
Yet was not that enough to work his end,
Who fearfully doth now his armes extend
For pitty unto *Perseus*, all in vaine,
Who thrust him through with his *Cyllenian* skeine.
But, when he saw his valour oversway'd
By multitude: I must said he, seeke ayd
(Since you your selves compell me) from my foe,
Friends turne your backs: then *Gorgons* head doth showe.
Some others seeke, said *Thessalus*, to fright
With this thy Monster, and with all his might
A deadly dart indeavour'd to have throwne:
But in that posture became a stone.
Next, *Amphix*, full of spirit, forward preast,
And thrust his sword at bold *Lyncides* breast:
When in the passe, his fingers stupid grow,
Nor had the power of moving to or fro.
But *Nileus* (he who with a forged stile
Vaunted to be the sonne of seven-fold *Nile*,
And bare seven silver Rivers in his shield,
Distinctly waving through a golden field)
To *Perseus* said: Behold, from whence we sprung!
To ever-silent shadowes beare a-long
This comfort of thy death, that thou didst die
By such a brave, and high-borne enemie.

His

His utterance faultred in the latter clause:
The yet-unfinisht sound stuck in his jawes;
Who gaping stood as he would something say:
And so had done, if words had found a way.
These *Eryx* blames; 'Tis your faint soules that dead
Your powers, said he, and not the *Gorgon's* head.
Rush on with me, and prostrate with deepe wounds
This youth, who thus with Magick armes confounds.
Then rushing on, the ground his foot-steps stay'd;
Now mutely fixt: an armed Statue made.
These suffer'd worthily. One, who did fight
For *Perseus*, bold *Aconteus*, at the sight
Of *Gorgon's* Snakes, abortive marble grew.
On whom *Astyages* in fury flew,
As if alive, with his two handed blade:
Which shrilly twang'd; but no incision made:
Who, whil'st he wonders, the same nature tooke;
And now his Statue hath a wondring looke.
It were too tedious for me to report
Their names, who perish'd of the vulgar sort.
Two hundred scap't the furie of the fight:
Two hundred turne to stone at *Gorgon's* sight:
Now *Phineus* his unjust commotion rewes:
What should he doe? the senseleese shapes he viewes
Of his knowne friends, which differing figures bore;
And doth by name their severall ayd implore.
And yet not trusting to his eyes alone,
The next he toucht; and found it to be stone.
Then turnes aside: and now, a Penitent,
With suppliant hands, and armes obliquely bent;
O *Perseus*, thine, said he, thine is the day!
Remove this Monster. Hence, O hence convay
Medusa's ugly looks, or what more strange,
Which humane bodies into marble change?
Not hate, nor thirst of rule begot this strife:
I onely fought to re-obtaine my wife.
Thine is the plea of Merit; mine, of Time:
Yet, in contending I confesse my crime.
For life (O chiefe of men) I onely sue:
Afford me that: the rest I yeeld to you.
Thus he; not daring to revert his eyes
On him whom he intreats: who thus replyes.
Faint-hearted *Phineus*, what I can afford,
(A gift of worth to such a fearfull Lord)

Take

Take courage, and perſwade thy ſelfe I will:
No wounding ſword thy blood ſhould ever ſpill.
Moreover, that I may thy wiſh prevent,
Here will I fix thy laſting monument:
That thou by her thou lov'ſt, mayſt ſtill be ſeene;
And with her Spouſe's image cheare our Queene.
Then, on that ſide *Rhœcyna* head doth place,
To which the Prince had turn'd his trembling face.
And as from thence his eyes he would have throwne,
His neck grew ſtiffe: his teares congeale to ſtone.
With fearefull ſuppliant looks, ſubmiſſive hands,
And guilty countenance the Statue ſtands,
Victorious *Abantiades* now hyes
To his native Citie, with the reſcu'd prize;
There, vengeance takes on *Prœtus*, and reſtor'd
His Grand-father; whoſe wrongs redreſſe implor'd.
For *Prœtus* had by force of Armes expeld
His brother; and uſurped *Argos* held.
But him, nor Armes, nor Bulwarks, could protect
Againſt the ſnaky Monſters grim aſpect.
Yet not the vertue of the youth, which ſhone
Through ſo great toyle, nor ſorrowes under-gone;
With thee, O *Polydectes*, King of ſmall
Sea-girt *Seriphus*, could prevaile at all.
Endleſſe thy wrath, thy hate inexorable:
Detracting; and condemning for a fable
Meduſa's death. The moved Youth replyes:
The truth your ſelfe ſhall ſee; Friends, ſhut your eyes
Then repreſents *Meduſa* to his view:
Who preſently a bloodleſſe Statue grew.
Thus long *Tritonia* to her brother cleaves:
Then in a hollow cloud *Seriphus* leaves
(*Scyros* and *Gyaros* on the right-hand ſide)
And o're the toyling Seas, her courſe apply'd
To *Thebes*, and Virgin *Helicon*; there ſtay'd:
And thus unto the learned Sifters ſaid,
The fame of your new Fountaine, ſays'd by force
Of that ſwift-winged *Meduſaan* horſe,
Me hither drew, to ſee the wondrous Flood,
Who ſaw him iſſue from his Mothers blood.
Goddeſſe, *Vrania* anſwered, what cauſe
So-ever you to this our Manſion drawes,
You are moſt welcome. What you heard is true:
And from that *Pegaſus* this Fountaine grew.

Then

Then *Pallas* to the sacred Spring convay'd,
She admires the waters by the horse-hoofe made;
Survay's their high-grown groves, coole caves, fresh bowrs,
And meadowes painted with all sorts of flowers:
Then happy stiles she the *Maonides*,
Both for their Arts, and such aboads as these.
O heavenly Virgin, one of them reply'd,
Most worthy our society to guide,
If so your active vertue did not move
To greater deeds: desery'dly you approve
Our studies, pleasant seat, and happy state,
Were we secure from what we chiefly hate.
But nothing is unlawfull to the lewd:
And Maids by Nature are with feare indu'd.
The dire *Pyreneus* still invades my sight:
Nor have I yet recover'd that affright.
He, *Daulis* with all *Phocis*, had obtain'd
By *Thracian* Armes; and there unjustly raign'd:
Bound for *Parnassus* Temple, us he spies;
And with false zeale adores our Deities.
Maonides, saith he, (he knew us well)
While sad starres governe, and showrs fall (then fell
By chance a mighty shower) vouchsafe I pray
Beneath the shelter of my roofe to stay:
The Gods have entred humble Cottages.
Vrg'd by the weather, and such words as these;
We to his importunity assent;
And yet no farther then the Lobby went.
It now held up: the vanquisht South-winds flie
Before the North; which purge the duskie skie.
Prest to depart: he shuts the doores; prepares
To offer force: with wings we scape his snares.
He presently the highest tower ascends;
And, as he would have flowne, his body bends:
The way you goe, said he, will I pursew;
And from the battlements himselfe he threw:
Who falling, strikes the earth with dasht out-braines;
Which with his wicked blood, he dying staines.
The Muse yet spake, when, wings were heard to clatter;
And from high trees saluting voices chatter.
Iove's daughter wonders, and enquires from whence
Those voices came, including humane sense.
Not men, but nine all-imitating Pies;
Bewailing their deserved destinies.

The

The Goddesse to th'admiring Goddesse said:
They, foyld'd by us, by us were thus repai'd.
Pierus, who rich *Pella* held by lot,
These on *Pæonian Evippe* got.
Nine times she on *Lucina* call'd alowd:
The fooliſh ſiſters, of their number prowd,
Through all *Æmonia* and *Achaia* came;
And thus uncivilly they ſtrife proclaime.
Theſpiades, th'unlearned multitude
No more with your vaine harmony delude:
But cope with us (if hope excite your will)
As many; yet unmatcht, for voice, or skil.
Surrender you to us, if we excell,
Hyantian Aganip, and *Gorgon's* Well:
Th'*Emathian* Woods to ſnowy *Paone*
Shall pay our loſſe. The Nymphs our judges be.
A ſhame it was to ſtrive: more ſhame it were
To yeeld. The Nymphs by their owne rivers ſweare:
And ſit on benches made of living ſtone.
Then, un-elected, rudely ſtept forth one;
Who ſung the Giants warre: their fayned acts
She magnifies, and from the Gods detracts.
How *Typhon*, from earth's gloomy entrailes rais'd,
Struck all their powr's with feare: who fled amaz'd,
Till *Ægypts* ſcorched ſoyle the weary hides;
And wealthy *Nile*, who in ſeven channels glides.
That thither Earth-borne *Typhon* them purſu'd:
When as the Gods concealing ſhapes indu'd.
Iove turn'd himſelfe, ſhe ſaid, into a Ram:
From whence the hornes of *Lybian Hammon* came.
Bacchus a Goat, *Apollo* was a Crow,
Phœbe a Cat, *Iove's* wife a Cow of ſnow:
Venus a Fiſh, a Stork did *Hermes* hide:
And ſtill her voice unto her Harpe apply'd.
Then call they us. But, ours perhaps to heare,
Nor leaſure ſerves you, nor is't worth your eare.
Doubt not, ſaid *Pallas*, orderly repeat
Your long'd for Verſe, and takes a ſhady ſeat.
Then ſhe; On one we did the taske impoſe:
Calliope, with iuy crown'd, up-roſe;
Who with her thumb firſt tun'd the quavering ſtrings,
And then this Ditty to the muſique ſings.
The gleab, with crooked plough, firſt *Ceres* rent;
Firſt gave us corne, a better nouriſhment;

First Lawes prescrib'd: all from her bounty sprung.
By me, the Goddesse *Ceres* shall be sung.
Would We could Verses, worthy her, reherse:
For she is more then worthy of our Verse.
Trinacria was on wicked *Typhon* throwne;
Who underneath the Hands waight doth grone;
That durst affect the Empire of the skies:
Oft he attempteth, but in vaine, to rise.
Ausonian Pelorus his right hand
Downe waighs; *Pachyne* on the left doth stand;
His legs are under *Lilybæus* spred;
And *Ætna's* bales charge his horrid head:
Where, lying on his back, his jawes expire
Thick clouds of dust, and vomit flakes of fire.
Oft times he struggles with his load below:
And Townes, and Mountaines labours to ore-throw.
Earth quakes therewith: the King of shadowes dreads,
For feare the ground should split above their heads,
And let-in Day, t'affright the trembling Ghosts.
For this, he from his silent Empire posts,
Drawne by black horses; wacing all the Round
Of rich *Sicilia*; but, no breaches found.
Him *Eryeina* from her Mount survay'd
(Now careless) and, her sonne imbracing, said.
My Armes, my strength, my glory; for my sake,
O *Cupid*, thy all-conquering weapons take;
And fix thy winged arrowes in his heart,
Who rules the triple world's inferior part.
The Gods, even *Ioue* himselfe; the God of waves;
And who illustrates earth have beene thy slaves.
Shall Hell be free? Thine, and thy mother's Sway
Inlarge, and make th'infernall Powr's obay.
Yet we (such is our patience!) are despis'd
In our owne heaven; and all our force unpriz'd.
Seest thou not *Pallas* and the Queene of Night,
Far darting *Dian*; how my worth they slight?
And *Ceres* daughter will a Maid abide,
If we permit; for she affects their pride.
But, if thou favour our joynt Monarchy,
Thy Vnkle to the Virgin-Goddesse tie.
Thus *Venus*. He his Quiver doth unclose;
And one, out of a thousand arrowes, chose
At her arbitriment: a sharper head
None had; more ready, or that surer sped.

Then

While here *Titania* bath'd (as was her guise)
Lo *Cadmus* Nephew, tyr'd with exercise,
And wandring through the Woods, approacht this Grove
With fatall steps: so Destiny him drove.
Entring the Cave with skipping Springs bedew'd:
The Nymphs, all naked, when a man they view'd,
Clapt their resounding breasts, and fild the Wood
With sudden shreekes: like Ivory pales they stood
About their Goddesse: but she, far more tall,
By head and shoulders over-tops them all.
Such as that colour, which the Clowds adorne,
Shot by the Sunne-beames; or the rosie Morne:
Such flusht in *Dians* cheeks, being naked tane.
And though inviron'd by her Virgin trayne,
She side-long turnes, looks back, and wisht her bow:
Yet, what she had, she in his face did throw.
With vengefull Waters sprinkled, to her rage
These words she addes, which future Fate presage:
Now, tell how thou hast seene me disarray'd;
Tell if thou canst: I give thee leave. This said,
Shee to his neck and eares new length imparts;
T'his Brow th'antlers of long-living Harts:
His leggs and feet with armes and hands supply'd;
And cloth'd his body in a spotted hide.
To this, feare added. *Autonoëus* flyes,
And wonders at the swiftnesse of his thighes.
But, when his looks he in the River view'd,
He would have cry'd, Woe's me! no words insew'd:
His words were grones. He frets with galling teares,
Cheeks not his owne; yet his owne mind he beares.
What should he doe? Goe home or in the Wood
For ever lurke? Feare, this; shame that withstood.
While thus he doubts, his Dogges their Master view;
Black-foot and *Tracer*, opening first, persew:
Sure *Tracer*, *Gnossus*; *Black-foot Sparta* bare.
Then all fell in, more swift then forced Ayre:
Spie, *Ravener*, *Clime-cliffe*; these *Arcadia* bred:
Strong *Fawn-bane*, *Whirlewinde*, eager *Follow-dread*;
Hunter, for sent; for speede, *Flight* went before;
Fierce *Salvage*, lately ganched by a Bore;
Greedy, with her two whelps; grim Wolf-got *Ranger*;
Stout *Shepherd*, late preserving flocks from danger;
Gaunt *Catch*, whose race from *Sicyonia* came;
Patch, *Courser*, *Blab*, rash *Tyger* never tame;

Blanch, *Mourner*, *Reyster*, *Wolfe* surpassing strong;
And *Tempest*, able to continne long:
Swift, with his brother *Churle*, a *Cyprian* hound;
Bold *Snatch*; whose sable brows a white star crownd;
Cole, shag-haird *Rug*, and *Light-foot* wondrous fleet,
Bred of a *Spartan* Bitch, his Sire of *Creet*:
White-tooth, and *Ring-wood* (others not to expresse.)
O're Rocks, o're Crags, o're Cliffs that want accesse,
Through streightned wayes, and where there was no way,
The well-mouth'd hounds pursue the princely prey.
Where oft he wont to follow, now he flies;
Flyes from his family! in thought he cryes;
I am *Actæon*, servants, know your Lord!
Thoughts wanted words. High skyes the noyse record.
First, *Collier* pincht him by the haunch: in flung
Fierce *Kill-deare*; *Hill-bred* on his shoulder hung,
These came forth last; but crost a nearer way
A-thwart the hills. While thus their Lord they stay,
In rush the rest; who gripe him with their phangs.
Now is no roome for wounds. Grones speake his pangs,
Though not with humane voyce, unlike a Hart:
In whose laments the knowne Rocks beare a part.
Pitcht on his knees, like one who pitty craves,
His silent looks, in steed of Armes, he waves.
With usuall shouts their Dogs the Hunters cheare;
And seeke, and call *Actæon*. He (too neare!)
Made answer by mute motions, blam'd of all
For being absent at his present fall.
Present he was, that absent would have beene;
Nor would his cruell hounds have felt, but seene.
Their snowts they in his body bathe; and teare
Their Master in the figure of a Deare:
Nor, till a thousand wounds had life disseis'd,
Could quiver-bearing *Dian* be appeas'd.
'Twas censur'd variously: for, many thought
The punishment farre greater then the fau't.
Others so sowre a chastitie commend,
As worthy her: and both, their parts defend.
Iove's wife not so much blam'd or prays'd the deed;
As shee rejoyceth at the wounds that bleed
In *Cadmus* Family; who keeps in mind
Europa's rape, and hateth all the kind.
Now new occasions fresh displeasure move;
For *Semele* was great with child by *Iove*.

Then

Then, thus shee scolds: O, what amends succeeds
Our lost complaints! I now will fall to deeds.
If we be more then titularly great;
If we a Scepter sway; if heaven our seat;
If *Iove's* fear'd Wife and Sister (certainly,
His Sister) torment shall the Whore destroy.
Yet, with that theft perhaps she was content,
And quickly might the injury repent:
But, she conceives, to aggravate the blame,
And by her belly doth her crime proclaime.
Who would by *Iupiter* a Mother prove,
Which, hardly once, hath hapned to our love?
So confident is beauty! Yet shall she
Faile in that hope: nor let me *Iuno* be,
Vnlesse, by her owne *Iove* destroy'd, she make
A swift descent unto the *Stygian* Lake.
She quits her throne, and in a yellow clowd
Approach't the Palace; nor dismist that shrowd,
Till she had wrinkled her smooth skin, and made
Her head all gray: while creeping feete convay'd
Her crooked limbs. her voice small, weake, and hoarce,
Like *Beroe* of *Epidaure*, her Nurse.
Long talking, at the mention of *Ioves* name,
She sigh't, and said; Pray heaven, he prove the same!
Yet much I feare: for many oft beguile
With that pretext, and chastest beds defile.
Though *Iove*; that's not enough. Give he a signe
Of his affection, if he be divine.
Such, and so mighty, as when pleasure warmes
His melting bosome, in high *Iuno's* armes;
With thee, such and so mighty, let him lie,
Deckt with the ensignes of his deitie.
Thus she advis'd the unsuspecting Dame;
Who beggs of *Iove* a boone without a name.
To whom the God: Choose, and thy choyse possesse;
Yet, that thy diffidencie may be lesse,
Witnesse that Powre, who through obscure aboads
Spreads his dull streames: the feare, and God of Gods.
Pleas'd with her harme, of too much powre to move!
That now must perish by obsequious love:
Such be to me, she said, as when the Invites
Of *Iuno* summon you to *Venus* Rites.
Her mouth he sought to stop: but, now that breath
Was mixt with ayre which sentenced her death.

Then fetch't a ſigh, as if his breaſt would teare
(For, ſhe might not unwiſh, nor he unſweare)
And ſadly mounts the skie; who with him tooke
The Clouds, that imitate his mournefull looke;
Thick ſhowrs and tempeſts adding to the fame,
Low'd thunder and inevitable flame.
Whoſe rigor yet he ſtriveth to ſubdew:
Not armed with that fire which overthrew
The hundred-handed Giant; 'twas too wilde:
There is another lightning, far more milde,
By *Cyclops* forged with leſſe flame and ire;
Which, deathleſſe Gods doe call the Second fire.
This, to her Father's houſe, he with him tooke:
But (ah!) a mortall body could not brooke
Æthereall tumults. Her ſucceſſe ſhe mournes;
And in thoſe ſo deſir'd imbracements burnes.
Th'unperfect Babe, which in her wombe did lie,
Was ta'ne by *Iove*, and ſew'd into his thigh,
His mother's time accompliſhing: Whom firſt,
By ſtealth, his carefull Aunt, kinde *Ino*, nurſt:
Then, given to the *Nyſeides*, and bred
In ſecret Caves, with milke and hony fed.
While this on earth befell by Fates decree
(The twice-borne *Bacchus* now from danger free)
Iove, waighty cares expelling from his breſt
With flowing Nectar, and diſpos'd to jeſt
With well-pleas'd *Iuno*, ſaid: In *Venus* deeds,
The Femal's pleaſure farre the Male's, exceeds.
This ſhe denies; *Tireſias* muſt decide
The difference, who both delights had try'd.
For, two ingendring Serpents once he found,
And with a ſtroke their ſlimy twiſts unbound;
Who ſtraight a Woman of a Man became:
Seven Autums paſt, he in the eighth the ſame
Refinding, ſaid: If ſuch your power ſo ſtrange,
That they who ſtrike you muſt their nature change;
Once more I'le trie. Then, ſtruck, away they ran:
And of a Woman he became a Man.
He, choſen Vmpire of this ſportfull ſtrife,
Iove's words confirm'd. This vext his froward wife,
More then the matter crav'd. To wreake her ſpite,
His eyes ſhe muffled in eternall night.
Th'omnipotent (ſince no God may undoe
An others deed) with Fates which ſhould inſue

Inform

Inform'd his intellect; and did supply
His body's eye sight, with his minds cleere eye.
He giving sure replyes to such as came,
Through all th' *Aonian* City's stretcht his fame.
First blew *Liriope* sad triall made,
How that was but too true which he had said:
Whom in times past *Cephisus* flood imbrac't
Within his winding streams: and forc't the chaste.
The lovely Nymph (who not unfruitfull prov'd)
Brought forth a boy, even then to be belov'd,
Narcissus nam'd. Enquiring if old age
Should crowne his Youth; He, in obscure presage,
Made this reply: Except himselfe he know.
Long, they no credit on his words bestow:
Yet did the event the prophecie approve,
In his strange mine, and new kinde of love.
Now, he to fifteene added had a yeare:
Now in his looks both boy and man appeare.
Many a love-sick Youth did him desire;
And many a Maid his beauty set on fire;
Yet, in his tender age his pride was such,
That neither youth nor Maiden might him touch.
The vocall Nymph, this lovely Boy did spy
(She could not proffer speech, nor not reply)
When busie in pursuit of salvage spoyles,
He drave the Deere into his corded toyles.
Echo was then a body, not a Voyce:
Yet then, as now, of words she wanted choyce;
But only could reiterate the close
Of every speech. This *Iuno* did impose.
For, often when she might have taken *Iove*
Compressing there the Nymphs, who weakely strove;
Her long discourses made the Goddesse stay,
Vntill the Nymphs had time to run-away.
VVhich when perceiv'd; she said, For this abuse
Thy tongue henceforth shall be of little use.
Those threats are deeds: She yet ingeminates
The last of sounds, and what she hears relates.
Narcissus seene, intending thus the chace;
She forth-with glowes, and with a noyselesse pace
His steps persues; the more she did persew,
More hot (as neerer to her fire) she grew:
And might be likened to a sulph'rous match;
VVhich instantly th'approached flame doth catch.

How oft would ſhe have woo'd him with ſweete words?
But, Nature no ſuch liberty affords:
Begin ſhe could not, yet full readily
To his expected ſpeech ſhe would reply.
The Boy, from his companions parted, ſaid;
Is any nigh? I, *Eccho* anſwer made.
He, round about him gazed (much appall'd)
And cry'd out, Come. She him, who called, call'd.
Then looking back; and ſeeing none appear'd,
Why ſhunſt thou me? The ſelfe-ſame voyce he heard,
Deceived by the Image of his words;
Then let us joyne, ſaid he: no ſound accords
More to her wiſh: her faculties combine
In deare conſent; who anſwer'd, *Let us joyne!*
Flattering her ſelfe, out of the woods ſhe ſprung;
And would about his ſtruggling neck have hung.
Thruſt back, he ſaid, Life ſhall this breaſt forſake,
Ere thou, light Nymph, on me thy pleaſure take.
On me thy pleaſure take, the Nymph replyes
To that diſdainefull Boy, who from her flyes.
Deſpis'd, the wood her ſad retreat receaves:
Who covers her aſhamed face with leaves;
And ſculks in deſert caves. Love ſtill poſſeſt
Her ſoule; through griefe of her repulſe, increaſt.
Her wretched body pines with ſleepleſſe care:
Her skinne contracts: her blood converts to ayre.
Nothing was left her now but voyce and bones:
The voyce remaynes; the other turne to ſtones.
Conceal'd in Woods, in Mountaines never found,
Yet heard in all: and all is but a Sound.
Thus her, thus other Nymphs, in mountaines born,
And ſedgy brooks, the Boy had kild with ſcorn.
Thus many a youth he had afore deceiv'd!
When one thus praid, with hands to heav'n upheav'd;
So may he love himſelfe, and ſo deſpaire!
Rhamnuſia condeſcends to his juſt pray'r.
A Spring there was, whoſe ſilver Waters were,
As ſmooth as any mirror, nor leſſe cleare:
Which neither Heards men, tame, nor ſalvage Beaſt,
Nor wandring Fowle, nor ſcattered leaves moleſt;
Girt round with graſſe, by neighbouring moyſture fed,
And Woods, againſt the Sunnes invaſion ſpred.
He, tyr'd with heat and hunting, with the Place
And Spring delighted, lyes upon his face.

Quenching

Quenching his thirſt, another thirſt doth riſe;
Rays'd by the forme which in that glaſſe he ſpyes.
The hope of nothing doth his powres invade:
And for a body he miſtakes a ſhade.
Himſelfe, himſelfe diſtracts: who pores thereon
So fixedly, as if of *Parian* ſtone.
Beholds his eyes, two ſtarres! his dangling haire
Which with unſhorne *Apollo's* might compare:
His fingers worthy *Bacchus*! his ſmooth chin!
His Iuory neck! his heavenly face! where-in
The linked Deities their Graces fix!
Where Roſes with unſullied Lillies mix!
Admireth all; for which, to be admir'd:
And unconſiderately himſelfe deſir'd.
The prayſes, which he gives, his beauty claim'd.
Who ſeeks, is ſought: th'Inflamer is inflam'd.
How often would he kiſſe the flattering ſpring!
How oft with downe, thruſt arms ſought he to cling
About that loved neck! Thoſe cous'ning lips
Delude his hopes; and from himſelfe he ſlips.
Not knowing what, with what he ſees he fryes:
And th'error that deceives, incites his eyes.
O Foole! that ſtriv'ſt to catch a flying ſhade!
Thou ſeek'ſt what's no-where: Turn aſide, 'twill fade.
Thy formes reflection doth thy ſight delude:
Which is with nothing of its owne indu'd.
With thee it comes, with thee it ſtaies, and ſo
'Twould goe away, hadſt thou the power to goe.
Nor ſleep, nor hunger could the lover rayſe:
Who, lay'd along, on that falſe forme doth gaze
With lookes, which looking never could ſuffice,
And ruinates himſelfe with his owne eyes.
At length, a little lifting up his head,
You Woods, that round about your branches ſpred,
Was ever ſo unfortunate a Lover!
You know, to many you have beene a cover,
From your firſt growth to this long diſtant day
Have you knowne any, thus to pine away!
I like, and ſee: but yet I cannot find
The lik'r, and ſeene. O Love, with error blind!
What grieves me more; no Sea, no Mountayne ſteep;
No wayes,, no walls, our joyes a-ſunder keep:
Whom but a little water doth divide,
And he himſelfe deſires to be injoy'd.

As oft as I to kiſſe the flood decline,
So oft his lips aſcend, to cloſe with mine.
You'ld thinke we toucht: ſo ſmall a thing doth part
Our equall loves! Come forth, what ere thou art.
Sweet Boy, a ſimple Boy beguile not ſo:
From him that ſeeks thee, whither would'ſt thou go?
My age nor beauty merit thy diſdaine:
And me the Nymphs have often lov'd in vaine.
Yet in thy friendly ſhewes my poore hopes live;
Still ſtriving to receive the hand I give:
Thou ſmil'ſt my ſmiles: when I a teare let fall,
Thou ſhedd'ſt another; and conſent'ſt in all.
And, lo, thy ſweetly-moving lips appeare
To utter words, that come not to our eare.
Ah, he is I! now, now I plainely ſee:
Nor is't my ſhadow that bewitcheth me.
Love of my ſelfe me burnes; (O too too ſure!)
I ſuffer in thoſe flames which I procure.
Shall I be woo'd, or wooe? VVhat ſhall I crave?
Since what I covet, I already have.
Too much hath made me poore! O, you divine
And favoring Powers, me from my ſelfe diſ-joyne!
Of what I love, I would be diſpoſſeſt:
This, in a Lover, is a ſtrange requeſt!
Now, ſtrength through griefe decayes: ſhort is the time
I have to live; extinguiſht in my prime.
Nor grieves it me to part with well-miſt breath;
For griefe will finde a perfect cure in death:
Would he I love might longer life injoy!
Now, two ill-fated Lovers, in one, die.
This ſaid; againe upon his Image gaz'd;
Teares on the troubled water circles rais'd:
The motion much obſcur'd the fleeting ſhade.
With that, he cry'd (perceiving it to vade)
O, whither wilt thou! ſtay: nor cruell prove,
In leaving me, who infinitely love:
Yet let me ſee, what cannot be poſſeſt;
And with that empty food, my fury feaſt.
Complaining thus, himſelfe he diſarrayes;
And to remorſeleſſe hands his breſt diſplayes:
The blowes that ſolid ſnow with crimſon ſtripe;
Like Apples party-red, or Grapes ſcarce ripe.
But, in the water when the ſame appeare,
He could no longer ſuch a ſorrow beare.

As

As Virgin wax dissolves with fervent heat;
Or morning frost, whereon the Sunne-beames beat:
So thawes he with the ardor of desire;
And, by degrees consumes in unseene fire.
His meagre cheeks now lost their red and white;
That life; that favour lost, which did delight.
Nor those divine proportions now remaine,
So much by *Eccho* lately lov'd in vaine.
Which when she saw: although she angry were,
And still in minde her late repulse did beare;
As often as the miserable cry'd,
Alas! Alas, the wofull Nymph reply'd.
And ever when he struck his sounding breast,
Like sounds of mutuall sufferance exprest.
His last words were, still hanging o're his shade;
Ah, Boy, belov'd in vaine! So *Eccho* said.
Farewell. Farewell, sigh't she. Then downe he lyes:
Deaths cold hand shuts his selfe-admiring eyes:
Which now eternally their gazes fix
Vpon the Waters of infernall *Styx*.
The wofull *Naiades* lament the dead;
And their clipt haire upon their brother spred.
The wofull *Dryades* partake their woes:
With both, sad *Eccho* joynes at every close.
The funerall Pyle prepar'd, a Herse they brought
To fetch his body, which they vainely sought.
In stead whereof a yellow flowre was found,
With tufts of white about the button crown'd.
This, through *Achaia* spred the Prophets fame;
Who worthily had purchas't a great name.
But, proud *Echion's* sonne, who did despise
The righteous Gods, derides his prophecies;
And twits *Tiresias* with his ravisht sight.
He shook his head, which age had cloth'd in white;
And said, 'Twere well for thee, hadst thou no eyes
To see the *Bacchanal* solemnities.
The time shall come (which I presage is neere)
When *Semelean Liber* will be here:
Whom if thou honour not with Temples due;
Thy Mother, and her sisters shall imbrue
Their furious hands in thy effused bloud;
And throw thy severr'd limbs about the Wood.
'Twill be; thy malice cannot but rebell:
And then thou'lt say; The blind did see too wel'.

His mouth proud *Penthews* ſtops. Beliefe ſucceeds
Fore-running threats: and words are ſeal'd by deeds:
Liber is come, the fields with clamor ſound:
They in his Orgies tread a frantick round.
Women with Men, the baſe, and nobler ſort,
Together to thoſe unknowne Rites reſort.
You ſonnes of *Mars*, you of the Dragons race
(Said he) what fury doth your minds imbaſe?
Is Braſſe of ſuch a power, which drunkards beat,
Or ſound of Hornes, or Magicall deceit;
That you, whom Trumpets clangor, horrid fight,
Nor death, with all his terrors, could affright,
Lowd Women, wine-bred rage, a luſtfull crew
Of Beaſts, and Kettle-drums, ſhould thus ſubdew?
At you, grave Fathers, can I but admire!
Who brought with you your flying Gods from *Tyre*,
And fixt them here: now from that care ſo farre
Eſtranged, as to loſe them without warre:
Or you, who of my able age appeare;
Whoſe heads ſhould helmets, and not garlands, weare?
Not leauy Iavelins, but good Swords adorne
The hands of Youth. O you, ſo nobly borne,
That Dragon's fiery fortitude indue,
Whoſe ſingle valour ſuch a number ſlue.
He, in defending of his Fountaine fell:
Doe you th'Invaders of your fame repell.
He ſlew the ſtrong: doe you the weake deſtroy,
And free your Country from foule infamy.
If Deſtinies decree that *Thebes* muſt fall,
May men, may warlike engins raze her wall:
Let ſword and fire our famiſht lives aſſault:
Then ſhould we not be wretched through our fault,
Nor ſtrive to hide our guilt, but, Fortune blame,
And vent our pittied ſorrowes without ſhame.
Now, by a naked Boy we are put to flight:
Whom bounding Steeds, nor glorious Armes delight;
But haire perfum'd with Myrrhe, ſoft Anadems,
And purple Robes inchac't with gold and gems:
VVho ſhall confeſſe (if you your ayd denie)
His forged Father, and falſe Deity.
VVhat? had *Acriſius* vertue to withſtand
Th'Impoſtor, chaced from the *Argive* ſtrand?
And ſhall this vagabond, this forrainer,
Me *Penthews*, and the *Theban* State deterre?

God

Goe (said he to his servants) goe your way,
And drag him hither bound: prevent delay.
Him, *Cadmus*, *Athamas*, and all disswade,
By opposition, more intemperate made.
Fury increaseth, when it is withstood:
And then good counsell doth more harme than good.
So have I seene an unstopt torrent glide
With quiet waters, scarcely heard to chide:
But, when falne Trees, or Rocks, impeacht his course;
To fome, and roare with uncontroled force.
All bloody they returne. Where is, said he,
This *Bacchus? Bacchus* none of us did see,
Reply'd they; This his minister we found
(Presenting one with hands behind him bound)
A *Thuscan* zealous in those mysteries.
On whom fierce *Pentheus* lookes, with wrathfull eyes:
Who hardly could his punishment deferre.
Then, thus: Thou wretch, that others shalt deterre,
Declare thy name, thy Nation, Parentage;
And why thou followest this new-fangled Rage.
He, in whom innocency feare ore-came;
Made this reply: *Acetes* is my name:
My life I owe to the *Maonian* earth;
To none, my fortunes; borne of humble birth.
No land my Father left me to manure,
Nor Heards, nor bleating Flocks: himselfe was poore.
The tempted Fish, with hooke and line he caught:
His skill was all his wealth: His skill he taught;
And said, My heire, successour to my Art,
Receive the riches which I can impart.
He, dying, left me nothing; and yet all:
The Sea may I my patrimony call.
Yet, lest I still should on those Rocks abide,
To navigation I my time apply'd;
Observ'd th'*Olenian* Goate portending raine;
Wet *Hyades*, when stooping to the Maine,
Taygeta, and cold *Arctos*; the resorts
Of severall windes; and harbour-giving Ports.
For *Delos* bound, we made the *Chian* shores:
And, there arrived, with industrious Cares.
Leaping a-shore, I made the beach my bed.
When aged Night *Aurora's* blushes fled,
I rose; and bade my men fresh water bring:
Shewing the way that guided to the Spring.

Then

Then, from a Hill observ'd the windes accord;
My Mates I calld, and forth-with went abord.
All here, the Master's Mate *Ophelses* cryes:
And thinking he had light upon a prize,
A long the shore a lovely Boy convay'd,
Adorned with the beauty of a Maid.
Heavy with wine and sleep, hee reeled so,
That, though supported, he could hardly goe.
When I beheld his habit, gait, and feature,
I could not thinke it was a humane Creature.
Fellowes, I doubt what God, but sure said I,
This excellence includes a Deitie.
O, be propitious, who-so-ere thou art;
Vnto our industry successe impart;
And pardon these who have offended thus.
Then, *Dictys* said: Forbeare to pray for us:
(Than he, none could the top saile-yard bestride
With lighter speed; nor thence more nimbly slide)
This, *Lybis*, swart *Melanthus* (who the Prow
Commanded) and *Alcimedon* allow;
Epopeus the Boats-swaine, so all say;
Bewitched with the blind desire of prey.
This ship, said I, you shall not violate
With sacriledge of so divine a weight;
Wherein I have most int'rest, and command:
And on the hatches their ascent with-stand.
Whereat, the desperate *Lycabas* grew wild;
Who for a bloudy murder was exil'd
From *Tuscany*. VVhil'st I alone resist,
He tooke me such a buffet with his fist,
That downe I fell; and had falne over-board,
If I (though senseless) had not caught a cord.
The wicked Company the fact approve.
Then, *Bacchus* (for, 'twas he) began to move,
As if awaked with the noyse they made
(His wine-bound senses now discharg'd) and said.
VVhat clamor's this? What doe you? Sailers, whether
Meane you to beare me? Ah, how came I hither!
Feare not, said *Proreus*: name where thou would'st be;
And to that Harbor we will carry thee.
Then, Friends, *Lyæus* said, for *Naxos* stand:
Naxos my home; an hospitable Land
By Seas, by all the Gods, by what avayles,
They sweare they will, and bade me hoyse-up sayles

Which

Which trim'd for *Naxos* on the Star-board side;
What do'ſt thou mad-man, foole? *Ophelses* cry'd.
Each feares his loſſe; Some whiſper in mine eare:
Moſt ſay by ſignes, unto the Lar-board ſteere.
Amaz'd: Some other hold the Helme, ſaid I;
I'le not be tainted with your periury.
All chafe and ſtorme. What? ſaid *Ethalion*,
Is all our ſafety plac'd in thee alone?
With that, my office he upon him tooke;
And *Naxos* (altering her courſe) forſooke.
The God (as if their fraud but now out-found)
From th'upper deck the Sea ſurvayed round;
Then, ſeem'd to crie. Sirs, this is not, ſaid he,
That promis'd ſhore, the Land ſo wiſht by me.
What is my fault? what glory in my ſpoyle,
If men a Boy, if many one beguile?
I wept afore: but, they my teares deride;
And with laborious Oares the waves divide:
By him I ſweare (then whom none more in view)
That what I now ſhall utter, is as true,
As paſt beliefe. The ſhip in thoſe profound
And ſpacefull Seas, ſo ſtuck as on drie ground.
They, wondring, ply'd their Oares; the ſayles diſplay'd;
And ſtrive to run her with that added aide.
When Iuy gave their Oares a force't reſtraint;
Whoſe creeping bands the ſayles with Berryes paint.
He, head-bound with a wreath of cluſtred Vines,
A Iavelin ſhook, claſpt with their leauy twines.
Sterne Tigers, Lynxes (ſuch unto the eye)
And ſpotted Panthers, round about him lye.
All, over-boord now tumble; whether 'twere
Out of infuſed madneſſe, or for feare.
Then, *Medon* firſt with ſpiny finns grew black;
His forme depreſſed, with a compaſt back.
To whom ſaid *Lycabas*; O more then ſtrange!
Into what uncouth Monſter wilt thou change!
As thus he ſpake, his mouth became more wide;
His noſe more hookt: ſcales arme his hardned hide.
While *Libys* tugg'd an Oare that fixed ſtands,
His hands ſhrunk up; now finns, no longer hands.
An-other by a cable thought to hold:
But, miſt his armes. He fell: the Seas infold
His maymed body: which a taile eſt-ſoone
Receives, reverſed like the horned Moone.

They

They leap aloft, and ſprinkle-up the Flood;
Now chace above; now under water ſcud:
Who like laſcivious Dancers friske about;
And gulped Seas, from their wide noſtrils, ſpout.
Of twenty Saylers, onely I remayn'd:
So many men our Complement contayn'd.
The God my minde could hardly animate;
Trembling with horror of ſo dire a Fate.
Suppreſſe, ſaid he, theſe tumults of thy feare;
And now thy courſe for ſacred *Dia* beare.
Arrived I, by his implor'd conſent,
Became his Prieſt; and thus his Feaſts frequent.
Our eares are tyr'd with thy long ambages:
Which wrath, ſaid he, would by delay, appeaſe.
Goe, ſervants, take him hence: let his fore't breath
Expire in groanes: and torture him to death.
In ſolid priſon pent; while they provide
Whips, Racks, and Fire, the doores flie open wide.
And of themſelves, as if diſſolv'd by charmes,
The fetters falls from his unpinion'd armes.
But now, not bidding others, *Pentheus* flings
To high *Cytharon's* ſacred top, which rings
With franticke ſongs, and ſhrill-voic't *Bacchanals*,
In *Liber's* celebrated Feſtivals.
And as the warlike Courſer neighs and bounds,
Inflam'd with fury, when the Trumpet ſounds:
Even ſo their far-heard clamours ſet on fire
Sterne *Pentheus*, and exaſperate his ire.
In midſt of all the ſpacious Mountaine ſtood
A perſpicable Champain, fring'd with wood.
Here, firſt of all, his Mother him eſpyes,
Viewing thoſe holy Rites with prophane eyes.
She, firſt, upon him frantickly did runne:
And firſt her eager Iavalin pierc't her ſonne.
Come, ſiſters, cry'd ſhe, this is that huge Bore
Which roots our fields; whom we with wounds muſt gore.
With that, in-ruſh the ſenſe-diſtracted Crew:
And altogether the amaz'd purſew.
Now trembled he; now, late-breath'd threats ſuppreſt;
Himſelfe he blames, and his offence confeſt.
Who cry'd, Helpe Aunt *Autonoë*; I bleed;
O let *Actæons* ghoſt ſoft pitty breed!
Not knowing who *Actæon* was, ſhe lops
His right hand off; the other, *Ino* crops.

The

The wretch now to his Mother would have throwne
His ſuppliant hands: but, now his hands were gone.
Yet lifting up their bloody ſtumps, he ſaid,
Ah, Mother, ſee! *Agaue*, well appay'd,
Shouts at the ſight, caſts up her neck, and ſhakes
Her ſtaring haire. In cruell hands ſhe takes
His head, yet gaſping: *Iõ* ſing, ſaid ſhe,
Iõ my Mates! this ſpoyle belongs to me.
Not leaves, now wither'd, nipt by Autumn's froſt,
So ſoone are raviſht from high Trees, and toſt
By ſcattering windes, as they in peeces teare
His minced lims. Th'*Iſmenians*, ſtruck with feare,
His Orgies celebrate, his prayſes ſing,
And incenſe to his holy Altars bring.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Fourth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

DErceta, *a Fish.* Semiramis *a Dove.*
Transforming Nais *equall Fate doth prove,*
White berryes Lovers blood with blacke defiles.
Apollo, *like* Eurynome, *beguiles*
Leucothoe, *buried quick for that offence:*
Who, Nectar sprinkled, sprouts to Frankincense.
Griev'd Clytie, *turn'd t'a Flowr, turns with the Sun.*
Daphnis, *to Stone. Sex changeth* Scytheon.
Celmus, *a Load-Stone.* Curets, *got by showres.*
Crocus, *and* Smilax *turn'd to little flowres.*
In one Hermaphrodite, *two bodies ioyne.*
Mineides, *Bats. Sad* Ino *made diuine,*
With Melicert. *Who* Iunos *fact upbray'd,*
Or statues, or Cadmean *Fowles are made.*
Hermione *and* Cadmus; *worne with woes*
Prove hurtlesse Dragons. Drops to Serpents growe.
Atlas, *a Mountayne.* Gorgon *toucht Sea-weeds*
To Corall change. From Gorgons *blood, proceeds*
Swift Pegasus: Crysaor *also takes*
From thence his birth. Faire haires convert to Snakes.

BVt yet *Alcithoë Minëides*
The honour'd Orgies of the God displeale.
Her sisters share in that impietie;
Who *Bacchus* for the sonne of *Iove* deny.

And

And now his Priest proclaimes a solemne Feast;
That Dames and Maids from usuall labour rest;
That wrapt in skins, their haire-laces unbound,
And dangling Tresses with wilde Ivy crown'd,
They leavy Speares assume. Who prophesies
Sad haps to such as his command despise.
The Matrons and new-married Wives obay:
Their Webs, their un-spun Woolls, aside they lay;
Sweet odours burne; and sing: *Lyæus Bacchus*,
Nyseus, *Bromius*, *Evan*, great *Iacchus*:
Fire-got, Sonne of two Mothers, The twice-borne,
Father *Eleleus*, *Thyon* never shorne,
Lenæus, planter of life-cheering Vines;
Nyctileus: with all names that *Greece* assignes
To thee, O *Liber*! Still dost thou injoy
Vnwasted youth; eternally a Boy!
Thou'rt seene in heaven; whom all perfections graces;
And when unhorn'd, thou hast a Virgines face.
Thy conquests through the Orient are renown'd,
Where tawny *India* is by *Ganges* bound.
Proud *Penthous*, and *Lycurgus*, like prophane,
By thee (O greatly to be fear'd!) were slaine:
The *Thuscans* drencht in Seas. Thou holdst in awe
The spotted *Lynxes*, which thy Chariot draw.
Light *Bacchides*, and skipping Satyrs follow,
Whil'st old *Silenus*, reeling still, doth hallow;
Who weakly hangs, upon his tardie Asse.
What place so-e're thou entrest, sounding brasse,
Lowd Sack-buts, Tymbrels, the confused cryes
Of Youths and Women, pierce the marble skyes.
Thy presence, we *Ismenides*, implore:
Come, O come pleas'd! Thus they his Rites restore.
Yet, the *Minëides* at home remayne:
And with untimely Art his feast prophane:
Who either weave, or at their distaffs spin;
And urge their Maids to exercise their sin.
One said, as she the twisted thread out-drew;
While others sport, and forged Gods perlew,
Let us, whom better *Pallas* doth invite,
Our usefull labour season with delight,
And stories tell by turnes; that what past yeares
Deny our eyes, may enter at our eares.
They all agree; and bad the eldest tell
Her story first. She paus'd; not knowing well

Of many which to chooſe: T'inſiſt upon
The ſad *Dercetis*, of fam'd *Babylon*
(Who, as the *Paleſtines* beleeve, did take
A ſcaly forme, inhabiting a Lake)
Or of her daughter ſpeake, with wing'd aſcent
High-pearcht on towres: who there her old age ſpent?
Or of that *Naïs*; who with charmes moſt ſtrange,
And weeds too-pow'rfull, humane ſhapes did change,
Into mute Fiſhes, till a Fiſh ſhe grew:
Or of the Tree whoſe berryes chang'd their hew;
The white to black, by bloods aſperſion, growne:
This pleaſeth beſt, as being moſt unknowne.
Who thus began; and drawes the following woll
Young *Pyramus* (no Youth ſo beautifull
Through all the Eaſt) and *Thisbe* (who for faire
Might with th'immortall Goddeſſes compare)
Ioyn'd houſes, where *Semiramis* inclos'd
Her ſtately towne, with walls of brick compos'd.
This neighbourhood their firſt acquaintance bred;
That, grew to love; Love ſought a nuptiall bed;
By Parents croſt: yet equall flames their blood
A like incenſt, which could not be withſtood.
Signes only utter their unwitneſt loves:
But hidden fire the violenter proves,
A cranny in the parting wall was left;
By ſhrinking of the new-layd morter, cleft:
This for ſo many ages undeſcry'd
(What cannot love find out!) the Lovers ſpy'd.
By which, their whiſpering voices ſoftly trade,
And Paſſion's amorous embaſſie convay'd.
On this ſide and on that, Like Snailes they cleave;
And greedily each others breath receave,
O envious walls (ſaid they) who thus divide
Whom Love hath joyn'd! O, give us way to slide
Into each others armes! if ſuch a bliſſe
Tranſcend our Fates, yet ſuffer us to kiſſe!
Nor are w'ingrate: much we confeſſe we owe
To you, who this deare liberty beſtow.
At night they bid farewell. Their kiſſes greet
The ſenſeleſſe ſtones, with lips that could not meet.
When from th'approching Morn the ſtars withdrew,
And that the Sunne had drunke the ſcorched dew,
They at the uſuall Station meet againe;
And with ſoft murmurs mutually complaine.

At laſt, reſolve in ſilence of the Night
To ſteale away, and free themſelves by flight;
And with their houſes, to forſake the Towne.
Yet, leſt they ſo might wander up and downe;
To meete at *Ninus* tombe they both agree,
Vnder the ſhelter of a ſhady Tree.
There, a high Mulbery, full of white fruit,
Hard by a liuing Fountaine fixt his Root.
The Sun, that ſeem'd too ſlow, his ſteeds beſtowes
In reſtfull Seas: from Seas, wiſht Night aroſe.
Then *Thisbe* in the darke the doores unbarr'd;
And ſlipping forth, unmiſſed by her guard,
Comes maskt to *Ninus* tomb: there in the cold
Sits underneath that Tree: Loue made her bold.
When (lo!) a Lyoneſſe, ſmear'd with the blood
Of late-ſlaine Beeves, approacht the neighbour flood,
To quench her thirſt. Far-off by Moon-light ſpy'd,
Swift feare her flight into a Cave doth guide.
Flying, her mantle from her ſhoulders fell:
The fatall Lioneſſe, as from the Well
Vp to the rocky Mountaine ſhe with-drawes,
Found it, and tore it with her bloody jawes.
When *Pyramus*, who came not forth ſo ſoone,
Perceived by the glimpſes of the Moone
The footing of wild Beaſts: his looke grew pale.
But when he ſpy'd her torne and bloody vaile;
One night (ſaid he) two lovers ſhall deſtroy!
Shee longer life deſerved to injoy.
The guilt is mine: 'twas I (poore ſoule!) that ſlew thee,
Who to a place ſo full of danger drew thee,
Nor came before. You Lyons, O deſcend
From your aboads: a wretch in peeces rend,
Condemned by his ſelfe-pronounced doom:
And make your entralls my opprobrious tomb:
But Cowards wiſh to die. Her mantle he
Carryes along unto th'appointed Tree.
There having kiſt, and waſht it with his eyes;
Take from our blood, ſaid he, the double dyes.
With that, his body on his ſword he threw:
Which, from the reaking wound, he dying drew.
Now, on his back, up-ſpun the blood in ſmoke:
As when a Spring-conducting pipe is broke,
The waters at a little breach breake out,
And hiſſing, through the aëry Region ſpout.

The

The Mulberryes their former white forſake;
And from his ſprinkling blood their crimſon take:
Now ſhe, who could not yet her feare remove,
Returnes, for feare to diſappoint her Love.
Her eager ſpirit ſeekes him through her eyes;
Who longs to tell of her eſcap't ſurpriſe.
The place and figure of the Tree ſhe knew;
Yet doubts, the berryes having chang'd their hew.
Vncertaine; ſhe his panting limbs deſcry'd,
That ſtruck the ſtayned earth; and ſtarts aſide.
Box was not paler then her changed looke:
And like the lightly breath'd-on Sea ſhe ſhooke.
But, when ſhe knew 'twas he (now diſpoſſeſt
Of her amaze) ſhe ſhreeks, beats her ſwolne breſt,
Puls off her haire; imbraces, ſoftly reares
His hanging head, and fils his wound with teares.
Then, kiſſing his cold lips: Woe's me (ſhe ſaid)
What curſed Fate hath this diviſion made?
O ſpeake, my *Pyramus*! O looke on me!
Thy deare, thy deſperate *Thisbe* calls to thee!
At *Thisbe's* name he opens his dim eyes;
And having ſeene her, ſhuts them up; and dyes.
But when his empty ſcabbard ſhe had ſpy'd,
And her known Robe; Vnhappy man! ſhe cry'd,
Theſe wounds from love, from thine own hand proceed!
Nor is my hand too weake for ſuch a deed:
My love as ſtrong. This, this ſhall courage give,
To force that life which much diſdaynes to live.
In death I'le follow thee! inſtyl'd by all,
The wretched Cauſe, and partner of thy Fall.
Whom Death (that had (alas!) alone the might
To pull thee from me!) ſhall not diſ-unite.
O you, our wretched Parents (thus ſevere
To your owne blood!) my laſt Petition heare:
Whom conſtant love, whom death hath joyn'd, interre
Without your enuy in one Sepulcher.
And thou, O Tree, whoſe branches ſhade the ſlaine;
Of both our ſlaughters beare the laſting ſtaine:
In funerall habit ever clothe your brood;
A living monument of our mixt blood
This ſaid, his ſword, yet reeking, ſhe revers't,
And with a mortall wound her boſome peare't,
The eaſie Gods unto her wiſh accord;
Their Parents alſo her deſire afford:

The

The late white Mulberies in black now mourne;
And what the fire had left, lay in one Vrne.
Here ended she. Some intermission made,
Leucothoë, her sisters silent, said:
This Sunne, who all directeth with his light,
Weake Love hath tam'd: his loves we now recite.
He first discover'd the adultery
Of *Mars* and *Venus* (nothing scapes his eye.)
And in displeasure told to *Iuno's* sonne
Their secret stealths, and where the deede was done.
His spirits faint: his hands could not sustaine
The worke in hand: Forthwith, he forg'd a chaine,
With nets of brasse, that might the eye deceave,
(Lesse curious far the webs which Spiders weave)
Made pliant to each touch, and apt to close;
This, he about the guilty bed bestowes.
No sooner these Adulterers were met,
Than caught in his so strangely forged net;
Who, strugling, in compeld imbracements lay.
The Ivory doores then *Vulcan* doth display;
And calls the Gods. They shamefully lay bound:
Yet one, a wanton, wisht to be so found.
The heavenly dwellers laugh. This tale was told
Through all the Round, and mirth did long uphold.
Venus, incenst, on him who this disclos'd
A memorable punishment impos'd.
And he, of late so tyrannous to love;
Love's tyranny in just exchange doth prove.
Hyperion's sonne, what boots thy piercing sight?
Thy feature, colour, or thy radiant light?
For thou, who earth inflamest with thy fires,
Art now thy selfe inflam'd with new desires.
Thy melting eyes alone *Leucothoë* view;
And give to her, what to the World is due.
Now, in the East thou hastnest thy up-rise:
Now, slowly sett'st; even loath to leave the skyes.
And, while that object thus exacts thy stay,
Thou addest houres unto the Winters day.
Oft, in thy face thy mindes disease appeares;
Affrighting all the darkned World with feares.
Not *Cynthia's* interposed Orbe doth move
These pale aspects; this colour springs from love.
She all thy thoughts ingrost: nor didst thou care
For *Clymene*, for her who *Circe* bare,

For *Rhodos*; *Clytie*, who in love abounds,
Although despis'd, though tortur'd with two wounds.
All, all were buried in *Leucothoë*;
Borne in sweet *Saba*, of *Eurynome*.
As she in beauty far surpast all other:
So much the Daughter far surpast the Mother.
Great *Orchamus* was father to the Maid:
Who, seventh from *Belus Priscus*, *Persia* sway'd.
In low *Hesperian* Vales those pastures are
Where *Phœbus* horses on *Ambrosia* fare.
There, tyred with the travells of the day,
They renovate what labour doth decay.
Now, while cœlestiall food their hunger feeds,
And Night in her alternate raigne succeeds:
In figure of *Eurynome*, the God
Approcht the chamber, where his life abod.
He, spinning by a lamp, *Leucothoë* found,
With twice six hand-maids, who inclos'd her round.
Then kissing her (her Mother now by Art)
I have, said he, a secret to impart:
Maids, presently withdraw. They all obay'd.
He, after he had cleer'd the chamber, said:
The tardie Yeare I measure: I am he
Who see all Objects, and by whom all see;
The World's cleere eye: by thy fair selfe, *I* sweare,
I love thee above thought. She shooke for feare;
Her spindle and her distaffe from her fell:
And yet that feare became her woundrous well,
Then, his owne forme and radiancy, he tooke:
Though with that unexpected presence strooke;
Yet, vanquisht by his beauty, her complaint
She laid aside, and suffered his constraint.
This *Clytie* vext (not lesse affectionate
Before to her) who with a rivalls hate
Divulg'd the quickly-spreading infamy:
And to her father doth the fact descry.
Who sterne and savage, shuts up all remorse,
From her that fa'd, subdued, she said, by force;
And *Sol* to witnesse calls. He his dishonour
Interrs alive, and casts a Mount upon her.
Hyperion's sonne this batters with his rayes:
And for her re-ascent a breach displayes,
Yet could not she advance her heavy head:
But life, too hasty, from her body fled.

Never

Never did *Phœbus* with ſuch ſorrow mourne
Since wretched *Phaeton* the World did burne:
Yet ſtrives he with his influence to beget
In her cold lims a life-revoking heat.
But, ſince the Fates ſuch great attempts withſtood;
He ſteeps the place and body in a floud
Of fragrant Nectar: much bewailes her end:
And ſighing, ſaid; Yet ſhalt thou heaven aſcend.
Forthwith, her body thawes into a dew:
Which, from the moyſtned earth, an odour threw.
Then throw the hill a ſhrub of Frankincenſe
Thruſt up his crowne, and tooke his root from thence.
Though love might *Clytes* ſorrow have excus'd;
Sorrow, her tongue; Daye's King her bed refus'd.
She, with diſtracted paſſion, pines away,
Deteſteth company; all night, all day,
Diſrobed, with her ruffled haire unbound,
And wet with humour, ſits upon the ground:
For nine long daies all ſuſtenance forbeares;
Her hunger cloyd with dew, her thirſt with teares.
Nor roſe; but, rivets on the God her eyes;
And ever turnes her face to him that flyes.
At length, to earth her ſtupid body cleaves:
Her wan complexion turnes to blood-leſſe leaves,
Yet ſtreak't with red: her periſht lims beget
A flowre, reſembling the pale Violet;
Which with the ſun, though rooted faſt, doth move;
And, being changed, changeth not her love.
Thus ſhe. This wondrous ſtory caught their eares:
To ſome the ſame impoſſible appeares;
Others, that all is poſſible, conclude,
To true-ſtyl'd Gods; but, *Bacchus* they extrude.
All whiſt, *Alcithoë* call'd upon, doth run
Her ſhettle through the web; and thus begun.
T'omit the paſtorall loves, to few unknowne,
Of young *Idaan Daphnis*; turn'd to ſtone
By that vext Nymph, who could not elſe aſſwage
Her jealouſie: ſuch is a lover's rage:
And *Scython* who his nature innovates,
Now male, now female, by alternate Fates;
With *Celmus* turn'd into an Adamant,
Who of his faith to little *Iove* might vant;
The ſhorne *Curetes*, got by falling ſhowres;
Crocos and *Smilax*, cang'd to pretty flowres,

I over-passe; and will your eares surprine
With sweet delight of unknowne novelties.
Then, know, how *Salmacis* infamous grew;
VVhose too strong waves all manly strength undoe,
And mollifie, with their soule-softning touch:
The cause unknowne; their nature knowne too much.
Th'*Idaan* Nymphs nurst, in secure delight,
The sonne of *Hermes*, and faire *Aphrodite*,
His father and his mother in his looke
You might behold: from whom, his name he tooke.
VVhen Summers five he thrice had multiply'd;
Leaving the fount-full Hills of softer *Ide*,
He wandred through strange Lands, pleas'd with the sight
Of forrain streames; toyle lesn'ing with delight.
The *Lycian* Cities past, he treads the grounds
Of wealthy *Caria*, which on *Lycia* bounds:
There lighted on a Poole, so passing cleere,
That all the glittering bottome did appeare;
Inviron'd with no marish-loving Reeds,
Nor piked Bull-rushes, nor barren weeds:
But, living Turf upon the border grew;
VVhose ever-Spring no blasting VVinter knew.
A Nymph this haunts, unpractis'd in the chace,
To bend a Bow, or run a strife-full race.
Of all the VVater-Nymphs, this Nymph alone
To nimble-footed *Dian* was unknowne.
Her sisters oft would say; Fie, *Salmacis*,
Fie lazie sister, what a sloth is this!
Vpon a Quiver, or a Iavelin seaze;
And with laborious hunting mix thine ease.
On Quiver, nor on Iavelin, would she seaze;
Nor with laborious hunting mix her ease.
But now in her owne Fountaine bathes her faire
And shapefull limbs, now kembs her golden haire;
Her selfe oft by that liquid mirror dresst;
There taking counsell what became her best:
Her body in transparent Robes array'd,
Now on soft leaves, or softer mosse display'd:
Oft gathers flowers, so, when she saw the Boy:
VVhom seen, forthwith she covets to injoy,
And yet would not approach, though big with hast,
Till neatly trickt, till all in order plac't,
Her love-inveighling lookes set to insnare,
VVho merited to be reputed faire.

Sweet

Then bends his bow: the string t'his eare arrives,
And through the heart of *Dis* the arrow drives.
Not farre remov'd from *Enna's* high-built wall,
A Lake there is, which men *Pergusa* call.
Cäyster's slowly-gliding waters beare
Far fewer singing Swans then are heard there.
Woods crown the Lake, and cloath it round about
With leavy veils, which *Phœbus* beames keep-out.
The trees creat fresh ayre, th'Earth various flowers:
Where heat nor cold th'eternall Spring devoures.
Whil'st in this grove *Proserpina* disports,
Or Violets pulls, or Lillies of all sorts;
And while she strove with childish care, and speed
To fill her lap, and others to exceed;
Dis saw, affected, carried her away,
Almost at once. Love could not brooke delay.
The sad-fac't Goddesse cryes (with feare appall'd)
To her Companions; oft her Mother call'd.
And as she tore th'adornment of her haire,
Downe fell the flow'rs which in her lap she bare.
And such was her sweet Youth's simplicity,
That their losse also made the Virgin crie.
The Ravisher flies on swift wheeles; his horses
Excites by name, and their full speed inforces:
Shaking for haste the rust-obscured raines
Vpon their cole-black necks, and shaggy maines.
Through Lakes, through the *Palici*, which expire
A sulphrous breath; through earth ingendring fire.
They passe to where *Corinthian Bacchiades*
His City built betweene unequall Seas.
The Land t'wixt *Arethusa* and *Cyane*
With stretche-out hornes begirts th'included Sea.
Here *Cyane*, who gave the Lake a name,
Amongst *Sicilian* Nymphs of speciall fame,
Her head advanc't: who did the Goddesse know?
And boldly said, You shall not farther goe;
Nor can you be unwilling *Ceres* son:
What you compell, perswasion should have won.
If humble things I may compare with great;
Anapis lov'd me: yet did he intreat;
And me, not frighted thus, espous'd. This said,
With out-stretcht armes his farther passage staid.
His wrath no longer *Pluto* could restraine;
But gives his terror-striking steeds the raine;

And with his Regall mace, through the profound
And yeelding water, cleaves the ſolid ground:
The breach t'infernall *Tartarus* extends:
At whoſe darke jawes the Chariot deſcends.
But *Cyane* the Goddeſſe Rape laments;
And her owne injur'd Spring; whoſe diſcontents
Admit no comfort: in her heart ſhe beares
Her ſilent ſorrow: now, reſolves to teares;
And with that Fountaine doth incorporate,
Whereof th'immortall Deitie but late.
Her ſoftned members thaw into a dew,
Her nailes leſſe hard, her bones now limber grew.
The ſlendreſt parts firſt melt away: her haire,
Fine fingers, legs, and feet; that ſoone impaire,
And drop to ſtreams: then, armes, backe, ſhoulders, ſide,
And boſome, into little Currents glide.
Water, in ſtead of blood, fils her pale vienes:
And nothing now, that may be graſpt, remaines.
Mean-while, through all the earth, and all the Maine
The fearefull Mother ſought her childe in vaine.
Not dewy-hair'd *Aurora*, when ſhe roſe,
Nor *Heſperus*, could witneſſe her repoſe.
Two pitchy Pines at flaming *Ætna* lights;
And reſtleſſe, carries them through freezing Nights:
Againe, when Day the vanquiſht Starres ſuppreſt,
Her vaniſht comfort ſeekes from Eaſt to Weſt.
Thirſty with travell, and no Fountaine nye,
A cottage thatcht with ſtraw, invites her eye.
At th'humble gate ſhe knocks: An old wife ſhewes
Her ſelfe thereat; and ſeeing her, beſtowes
The water ſo deſir'd; which ſhe before
Had boyl'd with barly. Drinking at the doore,
A rude hard-favour'd Boy beſide her ſtood,
Who laught, and cald her greedy-gut. Her blood
Inflam'd with anger, what remayn'd ſhe threw
Full in his face; which forthwith ſpeckled grew.
His armes convert to leggs; a taile withall
Spines from his changed ſhape: of body ſmall,
Leſt he might prove too great a foe to life:
Though leſſe, yet like a Lizard, th'aged wife
(That wonders, weeps, and feares to touch it) ſhunnes;
And preſently into a creviſe runnes.
Fit to his colour they a name elect;
With ſundry little ſtarres all-over ſpeckt.

What

What Lands, what Seas, the Goddesse wandred through
Were long to tell: Earth had not roome enough.
To *Sicil* she returnes: where ere she goes,
Inquires, and came where *Cyane* now flowes.
She, had she not beene changed, all had told;
Now, wants a tongue her knowledge to unfold:
Yet, to the mother, of her daughter gave
A certaine signe: who bore upon a wave
Persephone's rich zone; that from her fell,
When, through the sacred Spring, she sunke to hell.
This seene, and knowne; as but then lost, she tare,
Without selfe-pitty, her dis-sheveled haire;
And with redoubled blowes her brest invades:
Nor knowes what Land t'accuse, yet all upbraids;
Ingrate, unworthy with her gifts t'abound:
Trinacria chiefly; where the steps she found
Of her misfortunes. Therefore there she brake
The furrowing plough; the Oxe and owner strake
Both with one death; then, bade the fields beguile
The trust impos'd, shrunk seed corrupts. That soile,
So celebrated for fertilitie,
Now barren grew: corne in the blade doth die.
Now, too much drouth annoye's; now, lodging showres:
Stars smitch, winds blast. The greedy fowle devoures
The new-sowne graine: Kintare, and Darnell tire
The fetter'd Wheat; and Quitch that through it spire.
In *Elean* waves *Alphaus* Love appear'd;
And from her dropping haire her fore-head clear'd:
O Mother of that far-sought Maid, thou friend
To life, said she; here let thy labour end:
Nor be offended with thy faithfull Land;
That blamelesse is, nor could her Rape with-stand.
I, here a guest, not for my Country plead:
My Country *Pisa* is, in *Elis* bred;
And, as an Alien, in *Sicania* dwell:
But yet no Country pleaseth me so well.
I, *Arethusa*, now these Springs possesse:
This is my seat: which, courteous Goddesse, blesse.
Why I affect this place, t'*Ortygia* came
Through such vast Seas; I shall impart the same
To your desire; when you, more fit to heare,
Shall quit your care, and be of better cheare.
Earth gives me way: through whose darke cavernes roll'd
I here ascend; and long-mist starres behold.

While under ground by *Styx* my waters glide,
Your sweet *Proserpina* I there espy'd.
Full sad she was: even then you might have seene
Feare in her face: and yet she is a Queene;
And yet she in that gloomy Empire swayes;
And yet her will th'infernall King obayes.
Stone-like stood *Ceres* at this heavy newes;
And, staring, long continued in a muse.
When griefe had quickned her stupidity,
She tooke her Chariot, and ascends the skie:
There, veiled all in clouds, with scattered haire,
She kneeles to *Iupiter*, and made this pray'r.
Both for my blood and thine, O *Iove*, I sue:
If I be nothing gracious, yet doe you
A Father to your Daughter prove; nor be
Your care the lesse, because she sprung from me.
Lo, she at length is found, long sought through all
The spacious World; if you a Finding call
What more the losse assures: but if, to know
Her being, be to Finde, I have found her so.
And yet I would the injurie remit,
So he the stolne restore: 'Twere most unfit
That holy *Hymen* should thy daughter joyne
Vnto a Thiefe; although she were not mine.
Then *Iove*: the pledge is mutuall, and these cares
To either equall: Yet this deed declares
Much love, mis-called wrong: nor should we shame
Of such a sonne, could you but thinke the fame.
All wants suppose, can he be lesse then great,
And be *Iove's* brother? What, when all compleat?
I, but preferr'd by lot? Or if you burne
In endlesse spleene; Let *Proserpine* returne:
On this condition, That she yet have ta'ne
No sustenance: so Destinies ordaine.
To fetch her daughter, *Ceres* posts in haste:
But, Fates with-stood: the Maid had broke her fast.
For, wandring in the Ort-yard, simply she
Pluckt a Pomegrannet from the stooping Tree;
Thence tooke seven graines, and eats them one by one:
Observed by *Ascalaphus* alone;
Whom *Acheron* on *Orphne* erst begot
In pitchy Caves: a Dame of speciall note
Amongst th'*Auernall* Nymphs. This utter'd, stayd
The sighing Queene of *Erebus*; who made

The

The Blab a Bird: with waves of *Phlegeton*
His face besprinkles; plume appeares thereon,
Grookt beake, and broader eyes: the shape he had
He lost, forthwith in yellow feathers clad.
His head o're-sizd, his long nailes talons prove;
His winged armes for lazinesse scarce move:
A filthy, ever ill-presaging Fowle,
To Mortals ominous: a screeching Owle.
Yet was the punishment no more then due
To his offence. But how offended you
Acheloides, that wings and clawes disgrace
Your goodly formes, yet keepe your Virgin-face?
Was it, you *Sirens*, that your deathlesse Powers
Were with the Goddesse when she gathered flowrs?
Whom when through all the Earth you sought in vaine,
You wisht for wings to fly upon the Maine,
That pathlesse Seas might testifie your care:
The easie Gods consented to your pray'r.
Streight, golden feathers on your backs appeare:
But, lest that musick, fram'd to inchant the eare,
And so great gifts of speech should be profan'd;
Your Virgin-looks, and humane voyce remayn'd.
But *Love*, his sister's discontent to cheare:
Betweene her, and his Brother parts the yeare.
The Goddesse now in either Empire swayes:
Six months with *Ceres*, six with *Pluto* stayes.
Proserpina then chang'd her minde, and looke
(Late such as sullen *Dis* could hardly brooke)
And clear'd her browes, as *Sol*, obscur'd in shrowds
Of exhalations, breaks through vanquisht clowds.
Pleas'd *Ceres* now bade *Arethusa* tell
Her cause of flight: and why a sacred Well?
Th'obsequious waters left their murmuring:
The Goddesse then above the Chrystall Spring
Her head advanc't; and, wringing her greene haires,
She thus *Alphaus* ancient love declares.
I, of *Achaia* once a Nymph: none more
The Chace affected, or t'intoyle the Bore.
By beauty though I never sought for fame;
Though masculine; of faire I bare the name.
Nor tooke I pleasure in my praysed face,
Which others value as their only grace:
But, simple, was ashamed to excell;
And thought it infamy to please too-well.

As from *Stymphalian* woods I made retreat
('Twas hot, and labour had increast the heat)
When well-nigh tyr'd; a silent streame I found,
All eddilesse, perspicuous to the ground:
Through which you every pebble might have seene;
And ran, as if it had no River beene.
The Poplar, and the hoary Willow, fed
By bordring streames, their gratefull shadow spred.
In this coole Rivulet my foot I dipt;
Then knee-deepe wade: nor so content, unstript
My selfe forth-with; upon a Sallow stud
My robe I hung, and leapt into the flood.
Where, while I swim, and labour to and fro
A thousand waies, with armes that swiftly row,
I from the bottome heard an unknowne tongue;
And frighted, to the hither margent sprung.
Whither so fast, O *Arethusa*! twice
Out-cry'd *Alphæus*, with a hollow voice.
Vnclothed as I was, I fled for feare
(For, on the other side my garments were)
The faster followed he, the more did burne;
Who naked, seeme the readier for his turne.
As trembling Doves the eager Hawkes eschew;
As eager Hawkes the trembling Doves pursew;
I fled, He followed. To *Orchomenus*,
Psophis, *Cyllene*, high-brow'd *Manalus*,
Cold *Erymanthus*, and to *Elis*, I
My flight maintayned; nor could he come ny:
But, far unable to hold out so long;
He, patient of much labour, and more strong.
And yet o're Plaines, o're woody hills I fled,
And craggy Rocks, where foot did never tread.
The Sunne was at our backs: before my feet
I saw his shadow; or my feare did see't.
How-ere his sounding steps, and thick drawne breath
That fann'd my haire, affrighted me to death.
Starke tyr'd, I cry'd: Ah caught! helpe (O forlorne!)
Diana helpe thy Squire, who oft have borne
Thy Bow and Quiver! Mov'd at my request,
With muffling clowds she cover'd the distrest.
The River seekes me in that pitchy shrowd,
And searches round about the hollow clowd:
Twice came to where *Diana* me did hide;
And twice he *Iö Arethusa* cry'd.

Then

Then what a heart had I! the Lamb so feares
When howling Wolves about the Fold she heares:
So heartlesse Hare, when trayling Hounds draw nye
Her sented Forme; nor dares to move an eye.
Nor went he on, in that he could not trace
My further steps: but guards the clowd, and place.
Cold sweats my then-besieged limbs possest:
In thin thick-falling drops my strength decreast.
Where-ere I step, streames run; my haire now fell
In trickling dew; and, sooner then I tell
My destinie, into a Flood I grew.
The River his beloved waters knew;
And, putting off th'assumed shape of man,
Resumes his owne; and in my Current ran.
Chaste *Delia* cleft the ground. Then, through blind cave
To lov'd *Ortygia* she conducts my waves;
Affected for her name: where first I take
Review of day. This, *Arethusa* spake.
The fertill Goddesse to her Chariot chaines
Her yoked Dragons, checkt with stubborne raines:
Her course, 'twixt heaven and earth, to *Athens* bends;
And to *Triptolemus* her Chariot sends.
Part of the seed she gave, she bade him throw
On untill'd earth; part on the till'd to sow.
O're *Europe*, and the *Asian* soile convay'd,
The Youth to *Scythya* turnes; where *Lyncus* sway'd.
His Court he enters. Askt what way he came,
His cause of comming, Countrie, and his Name:
Triptolemus men call me, he reply'd;
And in renowned *Athens* I reside.
No ship through toyling Seas me hither bare;
Nor over-land came I; but through the ayre.
I bring you *Ceres* gift: which sowne in fields,
Corn-bearing crops (a better feeding) yeelds.
The barbarous King envies it: and, that he
The Author of so great a good might be;
Gives entertainment: but, when sleepe oppresst
His heauy eyes, with steele attempts his brest.
Whom *Ceres* turn's t'a *Lynx*: and home-wards makes
The young *Mopsopian* drive her sacred Snakes.
Our Chiefe concluded here her learned Layes.
The Nymphs, with one consent, give us the Bayes.
The vanquisht raile. To whom the Muse; Since you
Esteeme it nothing to deserve the due

To your contention, but muſt adde foule words
To your ill deeds; nor this your pride affords
Our patience roome: we'll wreak it on your heads.
And tread the path which Indignation leads.
The *Paons* laugh, and our ſharp threats deſpiſe.
About to ſcold, and with diſgracefull noyſe
To clap their hands; they ſaw the feathers ſprout
Beneath their nailes, and clothe their armes throughout:
Hard nebs in one another's faces ſpie;
And now, new birds, into the Forreſt flie.
Theſe ſylvan Scoulds, as they their armes prepare
To beat their boſomes; mount, and hang in ayre.
Who yet retaine their ancient eloquence;
Full of harſh chat, and prating without ſenſe.

OVIDS

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Sixth Booke.

The Argvment.

PAllas *an old wife. Haughty thoughts o're-throw*
Hæmus *and* Rhodope; *who Mountaines grow.*
The Pigmy, *a Crane.* Antigone *becomes*
A Storke. A statue Cyneras *intombs:*
His impious daughters, Stones. In various shapes
The Gods commit adulteries, and rapes.
Arachne, *a Spider.* Niobe *yet drownes*
Her marble cheeks in teares. Uncivill Clownes
Are curst to frogs. From teares cleere Marsyas *flowes.*
His ivory shoulder new-made Pelops *showes.*
Progne, *a Swallow; sign'd with murders staines.*
Sad Philomel *to secret night complaines.*
Rage to a Lapwing turnes th' Odrysian *king.*
Calais *and* Zetes *native feathers wing.*

TRitonia to the Muse attention lends:
Who both her Verse, and just revenge commends.
Then said t'her selfe: To praise is of no worth:
Let our revengefull Powre our praise set forth.
Intends *Arachnes* ruine. She, she heard,
Before her curious webs, her owne preferr'd.
Nor dwelling, nor her nation fame impart
Vnto the Damsell, but excelling Art.
Deriv'd from *Colophonian Idmons* side;
Who thirstie Woolle in *Phocian* purple dide.

Her mother (who had paid her debt to fate)
Was alſo meane, and equall to her mate.
Yet through the *Lydian* townes her praiſe was ſpred;
Though poore her birth, in poore *Hypapa* bred.
The Nymphs of *Tmolus* oft their Vines forſooke;
The ſleeke *Pactolian* Nymphs their ſtreames; to looke
On her rare workes: nor more delight in viewing
The done (done with ſuch grace) then when adoing.
Whether ſhe orbe-like roule the ruder wooll;
Or, finely finger'd, the ſelected cull;
Or draw it into clowd-reſembling flakes;
Or equall twine with ſwift-turn'd ſpindle makes;
Or with her lively-painting needle wrought:
You might perceive ſhe was by *Pallas* taught.
Yet ſuch a Miſtreſſe her proud thoughts diſclaime:
Let her with me contend; if foyld, no ſhame
(Said ſhe) nor puniſhment will I refuſe.
Pallas, forth-with, an old-wives ſhape indues:
Her haire all white; her limbs, appearing weake,
A ſtaffe ſupports: who thus began to ſpeake:
Old Age hath ſomething which we need not ſhun:
Experience by long tract of time is won.
Scorne not advice: with dames of humane race
Contend for fame, but give a Goddeſſe place.
Crave pardon, and ſhe will thy crime remit.
With eyes confeſſing rage, and ey-brows knit,
(Her labour-leaving hands ſcarce held from ſtrokes)
She, masked *Pallas* with theſe words provokes.
Old foole, that dot'ſt with age; to whom long-life
Is now a curſe: thy daughter, or ſonnes wife,
(If thou haſt either) taught be they by this:
My wiſdome, for my ſelfe, ſufficient is.
And leaſt thy counſell ſhould an intreſt clame
In my diverſion, I abide the ſame.
Why comes ſhe not? why tryall thus delayes?
She comes, ſaid *Pallas*, and her ſelfe diſplayes.
Nymphs, and *Mygdonian* dames the Power adore:
Onely the maid her ſelfe undaunted bore:
And yet ſhe b'uſht; againſt her will the red
Fluſht in her cheeks, and thence as ſwiftly fled.
Even ſo the purple Morning paints the skyes:
And ſo they whiten at the Suns upriſe.
Who now, as deſperately obſtinate,
Praiſe ill affecting, runs on her owne fate.

No

No more *Ioves* daughter labours to diſſwade;
No more refuſeth; nor the ſtrife delayde.
Both ſettle to their taskes apart: both ſpread
At once their warps, conſiſting of fine thread,
Ty'd to their beames: a reed the thred divides,
Through which the quick-returning ſhuttle glides,
Shot by ſwift-hands. The combs inſerted tooth
Betweene the warp ſuppreſt the riſing wooſe:
Strife leſs'ning toyle. With skirts tuckt to their waſte,
Both move their cunning armes with nimble haſte.
Here crimſon, dyde in *Tyrian* braſſe, they weave;
The ſcarce diſtinguiſht ſhadowes ſight deceave.
So watry clowds, gilt by *Apollo*, ſhowe;
The vaſt sky painted with a mighty Bow:
Where though a thouſand ſeverall colours ſhine,
No eye their cloſe tranſition can define:
The next, the ſame ſo neerely repreſents;
As by degrees, ſcarce ſenſible, diſſents.
Through-out imbelliſhed with ductil gold:
And both reviv'd antiquities unfold.
Pallas, in *Athens*, *Marſe's* Rock doth frame;
And that old-ſtrife about the Cities name.
Twice ſix Cœleſtialls ſit inthron'd on high,
Repleat with awe-infuſing gravitie:
Iove in the midſt. The ſuted figures tooke
Their lively formes: *Iove* had a royall looke.
The Sea-god ſtood, and with his Trident ſtrake
The cleaving rock, from whence a fountaine brake:
Whereon he grounds his claime. With ſpeare and ſhield
Her ſelfe ſhe armes: her head a murrion ſteild:
Her breſt her *Ægis* guards. Her launce the ground
Appeares to ſtrike; and from that pregnant wound
The hoary olive, charg'd with fruit, aſcends.
The Gods admire: with victory ſhe ends.
Yet ſhe, to ſhow the Rivall of her praiſe
What hopes to cheriſh for ſuch bold aſſayes,
Add's foure contentions in the utmoſt bounds,
Of every angle, wrought in little Rounds.
One, *Thracian Rhodope* and *Hæmus* ſhowes,
Now mountaines, topt with never melting ſnowes,
Once humane bodies: who durſt emulate
The bleſt Cœleſtialls, both in ſtile, and ſtate.
The next containes the miſerable doome,
Of that *Pygmæan* matron, over-come

By

By *Iuno*; made a Crane, and forc't to jar
With her owne nation in perpetuall war.
A third presents *Antigone*, who strove
For unmatcht beauty with the wife of *Iove*.
Not *Ilium*, nor *Laomedon* her sire,
Prevail'd with violent *Saturnia's* ire.
Turn'd to a Storke, who, with white pinions rais'd,
Is ever by her creaking bill selfe-prais'd.
In the last circle *Cynaras* was plac't;
Who, charg'd with griefe, the temples staires imbrac't;
(Of late his daughters by their pride o're-throwne)
Appeares to weepe, and groveld on the stone.
The web a wreathe of peacefull Olive bounds:
And her owne tree her worke both ends and crownes.
Arachne weaves *Europa's* rape by *Iove*:
The Bull appeares to live, the Sea to move.
Back to the shore she casts a heavy eye;
To her distracted damsels seemes to cry:
And from the sprinkling waves, that skip to meet
With such a burden, shrinks her trembling feet.
Asteria there a strugling Eagle prest:
A Swan here spreds his wings o're *Leda's* brest,
Iove, Satyr-like, *Antiope* compels;
Whose fruitfull womb with double issue swels:
Amphytrio for *Alcmena's* love became:
A showre for *Danaë*; for *Ægina* flame:
For beautifull *Mnemosyne* he takes
A shepheards forme; for *Deois* a snakes.
Thee also, *Neptune*, like a lustfull Stere,
She makes the faire *Æolian* Virgin beare;
And get th' *Aloides* in *Enipe's* shape:
Now turn'd t'a Ram in sad *Bisaltis* rape.
The gold-hair'd mother of life-strengthning Seed,
The snake-hair'd mother of the winged Steed,
Found thee a Stallion: thee *Melanthe* findes
A Delphin. She to every forme assignes
Life-equall lookes; to every place the same
Aspect. A heardsman *Phœbus* here became;
A Lyon now; now falcons wings displayes:
Macarean Issa sheapheard-like betrayes.
Liber, a grape, *Erigone* compresst:
And *Saturne*, horse-like; *Chiron* gets, halfe-beast.
About her web a curious traile designes:
Flowres inter-mixt with clasping iny twines.

No

Not *Pallas* this, not Enuy this reproues:
Her faire succesſe the vext Virago moues;
Who teares the web, with crimes coeleſtiall fraught:
With ſhuttle from *Cyprian* mountaines brought,
Arachne thrice upon the fore-head ſmote.
Her great heart brookes it not. About her throte
A halter knits. Remorſefull *Pallas* ſtayd
Her falling waight; Liue wretch, yet hang, ſhe ſaid.
This curſe (leaſt of ſucceeding times ſecure)
Still to thy iſſue, and their race, indure.
Sprinkled with *Hecat's* banefull weeds, her haire
She forthwith ſheds: her noſe and eares impaire;
Her head growes little; her whole body ſo;
Her thighs and legs to ſpiny fingers grow:
The reſt all belly. Whence a thred ſhe ſends:
And now, a Spider, her old webs extends.
All *Lydia* ſtormes; the fame through *Phrygia* rung:
And gave an argument to every tongue.
Her, *Niobe* had knowne; when ſhe, a maid,
In *Sipylus*, and in *Mæonia* ſtaid.
Yet ſlights that home example: ſtill rebells
Againſt the Gods; and with proud language ſwels.
Much made her haughty. Yet *Amphion's* towne,
Their high deſcents; nor glory of a crowne.
So pleas'd her (though ſhe pleas'd her ſelfe in all)
As her faire race. We *Niobe* might call
The happieſt mother that yet ever brought
Life unto light; had not her ſelfe ſo thought.
Tireſian Manto, in preſages skild,
The ſtreets, inſpir'd by holy fury, fild
With theſe exhorts: *Iſmenides*, prepare:
To great *Latona*, and her Twins, with prayer
Mix ſweet perfumes; your browes with Laurell bind:
By me *Latona* bids. The *Thebans* wind
About their temples the commanded Bay:
And ſacred fires, with incenſe feeding, pray.
Behold, the Queene in hight of ſtate appeares:
A *Phrygian* mantle, weav'd with gold, ſhe weares:
Her face, as much as rage would ſuffer, faire.
She ſtops; and ſhaking her diſheveled haire,
The godly troope with haughty eyes ſurvayes.
What madneſſe is it Vnſeene Gods (ſhe ſayes)
Before the ſeene Cœleſtialls to prefer?
Or while I Altars want, to worſhip her?

Me *Tantalus* (alone allowd to feast
In heaven) begot; my mother not the least
Pleias; greatest *Atlas* sire to those,
On whose high shoulders all the stars repose.
Iove is my other Grandfather; and he
My father in law: a double grace to me.
Me *Phrygia*, *Cadmus* kingdomes me obay:
My husbands harp-rais'd walls we joyntly sway.
Through out my Court behold in every place
Infinite riches: adde to this, a face
Worthy a Goddesse. Then, to crowne my joyes,
Seven beauteous daughters, and as many boyes:
All these by marriage so be multiply'd.
Behold, have we not reason for our pride?
Dare you *Latona* then, by *Cœus* got,
Before me place? to whom a little spot
The ample Earth deny'd t'unlade her wombe?
Heaven, Earth, nor Seas, afford your Goddesse roome:
A Vagabond, till *Delos* harbour gave.
Thou wandrest on the land, I on the wave,
It said; and graunted an unstable place.
She brought forth two; the seaventh part of my race,
I happy am: who doubts? So will abide:
Or who doubts that? with plenty fortifi'd.
My state too great for fortune to bereave:
Though much she raviſh, she much more must leave.
My blessings are above low feare. Suppose
Some of my hopefull sonnes this people lose,
They cannot be reduced to so few.
Off with your bayes; these idle Rites eschew.
They put them off; the sacrifice forbore:
And yet *Latona* silently adore.
As much as free from barrennesse, so much
Disdaine and griefe th'intaged Goddesse touch.
Who on the top of *Cynthus* thus beginnes,
To vent her passion to her sacred Twins.
Lo I, your mother, proud in you alone;
(Excepting *Iuno*, second unto none)
Am question'd if a Goddesse, and must lose,
If you assist not, all religious dews.
Nor is this all; that curst *Tantalian* Seede
Adds foule reproaches to her impious deed.
She dares her children before you prefer;
And calls me childlesse; may it light on her!

Whose

Whose wicked words her fathers tongue declare.
About to second her report with prayer;
Peace, *Phœbus* said, complaint too long delayes
Conceiv'd revenge; the same vext *Phœbe* sayes.
Then swiftly through the yeelding ayre they glide,
To *Cadmus* towres; in clouds their glories hide.
A spacious plaine before the city lyes,
Made dusty with the daily exercise
Of trampling hooves; by strifefull Chariots trackt.
Part of *Amphions* active sons here backt
High-bounding steeds; whose rich caparison
With scarlet blusht, with gold their bridles shone.
Ismenus, from her womb who first did spring,
As with his ready horse he beats a ring,
And checks his somy jawes; ay me! out cryes;
While through his groaning breast an arrow flyes:
His bridle slackning with his dying force,
He leasurely sinks side-long from his horse.
Next, *Siphilus* from clashing quiver flies
With slackned raines: as when a Pilot spies
A growing storme; and, least the gentle gaile
Should scape besides him, claps on all his saile.
His haste th'unevitable bow o're-took,
And through his throat the deadly arrow strook
Who, by the horses mane, and speedy thighes
Drops headlong, and the earth in purple dies.
Now *Thœdimus*; and *Tantalus*, the heire
T'his Grand-sires name; that labour done, prepare
To wrastle. Whilst with oyled limbs they prest
Each others power, close grasping brest to brest;
A shaft, which from th'impulsive bow-string flew,
Them, in that sad Conjunction joyntly slew.
Both grone at once, at once their bodies bend
With bitter pangs, at once to earth descend:
Their rowling eyes together set in death;
Together they expire their parting breath.
In rusht *Alphenor* (bleeding in their harmes)
And rais'd their heatlesse corses in his armes:
But in that pious dutie fell. The threds
Of life, his heart-strings wrathfull *Delius* shreds.
Part of his lungs clave to th'extracted head:
And with his blood his troubled spirit fled.
But unshorne *Damasichthon* slaughtred lies
Not by a single wound: shot where the thighes

Knit

Knit with the ham-ſtrings in the knotty joint.
Striving from thence to tug the fatall point,
Another at his neck the bow directs.
Thick-guſhing blood the piercing ſhaft ejects;
Which ſpinning upward cleft the paſſive ayre.
Laſt *Ilioneus*, with ſucceſleſſe prayer,
His hands up-heaves: You Gods in generall
Said he (and ignorantly pray'd to all)
O pitty me! The Archer had remorce;
But now irrevocable was that force:
And yet his life a little wound diſpatcht,
His heart but onely with the arrow ſcratcht.
Ill newes, the peoples griefe, her houſholds teares
Preſent their ruine to their mothers eares:
Who wonders how the Gods their lives durſt touch;
And ſwels with anger that their powre was ſuch.
For ſad *Amphion*, wounding his owne breſt,
Had now his ſorrow, with his ſoule releaſt.
How different is this *Niobe* from that:
Who great *Latona's* Rites ſuppreſt of late,
And proudly pac't the ſtreets; envi'd by thoſe
That were her friends; now pitied by her foes!
Frantick ſhe doth on their cold corſes fall,
And her laſt kiſſes diſtributes to all.
From whom, to heaven erecting her bruiz'd armes:
Cruell *Latona*, feaſt thee with our harmes:
Feaſt, feaſt, ſhe ſaid, thy ſalvage ſtomack cloy;
Cloy thy wild rage, and in our ſorrow joy:
Seaven times, upon ſeaven Herſes borne, I dye.
Triumph, triumph, victorious foe. But why
Victorious? hapleſſe I have not ſo few:
Who, after all theſe funeralls, ſubdew.
This ſaid, the bow-ſtring twangs. Pale terror chils
All hearts ſave *Niobes*; obdur'd by ills.
The ſiſters, in long mourning robes array'd,
About their herſes ſtood, with haire diſplay'd.
One drawes an arrow from her brothers ſide;
And joyning her pale lips to his, ſo dide.
Another ſtriving to aſſwage the woes
That rackt her mother, forth-with ſpeechleſſe growes:
And bowing with the wound, which inly bled,
Shuts her fixt teeth; the ſoule already fled.
This, flying falls: that, her dead ſiſter makes
Her bed of death: this, hides her ſelfe; that quakes.

Six

Six slaine by sundry wounds; to shield the last,
Her mother, over her, her body cast,
This one, she cryes, and that the least, O save!
The least of many, and but one, I crave!
Whilst thus she sues, the su'd-for *Delia* hits.
She, by her husband, sons, and daughters, sits
A childlesse widdow; waxing stiffe with woes,
The winde wags not one haire; the ruddy rose
Forsakes her cheeke: in her declining head
Her eye-balls fix: through-out appearing dead.
Her tongue, and pallat rob'd of inward heat
At once congeale: her pulse forbeares to beat:
Her neck wants power to turne, her feet to goe,
Her armes to move: her very bowels grow
Into a stone. She yet retaines her teares.
Whom straight a whirle-winde to her country beares;
And fixes on the summit of a hill.
Now from that mourning marble teares distill.
Th'exemplary revenge struck all with feare:
Who offerings to *Latona*'s altars beare
With doubled zeale. When, one as oft befalls,
By present accidents the past recalls.
In fruitfull *Lycia* once, said he, there dwelt
A sort of Pesants, who her vengeance felt.
'Twas of no note, in that the men were base:
Yet wonderfull. I saw the poole, and place,
Fam'd by the prodigie. My father, spent
Almost with age, ill brooking travell, sent
Me thither for choice Steeres: and for my Guide
A native gave. Those pastures searcht, we spy'd
An ancient Altar, black with cinders, plac't
Amidst a Lake, with shivering reeds imbrac't.
O favour me! he, softly murmuring, said:
O favour me! I, softly murmuring, praid:
Then askt, if Nymph, or Faune, therein reside,
Or rurall God. The *Lycian* thus reply'd.
O youth, no mountaine Powres this altar hold:
She calls it hers, to whom *Iove's* wife of old,
Earth interdicted: scarce that floting Ile,
Wave-wandring *Delos* finisht her exile.
Where, coucht on Palmes and Olives, she in spight
Of fretfull *Iuno*, brought her Twins to light.
Thence also, frighted from her painfull bed,
With her two infant Deities she fled.

Now

Now in *Chimæra*-breeding *Lycia* (fir'd
By burning beames) and with long travell tyr'd,
Heat raising thirst the Goddesse sore oppreſt:
By their exhausting of her milke increast.
By fortune, in a dale, with longing eyes
A Lake of shallow water she descries:
Where Clownes were then a gathering picked weeds,
With shrubby Osiers, and plash-loving reeds.
Approacht; *Titania* kneeles upon the brinke.
And of the cooling liquor stoops to drinke.
The Clownes with-stood. Why hinder you, said she,
The use of water, that to all is free?
The Sun, aire, water, Nature did not frame
Peculiar; a publick gift I clame.
Yet humbly I intreat it: not to drench
My weary lims, but killing thirst to quench.
My tongue wants moisture, and my jawes are drie:
Scarce is there way for speech. For drink I die.
Water to me were Nectar. If I live,
'Tis by your favour: life with water give.
Pity these babes: for pity they advance
Their little armes! their armes they stretcht by chance.
With whom would not such gentle words prevaile?
But they, persisting to prohibit, raile,
The place with threats command her to forsake.
Then with their hands, and feet disturbe the lake:
And leaping with malicious motion, move
The troubled mud; which rising, flotes above.
Rage quencht her thirst: no more *Latona* sues
To such base slaves: but Goddesse-like doth use
Her dreadfull tongue; which thus their fates imply'd:
May you for ever in this lake reside!
Her wish succeeds. In loved lakes they strive;
Now sprawle above, now under water dive;
Oft hop upon the banke, as oft againe
Back to the water: nor can yet restraine
Their brawling tongues; but setting shame aside,
Though hid in water, under water chide.
Their voyces still are hoarce: the breath they fetch
Swels their wide throates; their jawes with railing stretch:
Their heads their shoulders touch; no neck betweene,
As intercepted. All the back is greene:
Their bellies (every part o're-sizing) white.
Who now, new Frogs, in slimy pooles delight.

Thus

Thus much, I know not by what *Theban*, said:
An other mention of a Satyre made,
By *Phœbus*, with *Tritonia's* reede, o're-come:
Who for presuming felt a heauy doome.
Me from my selfe, ah why doe you distract?
(Oh!) I repent, he cry'd: Alas! this fact
Deserves not such a vengeance! Whilst he cry'd;
Apollo from his body stript his hide.
His body was one wound, blood every way
Streames from all parts: his sinewes naked lay.
His bare veines pant: his heart you might behold;
And all the fivers in his brest have told.
For him the Faunes, that in the forrests keepe;
For him the Nymphs, and brother Satyres weepe:
His end *Olympus* (famous then) bewailes:
With all the shepheards of those hills, and dales.
The pregnant Earth conceiveth with their teares;
Which in her penetrated womb she beares,
Till big with waters: then discharg'd her fraught.
This purest *Phrygian* Streame a way out sought
By down-falls, till to toyling seas he came:
Now called *Marsyas* of the Satyres name.
The Vulgar, these examples told, returne
Vnto the present: for *Amphion* mourne,
And his lost issue. All the mother hate.
Pelops alone laments his sisters fate.
While with torne garments he presents his woes,
The ivory peece on his left shoulder showes.
This once was flesh, and coloured like the right.
Slaine by his Sire, the Gods his lims unite:
His scattered parts all found; save that alone
Which interpos'd the neck and shoulder bone.
They then with ivory supply'd th'unfound:
And thus restored *Pelops* was made sound.
The neighbouring princes met: the Cities neare
Intreat their kings the desolate to cheare.
Renown'd *Mycenæ*, *Sparta*, th'*Argive* State;
And *Calydon*, not yet in *Dian's* hate;
Fertill *Orchomenos*; *Corinthus*, fam'd
For high-priz'd brasse; *Messene*, never tam'd;
Cleonæ; *Patræ*; *Pylos*, *Nelius* crowne;
And *Træzen*, not as then *Pittheus* towne;
With all that two-sea'd *Isthmos* Streights include:
And all without, by two-sea'd *Isthmos* view'd.

Athens

Athens alone (who would beleeve?) with-held:
Thee, from that civill office, war compeld.
Th'inhabitants about the *Pontick* coast
Had then besieg'd thee with a barbarous hoast:
Whom *Thracian Tereus*, with his Aids, o'rethrew;
And by that victory renowned grew.
Powerfull in wealth, and people; from the loynes
Of *Mars* deriv'd: *Pandion Progne* joynes
To him in marriage. This, nor *Iuno* blest;
Nor *Hymen*, nor the Graces grac'e that feast.
The snake-haird furies held the sputtering light
From funeralls snatcht, and made the bed that Night.
Th'ill boading Owle upon the roofe was set.
Progne and *Tereus* with these omens met:
Thus parents grew. The *Thracians* yet rejoyce;
And thanke the Gods with one united voyce.
The marriage day, and that of *Itys* birth,
They consecrate to universall mirth.
So lyes the good unseene. By this the Sun,
Conducting Time, had through five Autums run:
When flattering *Progne* thus allures her Lord.
If I have any grace with thee, afford
This favour, that I may my sister see:
Send me to her, or bring thou her to me,
Promise my father that with swiftest speed
She shall returne. If this attempt succeede,
The summe of all my wishes I obtaine.
He bids them lanch his ships into the maine:
Then makes th'*Athenian* port with sailes and oares;
And lands upon the wisht *Tyrean* shores.
Brought to *Pandion's* presence, they salute.
The King with bad presage begins his suite.
For lo, as he his wifes command recites,
And for her quick returne his promise plights,
Bright *Philomela* came in rich array;
More rich in beauty. So they use to say
The stately *Naiades*, and *Dryad's* goe
In Sylvan shades; were they apparel'd so.
This sight in *Tereus* such a burning breeds,
As when we fire a heap of hoary reeds;
Or catching flames to Sun-dry'd stubble thrust.
Her face was excellent: but in-bred lust
Inrag'd his blood; to which those Climes are prone:
Stung by his countries fury, and his owne.

He

He strieght amends her women to intice,
And bribe her Nurse to prosecute his vice;
Her selfe to tempt with gifts; his crowne to spend:
Or ravish, and by warre his rape defend.
What dares he not, thrust on by wilde desire?
Nor can his brest containe so great a fire.
Rackt with delay, he *Progne's* sute renewes:
And for himselfe, that but pretended lues.
Love made him eloquent. As oft as he
Exceeded, he would say. Thus charged she.
And moving teares (as she had sent them) sheds.
You Gods! how dark a blindnesse ouer-spreds
The soules of men! whilst to his sin he chimes,
They thinke him good; and praise him for his crimes.
Even *Philomela* wisht the same! now she
Hangs on her fathers neck: and what would be
Her utter ruine, as her safety prest:
While *Tereus* by beholding pre-possest.
Her kisses and imbraces heat his blood:
And all afford his fire, and fury food.
And wisht, as oft as she her Sire imbrac't,
Him-selfe her Sire: nor would have beene more chast.
He, by their importunities is wrought.
She over-joy'd, her father thankes: and thought
Her selfe, and sister in that fortunate,
Which drew on both a lamentable fate.
The labour of the Day now neere an end,
From steepe *Olympus Phœbus* steeds descend.
The boards are princely serv'd: *Lyæus* flowes
In burnisht gold. Then take their soft repose.
And yet th'*Odrysian* King, though parted, fries:
Her face and graces ever in his eyes.
Who parts unseene unto his fancy faines;
And feeds his fires: Sleep slies his troubled braines.
Day rose: *Pandion* his departing son
Wrings by the hand; and weeping, thus begun.
Deare Son, since Piety this due requires;
With her, receave both your, and their desires.
By faith, aliance, by the Gods above,
I charge you guard her with a fathers love:
And suddenly send back (for all delay
To me is death) my ages onely stay.
And Daughter ('tis enough thy sister's gone)
For pitty leave me not too long alone.

As he impos'd this charge, he kist with-all:
And drops of teares at every accent fall.
The pledges then of promis'd faith demands,
(Which mutually they give) their plighted hands.
To *Progne*, and her little boy, said he,
My loye remember, and salute from me.
Scarce could he bid farewell: sobs so ingage
His troubled speech; who dreads his soules presage.
As soone as shipt; as soone as active oares
Had mov'd the surges, and remov'd the shores;
She's ours! with me my wish I beare! he cryes.
Exults; and barbarous, scarce defers his joyes:
His eyes fast fixt. As when *Ioves* eagle beares
A Hare t'her Ayery, truss't in rapefull seares:
And to the trembling prisoner leaves no way.
For hoped flight; but still beholds her prey.
The voyage made; on his owne land he treads:
And to a Lodge *Pandions* daughter leads;
Obscur'd with woods: pale, trembling, full of feares;
And for her sister asking now with teares.
There mues her up; his foule intent makes knowne:
Inore't her; a weake virgin, and but one.
Helpe father! sister helpe! in her distresse,
She cries; and on the Gods, with like successe.
She trembles like a lambe, snatcht from the phangs
Of some fell wolfe; that dreads her former pangs:
Or as a dove, who on her feathers beares
Her bloods fresh staines, and late-felt tallons feares.
Restor'd unto her minde, her rusled haire,
As at a wofull funerall she tare;
Her armes with her owne fury bloody made:
Who, wringing her up-heaved hands, thus said.
O monster! barbarous in thy horrid lust?
Trecherous Tyrant! whom my fathers trust,
Impos'd with holy teares; my sisters love;
My virgin state; nor nuptiall ties, could move!
O what a wild confusion hast thou bred!
I, an adultresse to my sisters bed:
Thou, husband to us both; my onely hate;
And to expect a miserable fate.
Why mak'st thou not thy villanies compleat;
By forcing life from her abhorred seat?
O would thou hadst, e're I my honour lost!
Then had I parted with a spotlesse ghost.

Yet,

Yet, if the Gods have eyes; if their Powers be
Not meerely names; nor all decay with me;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape due vengeance. Senſe of ſhame
I will abandon; and thy crime proclaime:
To men, if free; if not, my voice ſhall breake
Through theſe thick walls; and teach the woods to ſpeake:
Hard rockes reſolve to ruth. Let heaven this heare;
And Heaven-thron'd Gods: if there be any there!
Theſe words the ſalvage Tyrant moves to wrath;
Nor leſſe his feare: alike provok't by both.
Who drawes his ſword: his cruell hands he winds
In her looſe haire: her armes behind her binds.
Her throate glad *Philomela* ready made:
Conceiving hope of death from his drawne blade,
Whilſt ſhe reviles, invokes her father; ſought
To vent her ſpleene; her tongue in pincers caught,
His ſword devideth from the panting root:
Which, trembling, murmurs curſes at his foot.
And as a ſerpents taile, diſſever'd, leaps:
Even ſo her tongue: and dying ſought her ſteps.
After this fact (if we may rumor truſt)
He oft abus'd her body with his luſt.
Yet to his wife, even after this, retires,
Who for her ſiſter haſtily inquires,
He funeralls belyes, with fained griefe,
And by inſtructed teares begets beliefe.
Progne her royall ornaments rejects,
And puts on black, an empty tomb erects,
To her imagin'd Ghoſt oblations burnes,
Her ſiſters fate, not as ſhe ſhould, ſhe mournes.
Now through twelve Signes the ſun had borne his light.
What ſhould ſad *Philomela* doe? her flight
A barbarous guard reſtrain'd, the walls were ſtrong,
Her mouth had loſt the Index of her wrong.
The wit that miſery begets is great,
Great ſorrow adds a quickneſſe to conceit.
A woofe upon a *Thracian* loome ſhe ſpreds,
And inter-weaves the white with crimſon threds,
That character her wrong. The cloſely wrought,
Gave to a ſervant, by her looks beſought
To beare it to her Miſtreſſe; who preſents
The Queene therewith, not knowing the contents.
The wife to that dire Tyrant this unfolds,
And in a wofull verſe her ſtate beholds.

She held her peace: 'twas strange: griefe struck her mute.
No language could with such a passion sute.
Nor had she time to weepe. Right, wrong, were mixt
In her fell thoughts: her soule on vengeance fixt.
It was that time; when, in a wild disguise,
Sithonian matrons use to solemnise
Lyæus three-yeares Feast. Night spreds her wings:
By night high *Rhodope* with timbrels rings.
By night th'impatient Queene a javelin takes,
And now a Bacchanal, the Court forsakes:
Vines shade her browes: the rough hide of a Deare
Shogs at her side: her shoulder bare a speare.
Hurried through woods, with her attendant froes,
Terrible *Progne*, frantick with her woes,
Thy farre more sober fury, *Bacchus* strives
To counterfeit. Now at the lodge arrives:
Howles; *Evohe*, cries: breakes ope the doores, and tooke
Her sister thence: with ivy hides her looke:
In habit of a Bacchanal arrayd:
And to her City the amaz'd convayd.
That hated roofe when *Philomela* knew;
The poore soule shooke; her visage bloodlesse grew.
Progne with-drawes; the sacred weeds unlos'd;
Her wofull sisters bashfull face disclos'd:
Falls on her neck. The other durst not raise,
Her downe-cast eyes: her sisters wrong survayes
In her dishonour. As she strove t'have sworne
With up-rais'd lookes; and call the Gods t'have borne
Her pure thoughts witnesse, how she was compeld
To that loth'd fact; she hands, for speech, upheld.
Sterne *Progne* broiles; her bosome hardly beares
So vast a rage: who chides her sisters teares.
No teares, said she, our lost condition needs:
But steele; or if thou hast what steele exceeds.
I, for all horrid practises, am fit:
To wrap this roofe in flame, and him in it:
His eyes, his tongue, or what did thee inforce,
T'extirp; or with a thousand wounds, divorce
His guilty soule. The deede I intend, is great:
But what, as yet, I know not. In this heat
Came *Itys* in, and taught her what to doe.
Beheld with cruell eyes; Ah, how I view;
In thee, said she, thy father! then intends
Her tragick Scene: Rage in her lookes ascends.

But when her ſonne ſaluted her, and clung
Vnto her neck, mixt kiſſes, as he hung,
With childiſh blandiſhments; her, high-wrought blood;
Began to calme, and rage diſtracted ſtood.
Teares trickl'd from her eyes by ſtrong conſtraint,
But when ſhe found her reſolution faint
With too much pitie; her ſad ſiſter viewes,
And ſaid, while both, her eyes by turnes peruſe.
Why flatters he? why tongueleſſe weepes the other?
Why ſiſter calls not ſhe, whom he calls mother?
Degenerate! thinke whoſe daughter; to whom wed:
All piety is ſinne to *Tereus* bed.
Then *Itys* trailes: as when by *Ganges* floods
A Tigreſſe drags a Fawne through ſilent woods.
Retiring to the moſt ſequeſtred roome:
While he, with hands up-heav'd, fore-ſees his doome.
Clings to her boſome; mother! mother: cry'd;
She ſtabs him: nor once turn'd her face aſide.
His throte was cut by *Philomela's* knife:
Although one wound ſuffic'd to vanquiſh life.
His yet quick lims, ere all his ſoule could paſſe,
She peece-meale teares. Some boyle in hollow braſſe,
Some hiſſe on ſpits. The pavements bluſht with blood.
Progne invites her husband to this food:
And faines her Countries Rite; which would afford
No ſervant, nor companion, but her Lord.
Now *Tereus*, mounted on his Grand-ſires throne,
With his ſonnes carved entrailes ſtuffes his owne:
And bids her (ſo Soule-blinded!) call his boy.
Progne could not diſguiſe her cruell joy:
In full fruition of her horrid ire,
Thou haſt, ſaid ſhe, within thee thy deſire.
He lookes about: asks where. And while againe
He asks, and calls: all bloody with the ſlaine,
Forth like a Fury, *Philomela* flew;
And at his face the head of *Itys* threw.
Nor ever, more then now, deſir'd a tongue;
T'expreſſe the joy of her revenged wrong.
He, with lowd out-cryes, doth the boord repell;
And calls the Furies from the depth of hell.
Now teares his breſt, and ſtrives from thence in vaine
To pull th'abhorred food: now weepes amaine.
And calls himſelfe his ſonnes unhappy tombe.
Then drawes his ſword; and through the guilty roome

Purſues the Siſters; who appeare with wings
To cut the ayre: and ſo they did. One ſings
In woods; the other neare the houſe remaines:
And on her breſt yet beares her murders ſtaines.
He, ſwift with griefe and fury, in that ſpace
His perſon chang'd. Long tufts of feathers grace
His ſhining crowne; his ſword a bill became;
His face all arm'd: whom we a Lapwing name.
This killing nowes, ere halfe his age was ſpent,
Pandion to th'infernall Shadowes ſent.
Erichthem his throne and ſcepter held:
Who, both in juſtice, and bold armes exceld.
To him his wife foure ſonnes, all hopefull, bare:
As many daughters: two ſurpaſſing faire.
Thee, *Cephalus*, thy *Procris* happy made:
But *Thrace* and *Tereus*, *Boreas* nuptiall ſtayd.
The God belov'd *Orithya* wanted long;
While he put off his powre, to uſe his tongue.
His ſute rejected, horridly inclin'd
To anger (too familiar with that Wind.)
I juſtly ſuffer this indignity:
For why, ſaid he, have I my armes laid by?
Strength, violence, high rage, and awfull threats.
'Tis my diſhonour to have us'd intreats:
Force me befits. With this, thick clouds I drive;
Toſſe the blew billowes, knotty Oakes up-rive;
Congeale ſoft ſnow, and beat the earth with haile.
When I my brethren in the ayre aſſaile,
(For that's our field) we meete with ſuch a ſhock,
That thundring skies with our incounters rock,
And clowd-ſtruck lightning flaſhes from on high.
When through the crannies of the earth I fly,
And force her in her hollow caves, I make
The Ghoſts to tremble, and the ground to quake.
Thus ſhould I have woo'd; with theſe my match have made:
Erichthem ſhould have beene compeld, not pray'd.
Thus *Boreas* chafes; or no leſſe ſtorming, ſhooke
His horrid wings; whoſe ayery motion ſtrooke
The earth with blaſts, and made the Ocean rore.
Trailing his dusky mantle on the flore,
He hid himſelfe in clouds of duſt, and caught
Belov'd *Orythia*, with her feare diſtraught.
Flying, his agitated fires increaſt:
Nor of his ayery race the raines ſuppreſt

till

Till to the walled *Cicones* he came.
Two goodly Twins th'espous'd *Athenian* Dame
Gave to the Icie author of her rape:
Who had their fathers wings, and mothers shape.
Yet not so borne. Before their faces bare
The manly ensignes of their yellow haire,
Calaïs and *Zetes* both unplumed were.
But as the downe did on their chins appeare;
So, foule-like, from their sides soft feathers bud.
When youth to action had inflam'd their blood;
In the first vessell, with the flowre of *Greece*,
Through unknowne seas, they sought the Golden Fleece.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Seaventh Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

MEn, *Dragons teeth produce. Wing'd Snakes their*
By odors cast. A ſeire branch Olives beares. (*yeares*
Drops ſprout to flowres. Old Æſon young became.
So Libers *Nurſes. An old Sheepe a Lambe.*
Cerambus *flies. A Snake, a ſnake-like Stone.*
An Oxe, a Stag. Sad Mera *barkes unknowne.*
Hornes front the Coän *dames. The* Telchines
All change. A Dove-turn'd Maid. The hard to pleaſe,
Becomes a Swan. His mother Hyrie *weepes*
Into a Lake. High-mounting Combe *keepes*
Her ſon-ſought Life. A King, and Queene eſtrang'd
To ſlightfull Foule. Cephiſus *Nephew chang'd*
Into a Seale. Eumelus *daughter flies,*
Through traceleſſe regions. Men from Muſorums riſe.
Phineus *and* Periphas *light wings aſſume.*
So Polyphemons *neece. From* Cerberus *ſpume*
Springs Aconite. Iuſt Earth a grave denies
To Scyrons *bones; which now in rocks ariſe.*
Arne, *a Chough. Stout* Myrmidons *are borne*
Of toyling Ants. The late rejected Morne
Masks Cephalus. *The Dog, that did purſue,*
And Beaſt purſu'de; two marble Statues grew.

WIth *Pagaſean* keele the *Minya* plow
The curling waves: and *Phineus* ſee, who now
In endleſſe night his needy age conſumes.
The youthfull ſonnes of *Boreas*, rais'd with plumes,

Thoſe

Those greedy *Harpyes*, with the virgin face,
Far-off from his polluted table chace.
They, under *Iason*, having suffer'd much;
At length the banks of slimy *Phasis* touch.
Now *Phryxus* fleece the hardy *Minyæ* aske:
And from the King receive a dreadfull taske.
Meane while *Æetias* fries in secret fires:
Who strugling long with over strong desires,
When reason could not such a rage restraine;
She said: *Medea*, thou resists in vaine.
Some God, unknowne, with-stands. What will this prove?
Or is it such as others fancie, love?
Why seeme the Kings commands so too severe?
And so, in truth they be. Why should I feare
A strangers ruine, never seene before?
Whence spring these cares? Why feare I more and more?
These furies from thy virgin brest repell
Wretch, if thou canst. Could I, I should be well.
A new-felt force my striving powres invades.
Affection this, discretion that, perswades.
I see the better, I approve it too:
The worse I follow. Why shouldst thou pursue
A husband of another world; that art
Of royall birth? Our country may impart
A choice as worthy. If this forrein mate,
Or live, or die; 'tis in the hands of fate.
Yet, may he live! I such a sute might move
To equall Gods, although I did not love.
For what hath *Iason* done? his hopefull Youth
Would move all hearts, that were not hard, to ruth;
His birth, his valour. Set all these apart;
His person would: I feele it moves my heart.
Yet should not I assist, the flaming breath
Of Bulls would blast him; or, assaults of death
Spring up in armes from *Tellus* hostill womb:
Or else the greedy *Dragon* proves his tomb.
This suffer, and thou hast a heart of stone;
Borne of a Tygresse, and more salvage growne.
Yet why stand I not by? behold him slaine?
And so my accessary eyes profane?
Adde fury to the Bulls? to th'Earth-borne ire?
And sleeplesse Dragon with more spleene inspire?
The Gods forbid! yet rather helpe, then pray,
My fathers kingdome shall I then betray?

And save this stranger, whom I hardly know,
That sav'd by me, he should without me goe,
Marry another, and leave me behind
To punishment? could he prove so unkinde,
Or for another my deserts neglect;
Then should he dye. Such is not his aspect;
The clearenesse of his minde, his every grace;
That I should fraud suspect, or thinke him base.
Besides, before hand he shall plight his troth:
And bind the contract by a solemne oath.
What need thou doubt? goe on; delay decline:
Obliged *Iason* will be ever thine.
Hymen shall crowne, and mothers celebrate
Their sonnes Protectresse through th'*Achaian* State.
My sister, brother father, country, Gods,
Shall I abandon for unknowne abodes?
Fierce is my Father, barbarous my land,
My brother, a child, my sisters wishes stand
With my desires; the greatest God of all
My brest inshrines. What I forsake, is small;
Great hopes I follow. To receive the grace
For *Argos* safety: know a better place,
And Cities, which, in these far-distant parts,
Are famous; with civilitie, and arts:
And *Æsons* sonne, whom I more dearely prize
Then wealthy Earth, and all her Monarchies.
In him most happy and affected by
The bounteous Gods, my crowne shall reach the sky.
They tell of Rocks that justle in the maine:
Charybdis, that sucks in, and casts againe
The wrackfull waves: how in *Sicilian* straights,
Girt round with barking dogs, fierce *Scylla* waites.
My love possest; in *Iasons* bosome laid;
Let seas swell high: I cannot be dismaid,
While I infold my husband in my armes.
Or should I feare; I should but feare his harmes.
Call'st thou him husband? wilt thou then thy blame
Medea, varnish with an honest name?
Consider well what thou intend'st to doe:
And, while thou maist: so foule a crime eschue.
Thus she. When Honour, Piety, and Right,
Before her stood; and *Cupid* put to flight.
Then goes where *Hecates* old Altar stood;
O're-shadowed by a darke and secret wood.

Her

Her broken ardor ſhe had now reclaim'd:
Which *Iaſons* preſence forth-with re-inflam'd.
Her cheeks bluſh-fire: her face with fervor flaſhes.
And as a dying cinder, rak't in aſhes,
Fed by reviving windes, augmenting, glowes;
And toſſed, to accuſtom'd fury growes:
So ſickly Love; which late appear'd to dye;
New life aſſum'd from his inflaming eye.
Whoſe lookes by chance more beauty now diſcover
Then heretofore: you might forgive the lover.
Her eager eyes ſhe rivets on his face;
And, frantick, thinkes him of no humane race:
Nor could divert her lookes. As he his tongue
Began t'unlooſe, her faire hand ſoftly wrung,
Implor'd her ayde, and promis'd her his bed:
She anſwer made, with teares profuſely ſhed.
I ſee to what events m'intentions move:
Nor ignorance deceives me thus; but love.
I by my cunning will preſerve your life:
But ſweare, that done, to take me to your wife.
He, by the Altar of the Triple Power,
The groves which that great Deity imbowre,
Her fathers Sire, to whom the hid appeares,
His owne ſucceſſe, and ſo great danger, ſweares
Beleev'd: from her th'inchanted hearbs receives;
With them, their uſe: and his Protectreſſe leaves.
The Morrow had the ſparkling ſtarres defac't:
When all in *Marſe's* field aſſemble; plac't
On circling ridges. Seated on a throne,
The ivory-ſcepter'd King in ſcarlet ſhone.
From adamant noſtrils braſ-hoov'd Bulls now caſt
Fierce *Vulcan*, and the graſſe with vapors blaſt.
And as full forges, blowne by art, reſound,
As lime of flints, infurneſt under ground,
By ſprinkled water fire conceive: ſo they
Pent flames, involv'd in noyſefull breſts, diſplay,
So rore their ſcorched throates. Yet *Æſons* Heire
Came bravely on: on whom they turne, and ſtare
With terrible aſpects; his ruine threat
With ſteele-tipt hornes. Inrag'd, their cleft hooves beat
The thundring ground; whence clouds of duſt ariſe;
And with their ſmoky bellowings rend the ſkies.
The *Minyæ* feare congeales, but he remaines
Vntoucht: ſuch vertue Sorcery containes.

Their dew-laps boldly with his hand he ſtrokes.
Inforc't to draw the plough with unknowne yokes.
The *Colchians* at ſo ſtrange a ſight admire:
The *Minya* ſhout, and ſee his thoughts on fire.
Then, in his caske, the Vipers teeth aſſumes:
Thoſe in the turn'd-up furrowes he inhumes.
Earth mollifies the poys'nous ſeeds, which ſpring;
And forth a harveſt of new People bring.
And as an Embryon, in the womb inclos'd,
Aſſumes the forme of man; within compos'd
Through all accompliſht numbers; nor comes forth
To breath in ayre, till his maturer growth:
So when the bowels of the teeming Earth
Grew great, ſhe gave mens perfect ſhapes their birth.
And, what's more ſtrange; with them, their armes aſcend:
Who at th'*Æmonian* Youth their launces bend.
When this th'*Achaians* ſaw, they hung the head:
And all their courages for terror fled.
Even ſhe, who had ſecur'd him was afraid,
When ſhe beheld ſo many one invade.
A chill cold checkes her blood; death lookes leſſe pale.
And leaſt the hearbs ſhe gave ſhould chance to faile;
Vnheard auxiliarie charmes imparts:
And calls th'aſſiſtance of her ſecret Arts.
He hurles a maſſie ſtone among his foes.
Who on themſelves convert their deadly blowes.
The Earth-borne brothers mutuall wounds deſtroy,
And civill war. The *Grecians* skip for joy,
And throng t'imbrace the Victor. Her the ſame
Affection ſpurd, but was with-held by ſhame.
Yet that too weake if none had lookt upon her:
Not virtue chekt her, but the wrack of honcur.
Now, in conceit, ſhe hugs him in her armes:
And thanks the Gods, the authors of her charmes.
To make the Dragon ſleepe that never ſlept,
Remaines; whoſe care the golden purchaſe kept.
Bright creſted, triple tongu'd; his cruell jawes
Arm'd with ſharpe phangs; his feet with dreadfull clawes.
When once beſprinkled with *Lethæan* juice,
And words repeated thrice; which ſleepe produce,
Calme the rough ſeas, and make ſwift rivers ſtand;
His eye-lids vail'd to ſleepes unknowne command.
The Heroe, of the Golden Fleece poſſeſt,
Proud of the ſpoyle, with her whoſe favour bleſt

His

His enterprize, another Spoyle now bore
To sea, and lands on safe *Iolcian* shore.
Æmonian parents, for their sonnes returne,
Bring gratefull gifts, congested incense burne;
And cheerefully with horne-gilt offrings pay
Religious vowes. But *Æson* was away;
Oppresst with tedious age, now neere his tomb.
When thus *Æsonides*: O wife, to whom
My life I owe: though all I hold in chiefe
From thy deserts, which far surpasse beliefe;
If magick can (what cannot magick doe?)
Take yeares from me; and his with mine renue.
Then wept. His pietie her passion stirs:
Who sighs to thinke how she had used hers.
Yet this concealing, answers: What a crime
Hath slipt thy tongue? thinkst thou, that with thy time
I can, or will, anothers, life invest?
Hecat' fore-send: nor is't a just request.
Yet *Iason*, we a greater gift will give:
Thy father, by our art renew'd, shall live.
With-out thy losse; if so the triple Powre
Assist me with her presence in that howre.
Three nights yet wanted, ere the Moone could joyne
Her growing hornes. When with repleniſht shine
She view'd the earth; the Court she leaves; her haire
Vntrest, her garments loose, her ankles bare:
And wanders through the dead of drowsie Night
With unseene steps. Men, beasts, and birds of flight,
Deepe Rest had bound in humid gives; she crept
So silently, as if her selfe had slept.
No Aspen wags, moyst ayre no sound receives;
Starres only twinkle: who to those up-heaves
Her armes: thrice turnes about, thrice wets her crowne
With gathered dew, thrice yawnes: and kneeling downe?
O *Night* thou friend to Secrets, you cleare fire,
That with the Moone, succeed when Day retires:
Great *Hecate*, that know'st, and aid imparts
To our designes: you Charmes, and magick Arts:
And thou, O Earth, that to Magicians yeelds
Thy powerfull simples: aires, winds, mountaines, fields,
Soft murmuring springs, still lakes, and rivers cleare:
You Gods of woods, you Gods of night, appeare!
By you, at will, I make swift streames retire
To their first fountaines, whilst their bankes admire,

Seas tosse, and smooth; cleere clouds, with clouds deforme;
Stormes turne to calmes, and make a calme a Storme.
With spels and charmes I breake the Vipers jaw,
Cleave solid rocks, oakes from their seasures draw,
Whole woods remove, the ayrie mountaines shake;
Earth force to grone, and ghosts from graves awake.
And thee, *Titania*, from thy spheare I hale:
Though brasse resounding, thy extreames availe.
Our charmes thy charriot pale; our poysonous weeds,
That blushing Goddesse which the night succeeds.
Flame-breathing bulls you tam'd; you made them bow
Their stubborne necks, unto the servill plow;
The Serpents brood by you selfe-slaughtred lyes;
Your slumbers closd the wakefull Dragons eyes;
At our command: and sent the Golden Fleece
(The guard deluded) to the towers of Greece.
Now need I drugs, that may old age indue
With vigour, and the flowre of youth renue.
Which you shall give. Nor blaze these starres in vaine:
Nor Dragons vainely through the ayrie maine
This Charriot draw. Hard by the charriot rests.
Mounting, she strokes the bridled Dragons crests;
And shakes the raines. Rapt up, beneath her spies
Thessalian Tempe; and her snakes applies
To parts remote. The hearbs that *Ossa* beare,
Steepe *Pelion*, *Othrys*, *Pindus*; ever-cleare
Olympus, who the lofty *Pindus* tops;
Vp-roots, or with her brazen sickle crops.
Much gathers on the bank of *Apidan*;
By *Amphrysus* much; and where *Enipeus* ran.
Nor *Sperchius*, nor *Peneus*, barren found:
Nor thee smooth *Bœbes* with sharpe rushes crown'd.
And ravisht from *Euboian Anthedon*,
That hearb, as yet by *Glaucus* change unknowne.
By winged Dragons drawne, nine nights, nine dayes,
About she romes; and every field survayes.
Returnd: her Snakes, that did but only smell
The Odors, cast their skins, and age expell.
Her feet to enter her owne roofe refuse
Roofe by the sky: she touch of man eschues.
Two Altars builds of living turfe: the right
To *Hecate*, the left to *Youth*. These dight
With Vervin and greene boughs; hard by, two pits
She forthwith digs; and sacrificing, slits

The

The throats of black-fleec't Rams. With reaking blood
The ditches fils; and powers thereon a flood
Of hony, and new milke, from turn'd-up bowles;
Repeating powerfull words. The King of Soules,
His raviſht Queen, invokes, and Powers beneath,
Not to prevent her by old *Æſons* death.
They with long murmurings, and prayers appeas'd:
She bids them to produce the age-diſeas'd.
Her ſleepe-producing charme his ſpirits deads:
Who on the graſſe his ſenſeleſſe body ſpreads.
Charg'd *Iaſon*, and the reſt, far-off with-drew:
Vnhallowed eyes might not ſuch ſecrets view.
Furious *Medea*, with her haire unbound,
About the flagrant Altar trots a Round.
The brands dips in the ditches, black with blood;
And on the Altars fires th'infected wood:
Thrice purges him with waters, thrice with flames,
And thrice with ſulphur; muttering horrid ſtames.
Meane while, in hollow braſſe the med'cine boyles:
And ſwelling high, in fomy bubbles toyles.
There ſeethes ſhe what th'*Æmonian* vales produce;
Roots, juſyces, flowers, and ſeeds of ſoveraigne uſe.
Addes ſtones, from Orientall rocks bereft:
And others by the ebbing Ocean left.
The dew collected ere the Dawning ſprings:
A Screech-owles fleſh, with her ill-boading wings.
The entrailes of ambiguous Wolves; that can
Take, and forſake the figure of a man.
The liver of a long-liv'd Hart: then takes
The ſcaly skins of ſmall *Cinyphean* ſnakes.
A Crowes old head, and pointed beake, was caſt
Among the reſt; which had nine ages paſt.
Theſe, and a thouſand more, without a name,
Were thus prepared by the barbarous Dame,
For humane benefit. Th'ingredients now
She mingles with a withered Olive bough.
Lo! from the caldron the dry ſtick receaves
Firſt virdure; and a little after, leaves;
Forth-with, with over-burd'ning Olives deckt.
The skipping froth which under flames eject,
Vpon the ground deſcended in a dew:
Whence vernall flowers, and ſpringing paſture grew.
This ſeene; ſhe cuts the old mans throate; out-ſcruſ'd
His ſcarce-warme blood, and her receipt (infuſ'd)

His

His mouth or wound ſuckt in. His beard and head
Black haire forth-with adornes, the hoary ſhed.
Pale colour, morphue, meager looks remove:
And under-riſing fleſh his wrinkles ſmoothe.
His limbs wax ſtrong and luſtie. *Æſon* much
Admires his change: himſelfe remembers ſuch
Twice twenty ſommers paſt. With all, indu'd
A youthfull minde: and both at once renew'd.
This wonder from on high *Lyæus* views:
By *Colchis* gift his nurſes dates renewes.
Leaſt fraud ſhould ceaſe, ſhe, with her bed's Conſort
Diſſention faines, and flies to *Pelias* Court.
His daughters (for ſad Age the King arreſts)
Her entertaine. Who ſoone with fly proteſts
Of forged love, allures their quick beliefe.
Her many merits mentions, but in chiefe
Of *Æſons* cure; inſiſting on that part.
This hope ingenders, that her able Art
Might ſo their father's vaniſht youth reſtore:
Whom they, with infinite rewards implore.
She, muſing, ſeemes to doubt: and, with pretence
Of difficulty, holds them in ſuſpence.
But when ſhe had a tardy promiſe made;
To win your ſtedfaſt confidence (ſhe ſaid)
Take from your flocks the moſt age-ſhaken Ram;
And ſuddenly he ſhall become a Lamb.
Straight thither by the wreathed hornes they drew
A ſunk-ey'd Ram; whoſe youth none living knew.
Now, at his riveled throate, out-lancing life
(Whoſe little blood could hardly ſtaine her knife)
His carkaſſe ſhe into a caldron throwes:
With it, her drugs. Each limm more ſlender growes;
He caſts his hornes, and with his hornes, his yeares:
Anon a tender bleating ſtrikes their eares.
While they admire, out ſkips a friſking Lamb;
That ſports, and ſeekes the udder of his dam.
Fixt with amaze: they, ſtrongly now poſſeſt,
Her promiſe more importunately preſt.
Thrice *Phœbus* had unyok't his panting Steeds,
Drencht in *Iberian* Seas; whilſt Night ſucceeds,
Studded with ſtarres: when falſe *Medea* tooke,
With uſeleſſe hearbs, meere water of the brooke.
On *Pelias*, and his drowſie Guard, ſhe hung
A death-like ſleepe with her inchanting tongue.

Whom

Whom now the so-instructed sisters led
Into his chamber; and besiege his bed.
Why pause you thus, said she, O slow to good?
Vnsheath your swords, and shed his aged blood;
That I his veines with sprightly juice may fill:
His life and youth depend upon your will.
If you have any virtue, nor putsne
Vnfruitfull hopes, performe this filiall due.
With steele your fathers age expulse, and purge
His dregs through wounds. Their zeale her speeches urged.
Who were most pious, impious first became:
And, by avoiding, perpetrate the same.
Yet hearts they had not to behold the blow:
But, with averted lookes, blind wounds bestow.
He, blood-imbrew'd, his hoary head advanc't:
Halfe-mangled, strove to rise. Who now intranc't
Amidst so many swords, his armes up-held;
And, Daughters, cry'd, what doe you? what compel'd
Those cruell hands t'invade your fathers life?
Downe sunke their hands, and hearts. *Medea's* knife,
His following speech, and throate asunder cut:
And his hackt limms in seething liquor puts.
And had not Dragons rapt her through the skies,
Revenge had tortur'd her. Aloft she flies
Ore shady *Pelion* God-like *Chirons* Den,
Aspiring *Othrys*, hils renoun'd by men
For old *Cerambus* safety: who, by aide
Of favouring Nymphs, reliefefull wings displaide;
While swallowing waves the waightie earth confound:
And swolne *Deucalions* surges scap't undrown'd.
Æolian Pitane on her left hand leaves;
That marble which the Serpents shape receaves;
Idaan groves, where *Liber* turn'd a Steere
(To cloake his sonnes sly theft) into a Deere;
The sand-heap which *Corytus* Sire containes;
And where new-barking *Mera* frights the plaines:
Euryphilus towne, where hornes the Matrons sham'd
Of *Co*, when *Hercules* the *Coans* tam'd;
Thœbeian Rhodes, *Ialysian Telchines*,
Drencht by *Ioves* vengeance in his brothers seas,
For all transforming with their vitious eyes:
By *Caa's* old *Carthesian* turrets flyes,
Where fates *Alcidamas* with wonder move,
To think his daughter could become a Dove.

Thea-

Then *Hyries* lake *Cycneian Tempe* view'd,
Grac't by a Swan with ſudden plumes indu'd.
For *Phyllius* there, had, at a Boyes command,
Wild birds, and ſalvage Lyons, brought to hand.
Who bid to tame a Bull, his will perform'd;
Yet at ſo ſterne a love not ſeldome ſtorm'd,
And his laſt purchaſe to the Boy deny'd.
Pouting, You'l wiſh yo'had giv'n him me, he cry'd;
And jumpt from downe-right cliffs. All held him ſlaine;
When ſpredding wings a ſilver Swan ſuſtaine.
His mother (ignorant thereof) became
A Lake with weeping: which they *Hyrie* name.
Next *Pleuron* lies; where *Ophian Combe* ſhuns,
With trembling wings, her life purſuing ſonnes.
Then neere *Latona*-lov'd *Calaurea* rang'd;
In which the King and Queene to birds were chang'd.
Cyllene on the right hand (where that beaſt
Menephron would his mother have compreſt)
Cephiſus ſpies (who for his nephew mournd;
Into a Sea-calfe by *Apollo* turn'd.)
Eumelus Court, whoſe daughter ſads her Sire,
With mounting wings. Her Snakes at length retire,
To *Piren Ephyr*: men, if Fame ſay true,
Here at the firſt from ſhower-rayſd muſhrums grew,
But after *Colchis* had the new-wed Dame,
And *Creons* Palace, wrapt in Magick flame;
When impious ſteele her childrens blood had ſhed,
The ill-reveng'd from *Iaſons* fury fled.
Whom now the ſwift *Titanian* Dragons draw
To *Pallas* towers. Thoſe thee, juſt *Phineus*, ſaw;
And thee, old *Periphas*, together fly:
Where *Polyphemons* Neece new wings ſupply.
Ægaus entertaines her (of his life
The onely ſtaine) and tooke her for his wife.
And now arrives unknowne *Ægaus* ſeede:
Who great in name had two-ſead *Iſthmos* freed.
Whoſe undeſerved ruin *Phaſias* ſought
By mortall Aconite, from *Scythia* brought.
This from th'*Echidnean* Dog dire eſſence drawes.
There is a blind ſteepe cave with foggy jawes,
Through which the bold *Tirynthian* Heroe ſtraind,
Drag'd *Cerberus*, with adamant inchain'd.
Who backward hung, and ſcouling, lookt a skew
On glorious Day; with anger rabid grew;

Thrice

Thrice howles, thrice barks at once, with his three heads;
And on the graſſe his fomy poyſon ſheds.
This ſprung; attracting from the fruitfull ſoyle
Dire nouriſhment, and power of deathfull ſpoyle,
The rurall Swaines, becauſe it takes delight
In barren rocks, ſurnam'd it Aconite.
Ægæus, by her ſly perſwaſions wonne;
As to a foe, preſents it to his ſonne.
He tooke the cup: when by his ivory hilt,
He both his ſonne diſcovered, and her guilt;
And ſtruck the potion from his lips. With charmes
Ingendring clouds, ſhe ſcapes his lengthleſſe armes.
Though glad of his ſonnes ſafety, a chill feare
Shooke all his powers, that danger was ſo neere.
With fire he feed's the Altars, richly feaſts
The Gods with gifts. Whole Hecatombs of beaſts
(Their hornes with ribands wreath'd) imbrew the ground.
No day, they ſay, was ever ſo renoun'd
Amongſt th' *Athenians*. Noble, vulgar, all,
Together celebrate that Feſtivall.
Thus ſinging, when full bowles their ſpirits raiſe:
Great *Theſeus*, *Marathon* reſounds thy praiſe
For ſlaughter of the *Cretan* Bull. Secure
They live, who *Cremyons* waſted fields manure,
By thy exploit and bounty. *Vulcans* Seed
By thee glad *Epidaure* beheld to bleed.
Salvage *Procuſtes* death *Cephiſia* viewd:
Eluſis, *Cercyon's*. *Scinis* ill indude
With ſtrength ſo much abuſ'd; who beeches bent,
And tortur'd bodies twixt their branches rent,
Thou ſlew'ſt. The way which to *Alcathoë* led
Is now ſecure, inhumane *Scyron* dead.
The Earth his ſcatter'd bones a grave deny'd;
Nor would the Sea his hated reliques hide:
Which toſſed to and fro, in time became
A ſolid rock: the rock we *Scyron* name.
If we thy yeares ſhould number with thy acts;
Thy yeares would prove a cypher to thy facts.
Great ſoule! for thee, as for our publique wealth,
We pray; and quaffe *Lyæus* to thy health.
The Palace with the peoples praiſes rings:
And ſacred Ioy in every boſome ſprings.
Ægæus yet (no pleaſure is compleat:
Griefe twines with joy.) for *Theſeus* ſafe receit

Reapes

Reaps little comfort. *Minos* threatens war:
Though ſtrong in men and ſhips, yet ſtronger far
Through vengeance of a father: who, his harmes
In ſlaine *Androgeus*, ſcourgeth with juſt armes.
Yet wiſely firſt endeavours forraine aid:
And all the Ilands of that Sea ſurvaid.
Who *Anaphe* and *Aſtipalea* gaind;
The one by gifts, the other war conſtraind:
Low *Mycone*, *Cimolus* chalkie fields,
High *Scyros*, *Siphnus*, which rich metalls yeelds,
Champian *Seriphos*, *Pares* far diſplayd
With marble browes, and *Cythnos* il-betrayd
By impious *Arne* for yet-loved gold,
Turn'd to a Chough, whom ſable plumes infold.
Oliaros, *Didyma*, the Sea-lov'd ſoyle
Of *Tenos*, *Peparethos* fat with oyle,
Andros, and *Gyaros*; theſe their aid deny'd.
The *Gnoſſian* fleet from thence their ſailes apply'd
Vnto *Oenopia*, for her children fam'd,
Oenopia by the ancient dwellers nam'd:
But *Æacus*, there raigning, call'd the ſame
Ægina, of his honour'd mothers name.
All throng to ſee a Prince of ſo great worth.
Straight *Telamon* and *Peleus*, iſſuing forth,
With *Phocus* youngeſt of that royall race,
Make haſt to meete him. With a tardy pace
Came aged *Æacus*, and askt the cauſe
Of his repaire. When after ſome ſhort pauſe,
With ſighs, which his imboſom'd griefe diſplaid;
The Ruler of the hundred Cities ſaid.
Aſſiſt our armes, borne for my murdred ſon;
And in this pious war our fortunes run:
Give comfort to his grave. The King reply'd:
In vaine you aske what needs muſt be deny'd.
No City is in ſtricter league then ours
Conjoynd to *Athens*: mutuall are our powers.
He, parting, ſaid: Your league ſhall coſt you deare.
And held it better far to threat, then beare
An accidentall warre; whereby he might
Conſume his force before he came to fight.
Yet might they ſee the *Cretans* under ſaile
From high built walls: when, with a leading gale,
The *Attick* ſhip attain'd their friendly ſhore:
Which *Cephalus*, and his embaſſage, bore.

Th' Æacidæ

Th'*Æacides* him knew (though many a day
Vnseene) imbrace, and to the Court convay.
The goodly Prince, who yet th'impression held
Of those perfections, which in youth excel'd,
Enters the Palace; bearing in his hand
A branch of *Attick* Olive. By him stand
Clytus and *Butes*; valorous and young:
Who from the loynes of high-borne *Pallas* sprung.
First *Cephalus* his full oration made;
Which shew'd his message, and demanded aid:
Their leagues, and ancient loves to mind recalls;
And how all *Greece* was threatned in their falls:
With eloquence inforc't his embassie.
When God-like *Æacus* made this reply
(His royall sceptor shining in his hand)
Athenians, crave not succour, but command:
This Ilands forces yours vouchsafe to call;
For in your ayde I will adventure all.
Souldiers I have enough, at once t'oppose
My enemies, and to repell your foes.
The Gods be prais'd, and happy times, that will
Beare no excuses. May your City still
Increase with people; *Cephalus* reply'd.
At my approach I not a little joy'd,
To meet so many youths of equall yeares,
So fresh and lusty. Yet not one appeares
Of those who heretofore your towne possest;
When first you entertain'd me for a Guest.
Then *Æacus*, (in sighs his words ascend)
A sad beginning had a better end.
Would I could utter all: Day would expire
Ere all were told, and t'would your patience tire.
Their bones, and ashes, silent graves inclose.
And what a treasure perished with those!
By *Iuno's* wrath, a dreadfull pestilence
Devour'd our lives: who tooke unjust offence,
In that this Ile her Rivalls name profest.
While it seem'd humane, and the cause ungest;
So long we death-repelling Phy sick try'd:
But those diseases vanquisht art deride.
Heaven first, the earth with thickned vapours shrouds;
And lazie heat involues in sullen clouds.
Foure pallid moones their growing hornes unite,
And had as oft with-drawne their feeble light:

Yee-

Yet ſtill the death-producing *Auſter* blew.
Sunke ſprings, and ſtanding lakes infected grew:
Serpents in untild fields by millions creepe;
And in the ſtreames their tainting poyſons ſteepe.
Doggs, oxen, ſheepe, and ſalvage beaſts firſt dye:
Nor birds can from the ſwift infection fly.
Sad Swaines, amazed, ſee their oxen ſhrink
Beneath the yoke, and in the furrowes ſink.
The fleecie ſtocks with anguiſh faintly bleat;
Let fall their wooll, and pine away with heat.
The generous Horſe, that from the Race of late
Return'd with honour, now degenerate,
Vnmindfull of the glory of his prize;
Grones at his manger, and there deedleſſe dyes.
The Bore forgets his rage: ſwift feete now faile
The Hart: nor Beares the horned Heard aſſaile.
All languiſh. Woods, fields, paths (no longer bare)
Are fild with carkaſſes, that ſtench the aire.
Which neither dogs, nor greedy fowle (how much
To be admir'd!) nor hoary wolves would touch.
Falling conſume: which deadly Odors bred,
That round about their dire contagion ſpred.
Now raves among the wretched country Swaines:
Now in our large and populous City raignes.
At firſt, their bowells broyle, with fervor ſtretcht:
The ſymptomes; redneſſe, hot wind hardly fetcht.
Their fur'd tongues ſwell; their drie jawes gaſp for breath;
And with the aire inhale a ſwifter death.
None could indure or coverture, or bed:
But on theſtones their panting bodies ſpred.
Cold ſtones could no way mitigate that heat:
Even they beneath thoſe burning burdens ſweat.
None cure attempt: the ſterne diſeaſe invades
The heartleſſe Leech; nor art her author aids.
The neere ally'd, whoſe care the ſick attends,
Sicken themſelves, and dye before their friends.
Of remedy they ſee no hope at all,
But onely in approaching funerall:
All their deſires obey: for helpe none care:
Help was there none. In ſhameleſſe throngs repaire
To ſprings and wels: there cleave in bitter ſtriſe
T'extinguiſh thirſt; but firſt extinguiſh life.
Nor could th'o're-charg'd ariſe; but dying, ſink:
And of thoſe tainted waters, others drink.

The wretches loath their tedious beds; thence breake
With giddy steps. Or, if now growne too weake,
Roule on the floore: their quitted houses hate,
As guilty of their miserable fate;
And, ignorant of the cause, the place accuse:
Halfe-Ghosts, they walke, while they their leggs could use.
You might see others on the earth ly mourning;
Their heauy eyes with dying motion turning:
Stretching their armes to heaven, where ever death
Surpris'd them, parting with their sigh't-out breath.
O what a heart had I! or ought to have!
I loath'd my life, and wisht with them a graue.
Which way soever I convert my eye,
The breathlesse multitude dispersed lye.
Like perisht apples, dropping with the strokes
Of rocking windes; or acornes from broad oakes.
See you yon'Temple, mounted on high staires?
'Tis *Iupiters*. Who hath not offerd prayers,
And slighted incense there! husbands for wives;
Fathers for sons: and while they pray, their lives
Before th'inexorable Altars vent;
With incense in their hands, halfe yet unspent!
How oft the oxe, unto the temple brought,
While yet the Priest the angry Powers besought,
And powr'd pure wine betweene his hornes; fell downe
Before the axe had toucht his curled crowne!
To *Iupiter* about to sacrifice,
For me, my country, sons; with horrid noyse
Th'unwounded Offring fell; and now the wound
Scarce blood, to wet the knife, that made it, found.
The Inwards lost their signes of heavens presage;
Out-razed by the sterne Diseases rage.
The dead before the sacred doores were laid:
Before the Altars too; the Gods t'upbraid.
Some choke themselves with cords: by death eschue
The feare of death; and instant Fates pursue:
Dead courses without Dues of funerall,
They weakly beare: the ports are now too small.
Or un-interrd they lye: or else are throwne
On wealthlesse pyles. Respect these give to none.
For Pyles they strive: on those their kinsfolke burne,
That flame for others. None are left to mourne.
Ghosts wander undeplor'd by sonns or fires:
Nor is there roome for tombs, or wood for fires.

Astonishi

Astonisht with these tempests of extreames:
O *Iove*, said I, if they be more then dreames
That laid thee by *Ægyna*; nor thy ire
Incensed be, that I should call thee sire;
Render me mine, or me afford a grave!
With prosperous thunder-claps a signe he gave.
I take it, said I; let this Omen be,
A happy pledge of thy intents to me!
Hard by, a goodly Oake, by fortune, stood,
Sacred to *Iove*; of *Dodonean* wood:
Graine-gathering Ants there, in long files I saw,
Whose little mouthes selfe-greater burthens draw;
Keeping their paths along the rugged rine.
While I admire their number: O divine,
And ever helpfull! give to me, said I,
As many men; who may the dead supply.
The trembling oake his lofty top declin'd:
And murmured without a breath of wind.
I shooke with feare: my tresses stood an end:
Yet on the earth, and oake I kisses spend.
I durst not seeme to hope, yet hope I did:
And in my brest my cherisht wishes hid.
Night came; and Sleepe care-wasted bodies cheard:
Before my eyes the selfe-same Oake appeard;
So many branches, as before, there were;
So many busie Ants those branches beare;
So shooke the Oake, and with that motion threw
To under-earth the graine supporting crue.
Greater and greater straight they seeme to sight:
To raise themselves from earth, and stand up-right.
Whom numerous feet, black colour, lankneſſe leave:
And instantly a humane shape receive.
Now sleepe with-drew. My dreame I waking blame:
And on the small performing Gods exclaime:
Yet heard a mighty noyse; and seem'd t'have heard
Almost forgotten voyces: yet I feard
That this a dreame was also. Where upon,
The doore thrust open, in rusht *Telamon*:
Come forth, said he, O father; and behold
What hope transcends; nor can with faith be told!
Forth went I; and beheld the men which late
My dreame presented: such in every state
I saw; and knew them. They salute their King.
Iove prais'd; a party to the towne I bring;

Leave

Leave to the reſt the empty fields: and call
Them *Myrmidons* of their originall.
You ſee their perſons: ſuch their manners are
As formerly. A people given to ſpare,
Patient of labour; what they get, preſerve.
They, like in yeares and minds, theſe wars ſhall ſerve,
And follow your conduct; when firſt this wind
(The wind blew Eaſterly) that was ſo kind
To bring you hither, will to your availe
Convert it ſelfe into a Southerne gale.
Diſcourſe thus entertain'd the day; with feaſts
They crowne the Evening: Sleepe the night poſſeſt.
The morning Sun projects his golden rayes:
Still *Eurus* blew; and their departure ſtayes.
Now *Pallas* ſons to *Cephalus* reſort,
And *Cephalus*, with *Pallas* ſons, to Court,
With early viſits: (ſleepe the King inchaines)
Whom *Phocus* at the entrance entertaines.
For *Peleus*, with his brother *Telamon*,
To raiſe an army were already gone.
Phocus meanewhile into an inward roome,
Of faire receipt, th' *Athenians* led: with whom
They ſeated firſt, he ſits: His fancy fed
Vpon the Iavelin with the Golden head
Held by *Æolides*: of what tree made
Being ignorant; ſome ſpeeches paſt, he ſaid:
I haunt the deſart woods; delight in blood
Of ſalvage beaſts; yet know not of what wood
Your dart conſiſts: For if of Aſh it were
'Twould looke more browne; if Cornel, 'twould appeare
More knotty: on what tree ſo 'ere it grew,
My eyes ſo faire a dart did never view.
One of th' *Actæon* brethren made reply:
You would more wonder at the quality.
It hits the aim'd at, not by fortune led;
And of it ſelfe returnes with ſlaughter red.
Phocus the cauſe deſireth much to know:
From whence it came; and who did it beſtow.
He yeelds to his requeſt; yet things well knowne,
Reſtrain'd by modeſty, he lets alone.
Who toucht with ſorrow for his wife, that bleeds
In his remembrance, thus with teares proceeds.
This Dart, O Goddes-borne, provokes theſe teares:
And ever would, if endleſſe were my yeares.

This

This me, in my unhappy wife destroyd:
This gift I would I never had injoyd!
Procris Orithya's sister was; if Fame
Have more inform'd you of *Orithya's* name.
Yet she (should you their mindes, and formes confer)
More worth the rape. *Erichtheus*, me to her,
And love, unite. Then happy! happy, I
Might yet have beene. But O, the Gods enuy!
Two months were now consum'd in chast delight:
When gray *Aurora*, having vanquisht Night,
Beheld me on the ever-fragrant hill,
Of steepe *Hymettus*: and, against my will,
As I my toyles extended, bare me thence.
I may the truth declare without offence:
Though rosie be her cheeks; although she sway
The dewy Confines of the night and Day,
And Nectar drinke: my *Procris* all possest:
My heart was hers; my tongue her praise profest.
I told her of our holy nuptiall ties;
Of wedlocks breach; and yet scarce tasted joyes.
Fire-red, she said; thy harsh complaints forbeare:
Possesse thy *Procris*. Though so faire, so deare;
Thou'lt wish th'hadst never knowne her, if I know
Insuing fate: and angry, lets me goe.
Her words I ponderd as I went along:
Began to doubt she might my honour wrong.
Her youth, and beauty tempt me to distrust:
Her vertue checks those feares, as most unjust.
But I was absent: but example fed
My jealousie: but lovers all things dread.
I seeke my sorrowes; and with gifts intend
To tempt the chast. *Aurora* proves a friend
To this suspition; and my forme translates.
Vnknowne, I enter the *Athenian* gates;
And then my owne. The house from blame was free!
In decent order, and perplext for me.
Scarce with a thousand sleights I gaind a view:
Viewd with astonishment, I scarce pursue
My first intent: scarce could I then forbeare
Due kisses; scarce not what I was appeare.
She still was sad: yet lovelier none then she,
Even in that sadnesse: sorrowfull for me.
How excellent, O *Phocus*, was that face,
Which could in griefe retaine so sweet a grace?

What

What need I tell how often I assaild
Her vexed chastity! how often faild!
How often said she! One I onely serve:
For him, where ever, I my bed preserve.
What mad man would such faith have farther prest,
But I? industrious to my owne unrest.
With fervent vowes, and gifts still multiply'd,
At length she wavers. False of faith I cry'd,
Thou art disclos'd: I, no adulterer,
But thy wrong'd spouse: nor can this triall erre.
She made no answer, prest with silent shame.
Th'unhappy house, and me, far more in blame,
Forsaking; man-kind for my sake eschewes:
And *Dian*-like the mountayne chase pursues.
Abandon'd hotter flames my blood incense.
I pardon beg'd, confessing my offence:
And said, *Aurora* might have me subdu'd
With such inticements, had but she so woo'd,
My fault confest; her wrong revenged, we
Grow reconcil'd; and happily agree.
Besides her selfe, as though that gift were small,
A Dog she gave: which *Cynthia* giving; All,
Said she, surpasse in swiftnesse: and this Speare
You so commend, which in my hand I beare.
Doe you the fortune of the first inquire?
Receive a wonder: and the fact admire.
Darke prophesies, not understood of old,
The *Naiades* with searching wits unfold.
When sacred *Themis*, in that so obscure,
Neglected grew. Nor could she this indure.
A cruell Beast infests th'*Aonian* plaines;
To many fatall: fear'd by country Swaines,
Both for their cattle, and themselves. I met
The neighbouring youth, our toyles the fields beset.
He nimbly skips above the upper lines:
And mounting over, frustrats our designes.
The dogs uncouple, from them all he springs,
With no lesse speed, then if supply'd by wings:
All bid me let my *Lælaps* slip (for so
My dog was call'd) who struggling long agoe,
Halfe-throtled, straind the leash. No sooner gone,
Then out of sight; his foot-steps left upon
The burning sand: who vanisht from our eyes
As swiftly as a well-driv'n javelin flyes;

Or as a singing pellet from a sling,
Or as an arrow from a *Cretan* string.
I mount a hill which over-topt the place,
From thence beholding this admired chace.
The beast now pincht appeares, now shuns by slight
His catching jawes. Nor (crafty) runs out-right,
Nor trusts his heeles: with nimble turnings shunning
His urgent foe, cast back by over-running.
Who prest what only might in speed compare,
Appeares to catch th'uncaught, and mouthes the aire.
My dart I take to aid: which while I shooke,
And on the thong dire& my hasty looke,
To fit my fingers: looking up againe,
I saw two marble statues on the plaine.
Had you these seene, you could not choose but say,
That this appeard to run, and that to bay.
That neither should each other over-goe
The Gods decreed: if Gods descend so low.
Thus he: here paus'd. Then *Phocus*, Pray unfold
Your darts offence. Which *Cephalus* thus told.
Joy griefe fore-runs: that joy we first recite.
For O, those times I mention with delight,
When youth, and *Hymen* crown'd our happy life:
She, in her husband blest, I in my wife.
In both one care, and one affection moves.
She would not have exchang'd my bed for *Loves*,
Nor *Venus* could have tempted my desire:
Our bosomes flam'd with such an equall fire.
When *Sol* had rais'd his beames above the floods,
My custome was to trace the leavy woods.
Arm'd with this dart, I solitary went,
Without horse, huntsmen, toyles, or dogs of sent.
Much kild, I to the cooler shades repaire:
And where the vally breathes a fresher aire.
Coole aire I seeke, while all with fervor gloes:
Coole aire expect, the cause of my repose.
Come aire, I use to sing, relieve th'oppresst,
Come, O most welcome, glide into my brest:
Now quench, as erst, in me this scalding heat.
By chance I other blandishments repeat,
(So Fates inforce) as, O my soules delight!
By thee I am fed and chear'd: thy sweets excite
My affections to these woods: O may thy breath
Still fix with mine, and so preserve from death!

A busie

A buſie eare theſe doubtfull ſpeeches caught:
who oft-nam'd aire ſome much-lov'd *Dryad* thought:
And told to *Procris*, with a lender tongue,
His falſe ſurmiſes; with the ſong I ſung.
Love is too credulous. With griefe ſhe faints;
And ſcarce reviling, burſts into complaints:
My ſpotleſſe faith with fury execrates:
Woe's me, ſhe cryes, produc't to cruell fates!
Tranſported with imaginary blame,
What is not, feares: an unſubſtantiall name.
Yet grieves (poore ſoule!) as if in truth abus'd;
Yet often doubts; and her diſtruſt accus'd.
Now holds the information for a lye:
Nor will truſt other witneſſe then her eye.
Aurora re-inthron'd th'inſuing Day:
I hunt, and ſpeede. As on the graſſe I lay,
Come Aire, ſaid I, my tyred ſpirits cheare.
At this an unknowne ſigh invades my eare.
Yet I; O come, before all joyes preferd.
I then among the leaves a ruſtling heard,
And threw my dart; ſuppoſing it ſome beaſt:
But O, 'twas *Procris*! wounded on the breſt,
She ſhreekt, ay me! Her voyce too well I knew:
And thither, with my griefe diſtracted flew.
Halfe dead, all blood-imbru'd, my wife I found:
Her gift (alas!) extracting from her wound.
I rais'd her body, then my owne more deare:
To bind her wounds my lighter garment teare;
And ſtrive to ſtench the blood. O pity take,
Said I, nor thus a guilty ſoule forſake!
She, weake, and now a-dying, thus replies
(Her laſt of ſpeech) By all our nuptiall ties;
By heaven-imbowred Gods; by thoſe below,
To whoſe infernall monarchy I goe:
By that, if ever I deſerved well;
By this ill-fated love, for which I fell,
Yet now in death moſt conſtantly retaine;
O, let not *Ayre* our chaſter bed prophane.
This ſaid; I ſhow'd, and ſhe perceived how
That error grew: but what avail'd it now?
She ſinks; her blood along her ſpirits tooke:
Who lookes on me, as long as ſhe could looke.
My lips her ſoule receive, with her laſt breath;
Who, now reſolved, ſweetly ſmiles in death.

The weeping Heroe told this tragedy
To those that wept as fast. The King drew nye,
And his two sons, with well-arm'd Regiments,
New-rais'd; which he to *Cephalus* presents.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Eighth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

HArmonious walls. Lewd Scylla *now despaires;*
With Nisus, *chang'd: the Lark the Hobby dares.*
Ariadnes *Crowne a Constellation made.*
Th'inventive youth a Partridge; still afraid
Of mounting. Meleagers *Sisters mourne*
His Tragedie: to Fowle, so named, turne.
Five water Nymphs the five Echinades
Demonstrate. Perimele, *neere to these,*
Becomes an Iland. Iove *and* Hermes *take*
The formes of men. A Citie turnd t'a Lake:
A Cottage to a Temple. That good pare,
Old Baucis *and* Philemon, *changed are*
At once to sacred Trees. In various shapes
Blew Proteus *sports. Oft selfe chang'd* Metra *scapes*
Scornd servitude. The Streame of Calydon
Forsakes his owne, and other shapes puts on.

NOw *Lucifer* exalts the Day: to hell
Old *Night* descends. The Easterne winds now fell;
Moyst clouds arose: when gentle Southerne gales
Befriend returning *Cephalus*. Full sailes
Wing his successefull course: who long before
All expectation, touch't the wished shore.

Means

Meane-while just *Minos* wastes *Lelegia's* coast,
And girts *Alcathoës* Citie with his Hoast.
This *Nisus* held; whose head a purple haire,
Mong those of honourable silver, bare:
His Kingdomes strength. Six aged Moones grew young;
Yet warres successe in equall ballance hung.
Slow Victory, in choice yet what to doe,
With doubtfull wings 'twixt either army flew.
A royall Tower, with sounding walls, there stands;
Erected by *Apollo's* sacred hands:
Whereon, they say, he lai'd his golden Lyre;
Whose strings the stones with harmony inspire.
This, *Nisus* daughter oft ascends alone;
And drops small pebbles on the warbling stone;
In time of peace. When warre had peace expeld,
From thence the conflicts of sterne *Mars* beheld.
By this delay, the Princes names she knowes;
Their armes, horse, habits, and *Cydonian* bowes:
Europa's Sonne, the Generall, yet knew,
More then the rest; more then 'twas fit to doe.
For when he wore his fairely plumed cask;
She thought him lovely in that warlike mask:
Or when his brasse-refulgent shield he rais'd;
His gracefull gesture infinitely praisd.
Nor could his practis'd arme let flie a dart;
But straight sh'extolls his strength, informd by art.
If he an arrow drew; sh'would sweare that so
Apollo stood, when he discharged his bow.
But when, his helmet off, he shewd his face;
When clad in purple, with a gallant grace,
He on his hot-high bounding Courser sits:
O then she scarce was mistris of her wits!
Happy she calls the launce his hand sustaines:
Happy she calls his hand-sustained raines.
And had she power, she would have madly past
Through all the hostile ranks; her selfe have cast
Amid the *Cretan* tents, even from that Tower;
Or ope the brasse-rib'd gates to *Minos* power:
Or what he else could wish. She then survay'd
The *Gnossian* Kings white Tent; and softly said:
Whether I should for this so sad a warre
Or joy or grieve; within my selfe I jarre.
Alas, that he I love should be my foe!
I had not knowne him, had it not beene so.

Yet me in hoſtage might he take: of peace
A pledge; his ſpouſe; and bloody broyles ſurceaſe.
No marvell though a God her beauty took:
If ſhe that bare thee had ſo ſweet a looke.
Thrice happy I, could I with wings prevent
This dull delay; and fly to *Minos* tent.
My ſelfe I would diſcloſe, confeſſe my flame;
And buy him, with what dowry he ſhould name
But to betray theſe towers: dye, dye deſire,
E're I by treaſon to your ends aſpire.
Yet, through the Victors clemency, it ſome,
Nay many, hath avail'd, t'have beene o're-come.
Iuſt warre he wageth for his Sonnes ſad end:
His cauſe is ſtrong: ſtrong armes his cauſe defend.
Sure we muſt fall. If ſuch our Cities fate;
Why ſhould his power inthrone him in this State,
And not my love? better, without delay,
His ſouldiers blood, his owne, he conquer may.
For il-preſaging feares my reſt confound,
Leaſt ſome, not knowing him, ſhould *Minos* wound:
For no heart is ſo hard, that did but know,
And would a launce againſt his boſome throw.
Then thus: with me, my country I intend
To render up; and give theſe warres an end.
What is't to intend? Each paſſage hath a guard;
My father keepes the keyes, and ſees them bard.
'Tis he deferres my joyes; 'tis he I dread:
Would I were not, or he were with the dead!
Tuſh, we are our owne Gods. They thrive, that dare?
And Fortune is a foe to ſlothfull pray'r.
Long ſince, another, ſcorcht with ſuch a fire,
By death had forc't away to her deſire.
And why ſhould any more adventurous prove?
I dare through ſword, and fire make way to Love.
And yet here is no uſe of fire, nor ſword;
But of my fathers haire. This muſt afford
What I ſo much affect, and make me bleſt:
Richer then all the treaſure of the Eaſt.
This ſaid; Night, nurſe of cares, her curtaines drew;
When in the darke ſhe more audacious grew.
In prime of reſt, when tyr'd with day-bred cares
Sleepe all infolds; ſhe ſilently repaires
Into her fathers bed-chamber; and there
Picks out (O horrid act!) his fatall haire.

Scar'd

Seaz'd on her wicked prey; with her she bore
The guilty spoyle; unlocks a Posterne doore:
Then past the foe (bold by her merit made)
Vnto the King not un-astonisht, said.
Inforc't by Love, I *Scylla*, *Nisus* Seede,
Yeeld up my Country, and my Gods: no meede,
But thee, I crave. This purple haire receave,
My loves rich pledge: nor thinke a haire I give,
But my old fathers head. And therewith she
Presents the gift with wicked hand. But he
Rejects her proffer: and much terrifi'd
With horror of so foule a deed, reply'd:
The Gods exile thee (O thou most abhord!)
Their world; to thee nor Land, nor Sea afford.
How-ere *Ioves Creet*, the world wherein I raigne,
Shall such a monster never entertaine.
This said: the most just victor doth impose
Lawes, no lesse just, upon his vanquisht foes.
Then orders, that they forthwith oares conveigh
Abord the brasse-beakt ships, and anchors weigh.
When *Scylla* saw the *Gnossian* nauy swim;
And that her treason was abhorr'd by him.
To violent anger she converts her prayers.
And Furie-like, with stretcht armes, and spred haires;
Cry'd; Whither fly'st thou? leaving me, whose love
With conquest crown'd thee? O prefer'd above
My country: Father! 'twas not thou didst win;
But I that gave: my merit, and my sinne.
Not this; not such affection, could perswade:
Nor that on thee I all my hopes had laid.
For whither should I goe, thus left alone?
What? to my Country? that's by me o're-throwne.
Wer't not? my treason doomes me to exile.
Or to my father; given unto thy spoyle?
Me worthily the Citizens will hate:
And neighbours feare th'example in their State.
I, out of all the world my selfe have throwne,
To purchase an accesse to *Creet* alone.
Which if deny'd; and left to such despaire;
Europa never one so thankelesse bare:
But swallowing *Syrts*, *Charybdis* chaft with wind;
Or some fell Tygres, of th'*Armenian* kind.
Iove's not thy father; nor with forged shape
Of Bull beguild, thy mother suffer'd rape.

That ſtory of thy glorious race is fain'd :
For ſhe a wild, and loveleſſe Bull ſuſtain'd.
O father *Niſus*, thy revenge behold !
Rejoyce, O City, by my treaſon ſold !
Death, I confeſſe, I merit. Yet would I
Might, by their hands whom I have injur'd, dye.
For why ſhouldſt thou, who onely didſt ſubdue
By my offending, my offence purſue ?
My Country, and my father felt this ſinne:
Which unto thee hath meritorious beene.
Thou worthy art of ſuch a wife, as ſtood
A Bulls hot luſt, within a Cow of wood ;
Whoſe ſhameleſſe womb a monſtrous burthen bare.
Ah ! doe my ſorrowes to thy eares repaire ?
Or are my fruitleſſe words borne by that wind
That beares thee hence, and leaves a wretch behind ?
No marvel though *Paſiphae* prefer'd
A Bull, thou far more ſalvage then the Heard.
Woe's me ! make haſte I muſt : the waves with oares
Reſound ; his ſhip forſakes, with us, our ſhores.
In vaine ! I'le follow thee ungratefull King :
And while I to thy crooked veſſell cling,
Be drag'd through drenching ſeas. This having ſaid,
Attempts the waves, by *Cupids* ſtrengthning aid,
And cleaves t'his ſhip. Her father, now high-flowne
Strikes airy rings (a red-maild Hobby growne)
And ſtoopes to cuffe her with his golden ſeares.
She ſlips her hold, infeebled by her feares.
While yet a falling, that ſhe might eſchue
The threatning ſea, light wings t'her ſhoulders grew.
Now changed to a bird in ſight of all :
This, of that raviſht haire, we *Ciris* call.
No ſooner *Minos* toucht the *Cretan* ground,
But by an hundred Bulls, with garlands crown'd,
His vowes to conqueſt-giving *Iove* he payd :
And all his palace with the ſpoyle arrayd.
And now his families reproach increaſt.
That uncouth prodigie, halfe man, halfe beaſt,
The mothers foule adultery deſcry'd.
Minos reſolves his marriage ſhame to hide
In multitude of roomes, perplext, and blind.
The worke t'excelling *Dædalus* aſſign'd.
Who ſenſe diſtracts, and error leads a maze
Through ſubtill ambages of ſundry wayes.

As *Phrygian Maander* ſports about:
The flowrie vales; now winding in, now out;
Himſelfe incounters, ſees what followes, guides
His ſtreames unto their ſprings; and, doubling, ſlides
To long mockt ſeas: ſo *Dædalus* compil'd
Innumerable by-wayes, which beguild
The troubled ſenſe; that he who made the ſame,
Could ſcarce retire: ſo intricate the frame.
When in this fabrik *Minos* had incloſ'd
This double forme, of man and beaſt compoſ'd;
The Monſter, with *Athenian* blood twice fed,
His owne, the third Lot, in the ninth yeare, ſhed.
Then by a Clew reguided to the doore
(A virgins counſell) never found before;
Ægides, with rapt *Ariadne*, makes
For *Dia*: on the naked ſhore forſakes
His confident, and ſleepe-oppreſſed Mate.
Now, pining in complaints, the deſolate
Bacchus, with marriage, comforts: and that ſhe
Might glorious by a Conſtellation be;
Her head unburthens of her crowne, and threw
It up to Heaven: through thinner ayre it flew.
Flying, the jewels that the verge inchace
Convert to fires; faſt-fixed in one place;
Th'old forme retaining. They their ſtation take,
Twixt Him that Kneeles, and Him who holds the Snake.
The Sea-impriſ'ned *Dædalus*, meane-while,
Weary of *Creet*, and of his long exile;
Toucht with his countries love, and place of birth;
Thus ſaid: Though *Minos* bar both ſea, and earth;
Yet heaven is free. That courſe attempt I dare:
Held he the world, he could not hold the ayre.
This ſaid; to arts unknowne he bends his wits,
And alters nature. Quils in order knits,
Beginning with the leaſt: the longer ſtill
The ſhort ſucceeds; much like a riſing hill.
Their rurall pipes, the ſhepheards, long agoe,
(Fram'd of unequall reeds) contrived ſo.
With threds the midſt, with wax he joynes theends:
And theſe, as naturall wings, a little bends.
Young *Icarus* ſtood by, who little thought
That with his death he playd; and ſmiling, caught
The feathers toſſed by the wand'ring ayre:
Now chafes the yellow waxe with buſie care,

And interrupts his Sire. When his laſt hand
Had made all perfect: with new wings he fand
The ayre that bare him. Then inſtructs his ſonne:
Be ſure that in the middle courſe thou run.
Dank ſeas will clog the wings that lowly fly:
The Sun will burne them, if thou ſoar'ſt too high.
'Twixt either keepe. Nor on *Boötes* gaze,
Nor *Helicé*, nor ſterne *Orions* rayes:
But follow me. At once, he doth adviſe;
And unknowne feathers to his ſhoulders tyes.
Amid his worke and words the ſalt teares brake
From his dim eyes; with feare his fingers ſhake.
Then kiſt him, never to be kiſſed more:
And rais'd on lightſome feathers flies, before;
His feare behind: as birds through boundleſſe ſky
From ayrie neſts produce their young to fly;
Exhorts to follow. taught his banefull skill;
Waves his owne wings, his ſonnes obſerving ſtill.
Theſe, while ſome Angler, fiſhing with a Cane;
Or Shepheard, leaning on his ſtaffe; or Swaine;
With wonder viewes: he thinkes them Gods that glide
Through ayrie regions. Now on his left ſide
Leaves *Iunos Samos*, *Delos*, *Paros* white,
Lebynthos, and *Calydna* on the right,
Flowing with hony. When the boy, much tooke
With pleaſure of his wings, his Guide forſooke:
And raviſht with deſire of heaven, aloft
Aſcends. The odor-yeelding wax more ſoft
By the ſwift Sunnes vicinitie then grew:
Which late his feathers did together glew.
That thaw'd; he ſhakes his armes, which now were bare,
And wanted where withall to gather ayre.
Then falling, Helpe O father, cries: the blew
Seas ſtopt his breath; from whom their name they drew.
His father, now no father, left alone,
Cry'd *Icarus!* where art thou? which way flowne?
What region, *Icarus*, doth thee containe?
Then ſpies the feathers floating on the Maine.
He curſt his arts; interrs the corps, that gave
The land a name, which gave his ſonne a grave.
The Partridge from a thicket him ſurvay'd;
As in a tombe his wretched ſonne he laid;
Who clapt his fanning wings, and lowdly churd
T'expreſſe his joy: as then an only bird.

So

So made of late (unknowne in former time)
O *Dædalus*, by thy eternall crime.
To thee thy Sister gave him to be taught;
Who little of his destinie fore-thought:
The boy then twelve yeares aged; of a minde
Apt for instruction, and to Arts inclind.
He Sawes invented, by the bones that grow
In fishes backs; the steele indenting so.
And two shankt Compasses with rivet bound;
Th'one to stand still, the other turning round
In equall distance. *Dædalus* this stung:
Who from *Minerva's* sacred turret flung
The envi'd head-long; and his falling faines.
Him *Pallas*, fautrix of good wits, sustaines:
Who straight the figure of a foule assumes;
Clad in the midst of ayre with freckled plumes.
The vigor of his late swift wit, now came
Into his feete, and wings: he keepes his name.
They never mount aloft, nor trust their birth
To tops of trees; but fleck as low as earth.
And lay their eggs in tufts. In minde they beare
Their ancient fall, and lofty places feare.
Tyr'd *Dædalus* now in *Sicilia* lights:
In whose defence hospitious *Cocalus* fights.
Now *Athens* by *Ægeus* glorious Seed,
Was from her lamentable tribute freed.
They crowne their Temples: warlike *Pallas*, *Iove*,
Invoke; with all the Deities above.
Whom now they honour, with the large expence
Of blood, free gifts, and heapes of frankincense.
Vast fame through all th'*Argolian* cities spred
His praise: and all that rich *Achaia* fed
His aid in their extremities entreat,
And *Calydon* (though *Meleagers* seat)
His aid implores. A Bore by *Dian* sent,
As her revenge, and horrid instrument.
For *Oeneus*, with a plenteous harvest blest,
To *Ceres* his first fruits of corne addrest,
To *Pallas* oyle, and to *Lyæus* wine.
Ambitious honours all the Powers divine
Reape from the rurals; who neglect to pay
Diana dues, her Altars empty lay.
Anger affects the Gods. This will not we
Vnpunisht beare; nor unreveng'd, said she,

Thorgh un-adored, ſhall they vaunt we be.
With that ſhe ſent into *Oeneian* fields
A vengefull Bore. Rank-graſt *Epirus* yeelds
No big-bon'd bullock of a larger breed:
But thoſe are leſſe which in *Sicilia* feed.
His eyes blaze blood and fire: his ſtiffe neck beares
Horrible briſtles, like a grove of ſpeares.
A boyling fome upon his ſhoulders flowes
From grinding jawes: his tuſhes equall thoſe
Of *Indian* Elephants: his fell mouth caſts
Swift lightning; and his breath the paſtures blaſts.
Now tramples downe the corne, when in the blade;
The husbandmans ripe vowes now fruſtrate made,
And reaps the waighty eares. Their uſuall graine
The Barnes, and threſhing floores expect in vaine.
Broad-ſpreding vines he with their burden, ſheares:
And boughs from ever-leauy olives teares.
Then falls on beaſts: the Heardſmen, now unfeard;
Nor Dogs, nor raging Bulls, defend their Heard.
The people fly; ſecurity ſcarce finde
In walled townes: till *Meleager* joyn'd
With youths of choyceſt worth, inflam'd with praiſe,
Attempts his death. The twin'd *Tyndarides*;
One for his horſemanſhip, the other fam'd
For Whorl-bats; *Iaſon*, who the firſt ſhip fram'd;
Theſeus with his *Pirithous*, a paire
Of happy friends; and *Lynceus*, *Aphar's* heire;
The two *Theſtiada*, *Leucippus* crown'd
For ſtrength; *Acaſtus*, for his dart renown'd;
Swift *Idas*, *Caneus*, not a woman then;
Hippothous, *Dryas*; *Phœnix* (beſt of men,)
Amyntors ſon; th'alike *Actorides*,
And *Phyleas* ſent from *Elis*, came with theſe:
Pheretes hope; adventurous *Telamon*;
And he who call'd the great *Achilles* ſonne,
Hyantian Iölaus, the well-grac't
Eurytius, and *Echion*, who ſurpaſt
In running, *Lelex* the *Narycian*,
With *Panopæus*, *Hyleus*, *Hippaſan*,
Now youthfull *Neſtor*: ſonnes to that intent
Hippocoön from old *Amyclis* ſent:
Penelopes father in law, *Parraſia*-bred
Ancæus, wiſe *Ampycides* well read
In fates, *Oiclides*, not as yet betray'd

B'his wife, *Tegeæan Atalant'*, a maid
Of passing beauty, sprung from *Schœnus* race:
Of high *Lycæan* woods the onely grace.
A polisht Zone her upper garment bound;
And in one knot her artlesse haire was wound:
Her arrowes ivory guardian clattering hung
On her left shoulder; and a bow well strung
Her left hand held. Her lookes a wench display'd
In a boyes face, a boyes face in a maid.
The *Calydonian* Heros her beheld
And wisht at once: his wishes fate repeld.
Who lurking flames attracts; and said, O blest
Is he, whom thou shalt with thy joyes invest!
But time, and modesty his courtship stay,
By a more pressing action call'd away.
A wood o're-growne with trees, yet never feld,
Mounts from a plaine, that all beneath beheld.
The glory-thirsting Gallants this ascend.
Forth-with a part their corded toyles extend;
Some hounds uncouple; some the tract of feet
Together trace: and danger long to meet.
A Dale there was, through which the raine-rais'd flood
Oft tumbled downe, and in the bottom stood:
Repleat with plyant willowes, marish weeds,
Sharpe rushes, osiers, and long slender reeds.
The Bore from thence dislodg'd, like lightning crusht
Through justling clouds, among the hunters rusht:
Beares downe the obvious trees; the crashing woods
Report their fall. The youths each others bloods
With high-rail'd shoots inflame: who keepe their stands:
And shake their broad-tipt speares with threatning hands.
The dogs he scatters; those that durst oppose
His horrid fury, wounds with ganching blowes.
Echion first his javelin vainely cast,
Which struck a beech. The next his sides had past,
But that with too much strength it over-flew:
The weapon *Pagasæan Iason* threw.
O *Phœbus*, said *Ampycides*, if I
Have honour'd, and do thonour thee, apply
Thy succour in successe of my intents.
The God, as much as lay in him, assents:
But from the dart the head *Diana* took;
Which gave no wound, although the Bore it strooke:
The beast like lightning burns, thus chaft with ire:

His

His grim eyes ſhine, his breaſt breathes flames of fire.
And as a ſtone which ſome huge engine throwes
Againſt a wall, or bulwarke man'd with foes:
The deadly Bore with ſuch ſure violence
Aſſaults their forces. The right wings defence;
Eupalamon, and *Pelagonus*, caſt
On ſounding earth: drawne off with timely haſt.
Eneſimus, great *Hippocoons* ſon,
Could not ſo well his ſlaughtring tuſhes ſhun:
Which cut the ſhrinking ſinewes in his thigh,
Even as he trembled, and prepar'd to flye.
And *Neſtor* long had periſhed, perchance,
Before *Troyes* warre; but, vaulting on a lance,
He tooke a tree, which there his branches ſpred:
And ſafely ſaw the foe from whom he fled.
Who, full of rage, his yengefull tuſhes whets
Vpon an Oake, and dire deſtruction threats:
When, truſting to his new edg'd armes, the Bore
The manly thigh of great *Oresthyus* tore.
The Brother Twins, not yet cœleſtiall ſtarres;
Conſpicuous both, both terrible in warres;
Both mounted on white ſteeds, a loft both bare
Their glittering ſpeares, which trembled in the ayre:
And both had ſped; but that the ſwine with-drew
Where neither horſe, nor javelin could purſue.
In followes *Telamon*, hot of the chace;
And ſtumbling at a root, fell on his face.
While *Peleus* lifts him up, a winged flight
Tegea drew, which flew as ſwift as ſight:
Below his eare the fixed arrow ſtood,
And ſtain'd his briſtles with a little blood.
The Virgin leſſe rejoyced in the blow
Then *Meleager*: who firſt ſaw it flow;
Firſt ſhow'd his mates the blood: O moſt renoun'd,
Said he, thy honour hath thy vertue crown'd.
The men, they bluſh for ſhame; each other cheare;
And high-rais'd ſoules, with clamors higher reare:
Their ſpeares in cluſters fling; which make no breach
Through idle ſtore: and throwes their throwes impeach.
Behold, *Anceus* with a polax, ſterne
To his owne fate; who ſaid, By me O learne
You youths, how much a mans ſharpe ſteele exceeds
A womans weapons, and applaud my deeds.
Though *Dian* ſhould take armes, and in this ſtrife

Protect

Protect her beast, she should not save his life.
Thus gloriously he boasts; in both his hands
Advanc't his polax, and on tip-toes stands.
Whom, ere his armes descend, the furious Swine
Prevents; and sheathes his tushes in his groyne.
Downe fell *Ancæus*, out his bowels gush,
All gore; with blood the earth, as guilty, blushe.
Ixions son *Pirithous* forward prest:
And with an able arme his lance addrest.
To whom *Ægides*; O to me more deare
Then my owne life! my better halfe; forbeare.
The wise in valour should aloft contend:
Foole-hardy courage was *Ancæus* end.
This said, his heauy cornell, with a head
Of brasse, he hurles: which sure had struck him dead
(It was delivered with so true an aime)
But that a tall beech interpos'd the same.
Æsonides then threw his thrilling lance;
Which hit (diverted from the mark by chance)
A dog betweene his baying jawes: the wound
Rusht through his guts, and naild him to the ground.
Oenides varying hand discharg'd two speares:
The earth the one, the beast the other beares.
While now he raves, grunts, turnes his body round,
Casts blood and fome; the author of his wound
Rusht in; provokes his greater wrath; and where
His shields dissever, thrusts his deadly speare.
They all with chearefull shouts their joyes unfold;
Shake his victorious hands; the beast behold
With wonder, whose huge bulke possest so much:
And hardly thinke it safe the slaine to touch:
Yet dye their javelins in his blood. He lay'd
His foot upon his horrid head; and said:
My right receive beloved *Nonacrine*,
And let my glory ever share with thine.
Then gave the bristled spoyle, and gastly head
With monstrous tushes armd, which terror bred:
She in the Gift, and giver pleasure tooke.
All murmur, with prepostrous enuy strooke.
On whom the violent *Thestiades* frowne;
And cry aloud with streacht-out armes; Lay downe;
Nor, Woman, of our titles us bereave,
Least thee thy beauties confidence deceive;
He no fit judge, whom love hath reft of sight;

And snatcht from her, her gift; from him, his right.
Oenides swels; his lookes with anger sterne:
You ravishers of others honours, learne
(Said he) the distance betweene words and deeds:
With impious steele secure *Plexippus* bleeds.
While *Toxeus*, whether to revenge his blood,
Or shun his brothers fortune, wavering stood;
He cleares the doubt: the weapon, hot before
By th'others wound, new heats in his hearts gore.
Gifts to the holy Gods *Althea* brings
For her sons victory; and *Paans* sings.
When back she saw her slaughtered brothers brought:
At that sad object screecht; and griefe-distraught,
The Citie fils with out-cryes: off she teares
Her royall robes, and funerall garments weares.
But told by whom they fell; no longer mournes:
Rage dries her eyes; her teares to vengeance turnes.
The triple Sisters earst a brand convai'd
Into the fire; her belly newly laid;
Thus chanting, while they spun the fatall twine:
O lately borne, one period we assigne
To thee, and to this brand. The charme they weave
Into his fate; and then the chamber leave.
His mother snatcht it with an hastie hand
Out of the fire; and quencht the flagrant brand.
This in an inward closset closely layes:
And by preserving it, preserves his dayes.
Which now produc't; a pyle of wood she rais'd,
That by the hostile fire invaded, blaz'd.
Foure times she proffers to the greedy flame
The fatall brand: as oft with-drew the same.
A Mother, and a sister, now contend:
And two-contending names, one bosom rend.
Oft feare of future crimes a paleness bred:
Oft burning Furie gave her eyes his red.
Now seemes to threaten with a cruell looke:
And now appeares like one that pitie tooke.
Her teares the fervor of her anger dryes:
Yet found she teares againe to drowne her eyes.
Even as a ship, when wind and tyde contends,
Feeles both their furies, and with either bends:
So *Thestias*, whom unsteddy passion drives;
By changes, calmes her rage, and rage revives.
A sisters love at length subdues a mothers:

That

That blood may calme the ghosts of bleeding brothers,
Impiously pious. Flames, to ashes turne
This brand, said she, and my loth'd bowels burne.
Then, holding in her hand the fatall wood;
As she before the funerall altar stood:
You triple Powers, who guilty Soules pursue;
Eumenides; these Rites of vengeance view.
I act the crime I punish. Death must be
By death attond. On murder, murder we
Accumulate; redoubling funeralls.
This cursed house by throngs of mischiefe falls.
Shall *Oeneus* joy in his victorious son?
Sad *Thestius* rob'd of his? One fortune run.
Looke up, O you my brothers ghosts; you late
Dislodged soules; see how I right your fate.
Accept of this infernall sacrifize,
Which cost me deare: my wombs accursed prize.
Ay me! O whether am I rapt! excuse
A mother, brothers. Trembling hands refuse
Their fainting aid. He merits death: yet by
A mothers rage me thinkes he should not dye.
Then shall he scape? Alive, a victor, feast
In proud successe; of *Calydon* possest?
You, little ashes, and chill shades, forlorne?
I'le not indure it. Perish Villaine, borne
To our immortall ruine. Ruinate
With thee, thy fathers hopes, his crowne and state.
Where is a mothers heart? a parents pray'r!
Th'unthought-of burthen which I ten months bare?
O would, while yet an infant, the first flame
Had thee devour'd; nor I oppos'd the same!
Thy life, I gave; by thine owne merit dye:
A just reward for thy impiety.
Thy twice-given life resigne; first by my womb,
Last by this ravisht brand; or me intomb
With my poore brothers. Faine I would pursue
Revenge, yet would not. O, what shall I doe!
Before my eyes my brothers wounds now bleed:
And the sad image of so foule a deed.
Now pity, and a mothers name controule
My sterne intention. O distracted soule!
You have won, my brothers; but, alas, ill won:
So that, while thus I comfort you, I run
Your fate. With eyes turn'd back, her quaking hand

To

To trembling flames expos'd the funerall brand
The brand appeares to figh, or fighes expires:
Wrapt in th'imbracements of unwilling fires.
Vnknowing *Meleager*, abſent broyles
Even in thoſe flames: his blood, thick-panting, boyles
In unſeene fire. Who ſuch tormenting paines
With more then manly fortitude ſuſtaines.
Yet grieves, that by a ſlothfull death he falls
Without a wound: *Æneas* happy calls.
His aged father, brothers, ſiſters, wife,
Now groning names, with his laſt words of life:
Perhaps his mother. Flames, and paines increaſe:
Againe they languiſh; and together ceaſe.
To liquid aire his vaniſht ſpirits turne:
The ſable coales in ſhrouds of aſhes mourne.
Low lyes high *Calydon*: the young, the old,
Ignoble, noble, all, their griefes unfold.
The *Calydonian* matrons cut their haire;
Deflower their beauties: cry, woe and deſpaire!
His hoary head with duſt his father hides;
Lyes groveling on the ground; and old age chides.
For now his mother, by her guilt purſu'd,
Revenging ſteele in her owne breſt imbru'd:
Though *Phœbus* would an hundred tongues beſtow,
A wit that ſhould with full invention flow,
All *Helicon* infuſe into my breſt;
His ſiſters ſorrowes could not be expreſt.
Themſelves forgetting decency, deface:
While he retaines a body, that imbrace;
Kiſſe his pale lips: when turn'd to aſhes, they
The aſhes in their bruiſed boſoms lay:
Fall on his tomb; his name, that there appeares
Imbrace, and fill the characters with teares.
But when *Diana's* wrath was ſatisfide
With *Oenius* miſery: they all (beſide
Faire *Gorge* and the lovely *Deianire*)
On plumy pinions, by her power aſpire;
With long extended wings, and beakes of horne:
Who through the aire in varied ſhapes are borne.
Meane while to *Pallas* towres *Ægides* hyes
(His part perform'd in that joynt enterpriſe)
Whoſe haſt raine-raiſed *Achelöus* ſtaid.
Renoun'd *Cecropian* Prince, the River ſaid,
Vouchſafe my roofe; nor to th'impetuous flood

Com-

Commit thy perſon. Oft huge logs of wood,
And broken rocks, downe-tumbled, lowdly rore.
Heards with their ſtalls not ſeldome heretofore
Hurried away: nor was the Oxe of force
To keepe his ſtand; nor ſwiftneſſe ſav'd the Horſe.
And when diſſolved ſnow from mountaines pour'd,
Their violent whirlepits many have devour'd.
More ſafe to ſtay untill the current run
Within his bounds. To whom *Ægeus* ſon:
'Twere folly, if not madneſſe to refuſe
Thy houſe, and counſell: both I meane to uſe.
Then enters his large cave, where Nature playd
The Artiſan; of hollow Pumice made,
And rugged Tofus, floor'd with humid moſſe:
The roofe pure white, and purple ſhels imboſſe.
Now had *Hyperion* paſt two parts of day:
When *Theſeus*, with the partners of his way,
Pirithous, and *Lelex* the renowne
Of *Traezen*, now appearing gray; ſat downe:
And whom the River, glad of ſuch a gueſt,
Preferd unto the honour of his feaſt.
Forth-with barefooted Nymphs bring in the meat;
That t'ane away, upon the table ſet
Crown'd cups of wine. When *Theſeus* turnd his face
To under ſeas; and pointing, ſaid; What place
Is yon', and of what name, that ſtands alone?
And yet me thinks it ſhould be more then one.
It is not one the courteous Flood replyes;
But five; their neighbourhood deceives your eyes.
The leſſe t'admire *Diana*, late deſpiſ'd,
Five Nymphs they were: who having ſacrifiſ'd
Ten beeves, invited to their feſtivall
The rurall Gods; my ſelfe forgot by all.
At this I ſwell: and never greater, roule
With ſtreames as much inraged as my ſoule.
The woods from woods, and fields from fields I teare
With them, the Nymphs (now mindfull of me) beare
In exile to the deepe: whoſe waves, with mine,
That then-united maſſe of earth diſ-joyne
Into as many peeces, as in ſeas
Are of the flood-imbrac't *Echinades*.
Yet ſee one Iſle, far, O far off remov'd!
Call'd *Perimele*; once by me belov'd.
I, from this Nymph, her virgin honour tooke.

Hippodamas

Hippodamas his daughter could not brooke:
But cast her from a rock into the deepe.
Whom, while my loving streames from sinking keepe;
I said; O *Neptune*, thou that do'st command
The wandring waves, that beat upon the land;
To whom we Rivers run, in whom we end;
Incline a gentle eare. I did offend
Whom I support: O kind and equall prove!
Had but *Hippodamas* a fathers love,
Or had he not beene so inhumane; he
Would both have pitied her, and pardon'd me.
Her whom his fury hath from earth exil'd,
When in the troubled waves he cast his child;
A place afford: or let her be a place
Which I may ever with my streames imbrace.
His head the King of Surges forward shooke:
And, in assenting, all the Ocean strooke.
The Nymph yet swims; although with feare oppress.
I laid my hand upon her panting brest:
While thus I handled her, I might perceive
The earth about her stifning Body cleave.
Now, with a masse infolded, as she swims,
An Iland rose from her transformed lims.
He held his peace. This admiration won
In all: derided by *Ixions* son:
By nature rough, and one who did despise
All-able Gods: who said; thou tel'st us lyes,
And think'st the Gods too potent: as if they
Could give new shapes, or take our old away.
His saying all amaz'd, and none approv'd:
Most *Lelex*, ripe in age and wisdome, mov'd.
Heavens power, immense and endlesse, none can shun;
Said he; and what the Gods would doe is done,
To check your doubt; on *Phrygian* hills there growes
An Oake by a Line-tree, which old walls inclose.
My selfe this saw, while I in *Phrygia* staid;
By *Pittheus* sent: where erst his father swaid.
Hard by, a lake, once habitable ground;
Where Cootes, and fishing Cormorants abound.
Iove, in a humane shape; with *Mercurie*,
(His heeles unwing'd) that way their steps apply.
Who guest-rites at a thousand houses crave,
A thousand shut their doores. One only gave.
A small thatch't Cottage: where, a pious wife

old

Old *Baucis*, and *Philemon*, led their life.
Both equall-ag'd. In this, their youth they spent,
In this, grew old: rich only in content.
Who poverty, by bearing it, declind:
And made it easie with a chearfull mind.
None Master, nor none servant, could you call,
They who command, obay, for two were all.
Iove hither came, with his *Cyllenian* mate,
And stooping, enters at the humble gate.
Sit downe, and take your ease, *Philemon* said.
While busie *Baucis* straw-stuft cushions laid:
Who stird abroad the glowing coles, that lay
In smothering ashes, rak't up yester-day.
Dry bark, and withered leaves, thereon she throwes;
Whose feeble breath to flame the cinders blowes.
Then slender clefts, and broken branches gets:
And over all a little kettle sets.
Her husband with the cole-flowers, cuts their leaves,
Which from his gratefull garden he receives:
Tooke downe a flitch of bacon with a prung,
That long had in the smokie chimny hung:
Whereof a little quantity he cuts:
And it into the boyling liquor puts.
This seething, they the time beguile with speech:
Vnsensible of stay. A bowle of beech,
There, by the handle hung upon a pin:
This fills he with warme water, and therein
Washes their feete. A mosse-stuft bed and pillow,
Lay on a homely bed-steede made of willow:
A coverlet, us'd but at feasts they spred:
Though course, and old, yet fit for such a bed.
Downe lye the Gods. The palsie shaken-Dame
Sets forth a table with three legs, one lame,
And shorter then the rest, a pot-share reares:
This, now made levell, with greene mint she cleares,
Whereon they party-colour'd olives set,
Autumnall Cornels, in tart pickle wet,
Coole endiffe, radish, new egs rosted reare,
And late-prest cheese, which earthen dishes beare.
A goblet, of the selfesame silver wrought,
And bowles of beech, with waxe well varnisht, brought.
Hot victualls from the fire were forthwith sent:
Then wine, not yet of perfect age, present.
This ta'ne away, the second course now comes!

Philberts,

Philberts, dry figs, with rugged dates, ripe plummes,
Sweet-ſmelling apples, diſht in oſier twines;
And purple grapes new gather'd from their vines:
I'th'midſt, a hony combe. Above all theſe;
A chearefull looke, and ready will to pleaſe.
Meane-while, the maple cup it ſelfe doth fill:
And oft exhauſted, is repleniſht ſtill.
Aſtoniſht at the miracle; with feare
Philemon, and the aged *Bauci*, reare
Their trembling hands in pray'r: and pardon crave,
For that poore entertainement which they gave.
One Gooſe they had, their cottages chiefe guard;
Which they to hoſpitable Gods award:
Who long their ſlow purſuit deluding, flies
To *Iupiter*; ſo ſav'd from ſacrifice.
W'are Gods, ſaid they; Revenge ſhall all deſtroy:
You in this ruine ſhall your lives injoy.
Together leave your houſe; and to yon'hill
Follow our ſteps. They both obey their will;
The Gods conducting: feebly both aſcend;
Their ſtaves, with theirs; they, with times burden bend.
A flight-ſhot from the top, review they take;
And ſee all ſwallowed by a mighty lake:
Their houſe excepted. While they this admire,
Lament their neighbours ruine, and deſire
To ſee their cottage, which doth onely keepe
Its place; while for the places fate they weepe;
That humble ſhed, too little even for two,
Became a Fane. To colums crotches grew;
The thatch and roofe ſhine with bright gold; the doores
Divinely carv'd; the pavement marble floores.
While fearefull *Bauci* and *Philemon* pray'd,
Saturnius with a chearefull count'nance ſaid:
Thou juſt old man; and thou good woman, who
Deſerv'ſt ſo juſt a husband: what doe you
In chiefe deſire? They talke a while alone;
Then thus to *Iove* their common wiſh make knowne.
We crave to be your Prieſts, this Fane to guard.
And ſince in all our lives we never jarr'd,
Let one houre both diſſolve: nor let me be
Intomb'd by her, nor ſhe intomb'd by me.
Their ſute is ſign'd. The Temple they poſſeſt,
As long as life. With time and age oppreſt,
As now they ſtood before the ſacred gate,

And

And call to memory that places fate,
Philemon saw old *Baucis* freshly sprout:
And *Baucis* saw *Philemon* leaves thrust out.
Now on their heads aspiring branches grew.
While they could speake, they spake: at once adieu
They joyntly said: at once the creeping rine
Their trunks inclos'd, at once their shapes resigne.
They of *Tyana* to this present show
These neighbour trees, that from two bodies grow.
Old men, nor like to lye, nor vaine of tongue,
This told. I saw their boughs with garlands hung:
And hanging fresher, said, Who Gods before
Receiv'd, be such: adorers, we adore.
The tale, and teller, wonder, and beliefe,
Provok't in all. but *Theseus* moves in chiefe.
Who covetous to heare such deeds as these:
The *Calydonian* River, prest to please,
In this sort, leaning on his elbow, spake.
There be, who ever keep the forme they take:
Others have power themselves, at will, to change,
As thou blew *Proteus*, that in seas do'st range.
Who now a Man, a Lyon now appeares,
Now, a fell Bore: a Serpents shape now beares.
A Bull, with threatning hornes, now seem'st to be:
Now, like a Stone, now, like a spreading Tree.
And sometimes like a gentle River flowes:
Sometimes like Fire, averse to Water, showes.
Autolicus his wife, the daughter to
Leud *Erisichthon*, things as strange could doe.
He was her father, who the Gods despis'd:
Nor ever on their Altars sacrifis'd.
Who *Ceres* groves with steele prophan'd: where stood
An old huge Oake, even of it selfe a wood.
Wreathes, ribands, gratefull tables, deckt his boughs,
And sacred stem, the Dues of powerfull Vowes.
Full oft the *Dryades*, with Chaplets crownd,
Danc't in his shade, full oft they tript a Round
About his bole. Five cubits three times told,
His ample circuit hardly could infold.
Whose stature other trees as far exceeds,
As other trees surmount the humble weeds.
Yet this his fury rather did provoke:
Who bids his servants fell the sacred Oake.
And snatches, while they paus'd, an axe from one:

Thus ſtorming: Not the Goddeſſe-lov'd alone,
But though this were the Goddeſſe, ſhe ſhould downe:
And ſweepe the earth with her aſpiring crowne.
As he advanc't his armes to ſtrike; the Oake
Both ſigh'd and trembled at the threatning ſtroke.
His leaves and acornes, pale together grew:
And colour-changing branches ſweat cold dew.
Then wounded by his impious hand, the blood
Guſht from th'incifion in a purple flood.
Much like a mighty Oxe, that falls before
The ſacred altar; ſpouting ſtreames of gore.
On all amazement ſeiz'd: when One of all
The crime deterres; nor would his axe let fall.
Contracting his ſterne browes; Receive, ſaid he,
Thy pieties reward; and from the tree
The ſtroke converting, lops his head; then ſtrake
The Oake againe: from whence a voice thus ſpake;
A Nymph am I, within this tree inſhrin'd,
Belov'd of *Ceres*. O prophane of mind,
Vengeance is neere thee. With my parting breath
I propheſie: a comfort to my death.
He ſtill his guilt purſues: who overthrowes
With cables, and innumerables blowes,
The ſturdy Oake: which, nodding long, downe ruſht;
And in his lofty fall his fellowes cruſht.
Their ſiſter, and their grove, the Nymphs lament;
Who, hid in ſable vales, to *Ceres* went;
On *Eriſichthon* juſt revenge require:
Who readily conſents to their deſire.
The faire-brow'd Goddeſſe ſhakes her ſhining haires:
With that, the fields ſhooke all their golden eares.
Who to a mercileſſe revenge proceeds
(Had he deſerved mercy by his deeds)
By ſtarving. But, ſince not by fatall doome,
Ceres, and *Famine* might together come:
A Nymph, one of the light *Oreades*,
Diſpatcheth thither, with ſuch words as theſe.
In froſty *Scythia* lies a land, forlorne,
And barren; bearing neither fruit, nor corne.
Numb Cold, pale Hew, chill Ague, there abide;
And meager *Famine*. Bid that Fury glide
Into his curſed entrailes, and devoure
All plenty: let her rage ſubdue my power.
But leaſt long waies thy journey tedious make:

My

My chariot, and my yoked dragons take.
Taking her chariot, through the empty skies
To *Scythia*, and rough *Caucasus* she flies.
There, in a stony field, sad *Famine* found,
Tearing with teeth, and nailes the foodlesse ground:
With snarled haire, sunk eyes, lookes pale and dead,
Lips white with slime, thin teeth with rust ore-spred,
Through her hard skin the writhel'd guts appeare,
Her huckle-bones stuck up, a valley where
Her belly should ascend, her dry breasts hung
So lanke, as if they to her back had clung:
By falling flesh the rising joynts augment,
Round knees and ankles leanely eminent.
Espi'd far off (she durst not be so bold
To come too neere) the Nymph her message told.
After a little stay, although she were
Farre off, although but now arrived there,
She famine felt. Who wheeles about her Snakes,
And her high passage to *Æmonia* takes.
Famine obayes the Goddesses command,
Though their endeavours still opposed stand.
Who, by a tempest hurried through the skyes,
Enters the wretches roofe: besides him lyes,
Then fast asleepe: (for now Nights heauy charmes
All eyes had clos'd) imbrac't him in her armes,
Her selfe infus'd, breathes on his face and breast:
And emptie veines with hungers rage possest.
This thus perform'd, forsakes the fruitfull earth:
And back returnes to her abodes of dearth.
Sound Sleepe as yet with pleasurable wings
On *Erisichthon* gentle slumber flings.
Who dreames of feasts, extends his idle jawes,
With labouring teeth fantastically chawes.
Deludes his throat by swallowing empty fare:
And for affected food devoures the ayre.
Awak't; hot famine raves through all his veines:
And in his guts, and greedy pallat raignes.
Forth-with, what Sea, what Earth, what Ayre affords,
Acquires: complaines of starving at full bords.
In banquets, banquets seekes. What might alone
Have Townes and Nations fed, suffice not one.
Hunger increaleth with increast repast.
And as all rivers to the Ocean hast,
Who thirsty still, drinks up the stranger floods:

As ravenous fires refuse no proffer'd foods,
Huge pyles receive, the more they have, the more
By much desire, made hungry with their store.
So *Erisichthon*, of a mind prophane,
Full dishes empties, and demands againe.
Meat breeds in him an appetite to meat,
Who ever empty, still prepares to eat.
His bellies gulfe his patrimony wasts:
Consuming famine yet unlesned lasts,
And his insatiable throates extent.
Now all his wealth, into his bowels sent:
A daughter left, unworthy such a Sire,
The begger sold to feed his hungers fire.
Her noble thoughts base servitude disdaine?
Who now her hands extending to the Maine,
O thou that hadst my maiden-head, said she,
Thy ravisht spoyle from hated bondage free!
Neptune had this: who to her prayer consents.
And, though then by her master seene, prevents
His following search: transforming of his Rape
Into a man, maskt in a fishers shape.
Angler, her master said, that with thy bait
Conceal'st thy hooke, so prosper thy deceit,
So rest the sea compos'd, so may the fish
Be credulous, and taken at thy wish;
As thou reveal'st her, who in garments poore,
And rufled haire, late stood upon this shore.
For here, but very now, I saw her stand:
Nor farther trace her foot-steps in the sand.
She, *Neptunes* bounty finding, well apaid
To be inquir'd for of her selfe, thus said.
Pardon me Sir, who e're you are, my eyes
Have beene attentive on this exercise.
To win beliefe, so may the God of Seas,
Assist my cunning in such arts as these:
As late nor man nor maid I saw before
Your selfe, my selfe excepted, on this shore.
He credits, and beguil'd, the shore forsook:
When she againe her former figure took.
Her father, seeing she could change her shape,
Oft sold her; who as often made escape.
Now hart-like, now a cow, a bird, a mare:
And fed his hunger with ill-purchast fare.
But when his maladie all meanes had spent;

And he had given it the laſt nouriſhment;
Now to devoure his proper fleſh proceeds,
And by diminiſhing, his body feeds.
What need I dwell on forraine facts? even we
Can vary ſhapes, though limited they be.
Now ſeeme I as I am; oft like a Snake:
And many times a Buls horn'd figure take.
But while I hornes aſſum'd, one thus was broke,
As you behold. This, with a ſigh, he ſpoke.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Ninth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Serpent Achelous: *now a Bull:*
His severed Horne with plenty ever full,
Lichas *a Rock.* Alcides *sunke in flame,*
Ascends a God. The labour-helping Dame
A Weesel. Lotis, *flying lust, becomes*
A tree: the like sad Dryope *intombs.*
Old Iolaus *waxeth young again.*
Callirrho'es *Infants sodainly grow Men.*
Byblis *a weeping Fountaine.* Iphis, *now*
A Boy, to Isis *paies his maiden Vow.*

HEe, who his high descent from *Neptune* drawes,
Of his so sad a sigh demands the cause,
And maimed brow. When thus the God proceeds:
His dangling curles impal'd with quivering reeds.
A heauy taske you impose: his owne disgrace
Who would revive? Yet was it not so base
To be subdude, as noble to contend:
And such a Victor doth my foyle defend.
Have you not heard of faire-cheekt *Deianira*?
The envi'd hope of many: the desire
Of all that knew her. We, with others, went
To *Oeneus* Court, to purchase his consent.
Parthaons son, make me thy sonne in l
I, and *Alcides* said: the rest with

He, with his father *Iove*, his Labours fame,
And Step-dames vanquisht tasks, inforc't his clame.
'Twere shame, said I, that deathlesse Gods, to men
Who dye, should stoope. (A God he was not then.)
These ever-living waters I command,
That wind in endlesse currents through thy land.
Thy Son no stranger is, if I be He:
But of thy country and a friend to thee:
And be't no prejudice; that *Iuno's* hate,
Nor punishing imployments presse my fate.
If from *Alcmena* you your being drew:
Iove's your false father, or the crime is true.
You seeke a Father in a mothers shame,
Or be not *Iove's*, or take a bastards name.
He, all this while, with eyes that sparkle fire,
Vpon me frownd: and weakly rules his ire.
Then onely said; My hand my tongue exceeds:
Winne thou with words, so I subdue with deeds.
With that, fell on. To speake so big, and shrink,
I shame: and let my wave-greene Mantle sink;
My armes oppose, my hands for seasure prest;
And every fitted part for fight addrest.
He throwes dust on me with his hollow hand:
And I againe besprinkle him with sand.
Now catches at my neck, now at my thighes;
Or proffer makes: and every lim applies.
But me my waight defends; in vaine he strives.
Much like as when a roring billow drives
Against a rock: the rock repels his pride;
By his owne poiture firmely fortifi'd.
Both for a while with-drew: againe we meete,
And strongly keepe our stands; feete joyne to feete.
With that I rusht upon him with my brest.
My fingers, his, my brow his fore-head prest.
So have I seene two Buls with horrid might
Together close; the motive of their fight
The fairest Cow in all those fields: the Heard
With feare expecting which should be preferr'd.
Thrice *Hercules* did all his force incline
(As oft in vaine) to free his brest from mine.
The fourth assay my strong imbrace unbound:
And from my grasping armes his body wound.
Then turning me about (truth guides my tongue)
Vpon my back with all his burden hung.

If I have faith (this ly can find no way
To praiſe) on me, me thought a mountaine lay.
Scarce could I claſp my armes, all frotht with ſweat?
Scarce from his gripes could I my body get:
Still preſſing on, he gives nor time to breathe,
Nor gather ſtrength: my powers my truſt deceave.
At laſt, his yoking armes my neck command:
When, puld upon my knees, I bit the ſand.
My native ſlight my weaker force ſupply'd:
I from him like a lengthfull Serpent glide.
Now in contracted folds I forward ſprung:
Horridly hiſſing with my forked tongue.
He laughs; and flouts my cunning in this ſort:
To ſtrangle Serpents was my cradles ſport.
Though other Dragons to thy conqueſt bow:
To dire *Lernean Hydra* what art thou?
Her wounds were fruitfull: from each ſever'd head;
Each of her hundred necks two fiercer bred:
More ſtrong by twining haires. Theſe thus renew'd
And multiply'd by death, I twice ſubdu'd.
What hope haſt thou, a forged Snake, to ſcape?
That fight'ſt with others armes; and begſt thy ſhape.
This ſaid; my neck his graſping fingers clincht;
And ſcruz'd my throate; as if with pincers wrincht:
While from his gripes I ſtrove my jawes to pull.
Twice over-come; now, like a furious Bull,
Once more his terrible aſſaults oppoſe.
His armes about my ſwelling cheſt he throwes,
And following, hales: my horne (my head turn'd round)
Fixt on the earth; and threw me on the ground.
My brow (that not ſufficing) diſadornes:
By breaking one of my ingaged hornes.
The *Naiades* with fruits and flowers this fill:
Wherein aboundant plenty riots ſtill.
Here *Achelöus* ends. One lovely-faire,
Girt like *Diana's* Nymph, with flowing haire,
Came in; and brought the wealthy Horne; repleat
With Autumnes ſtore, and fruit ſerv'd after meat.
Day ſprung; and mountaine ſhone with early beames.
His Gueſts depart: nor ſtay till peacefull ſtreames
Glyde gently downe, and keepe their bounded race.
Sad *Achelöus* now his ruſtick face,
And maymed head within the current ſhrowds.
This blemiſh much his former beauty clouds:

All

All elſe compleat: The dammage of his browes
He ſhades with flaggie wreathes, and ſallow boughes.
But *Deianira*, *Neſſus*, was thy wrack:
A deadly arrow piercing through thy back.
Ioves ſon, with his new wife; to *Thebes* his courſe
Directing; came t'*Euenus* rapid courſe.
The big-twolne Streames increaſt with winters raine,
And whurling round, their paſſage now reſtraine.
For her he feares: feare for himſelfe abhor'd.
When ſtrong-lim'd *Neſſus* came, who knew the Ford;
And ſaid; I ſafely will tranſport thy Bride:
Meane-while ſwim thou unto the other ſide.
To him *Alcides* his pale wife betakes:
Who, fearing both the flood, and *Neſſus*, quakes.
Charg'd with his quiver, and his Lyons skin
(His club and bow before throwne over) in
The Heros leapes, and ſaid, How'ever vaſt,
Theſe waves, ſince undertaken, ſhall be paſt.
And confident, nor ſeekes the ſmoothest wayes:
Nor by declining entertaines delayes.
Now over; ſtooping for his bow, he heard
His wives ſhrill ſhreekes; and *Neſſus* ſaw, prepard
To violate his truſt. Thou raviſher,
What hope ſaid he, can thy vaine ſpeed confer?
Holla, thou halfe a beaſt; with-hold thy flight:
I wiſh thee heare; nor intercept my right:
If no reſpect of me can fix thy truſt:
Yet, let thy Fathers wheele reſtraine thy luſt.
Nor ſhalt thou ſcape revenge; how ever fleete,
Wounds ſhall or'e-take thy ſpeed, though not my feete.
The laſt, his deeds confirme; for as he fled,
An arrow ſtruck his back: the barbed head
Paſt through his breaſt. Tug'd out, a crimſon flood
Spouts both wayes; mixt with *Hydras* poys'nous blood,
This *Neſſus* tooke; and ſoftly ſaid: yet I,
Alcides, will not unrevenged dye.
And gave his Rape a robe, dipt in that gore:
This will (ſaid he) the heat of love reſtore.
Long after (all the ample world poſſeſt
With his great acts, and *Iunos* hate increaſt)
From raz'd *Oechalia* haſting his remove,
To ſacrifice unto *Cenæan Iove*:
Fames bablings *Deianira's* eares ſurpriſe
(Who fallehood addes to truth, and growes by lies)

How *Iole, Amphitryoniades*
With love inthrall'd. Stung with this ſtrong diſeaſe
The troubled lover credits what ſhe feares.
At firſt ſhe nouriſheth her griefe with teares:
Which weeping eyes diffuſe. Then ſaid; But why
Weepe we? the Strumpet in theſe teares will joy.
Since ſhe will come, ſome change attempt I muſt;
Before my bed be ſtained with her luſt.
Shall I complaine? be mute? ſhift houſes? ſtay?
Returne to *Calydon*, and give her way?
Or call to mind that I am ſiſter to
Great *Meleager*, and ſome miſchiefe doe?
What injur'd woman; what the ſpleeneſull woe
Of jealouſie; by harlots death, can ſhow?
Her thoughts, long toyld with change, now fixed ſtood
To ſend the garment dipt in *Neſſus* blood;
To quicken fainting love. The preſent ſhe
To *Lycas* gave (as ignorant as he)
And her owne ſorrow. Who with good intent,
And kinde reſpects, the robe t'her husband ſent.
Which now the unſuſpecting Heroe wore:
Wrapt in the poyſon of *Echidna's* gore.
Who praying new-borne flames with incenſe fed:
And bowles of wine on marble altars ſhed.
The ſpreading miſchiefe works: with heat diſſolv'd,
The manly limmes of *Hercules* involv'd.
Who, whilſt he could, with uſuall fortitude
His grones ſuppreſt. All patience now ſubdu'd
With ſuch extreames; the altar downe he flings:
And ſhady *Oeta* with his clamor rings.
Forth-with, to teare the torture off, he ſtrives.
The riven robe, his ſkin that lines it, rives;
Or to his limmes unſeparably cleaves;
Or his huge bones and ſinewes naked leaves.
As fire-red ſteele in water drencht; ſo toyles
His hiſſing blood, and with hot poyſon boyles.
No meane! the greedy flames his entralls eat;
And all his body flowes with purple ſweat:
His ſcorched ſinewes crack, his marrow fries.
Then to the ſtarres his hands advancing, cries.
Feaſt, *Iuno*, on our harmes. O, from on high
Behold this plague! thy cruell ſtomack cloy.
If foes may pity purchaſe (ſuch are we;)
This life, with torments vext; long ſought by thee

And borne to toyle, receive. For death would prove
To me a blessing: and a Step-dames love
May such a blessing give. Have I this gain'd,
For slaine *Busiris*; who *Iove's* temple stain'd
With strangers blood? That from the earth earth-bred
Antæus held? Whom *Geryons* triple head,
Nor thine, O *Cerberus*, could once dismay?
These hands; these made the *Cretan* Bull obay;
Your labours, *Elis*; smooth *Stymphalian* floods,
Confesse with praises; and *Tarthenian* woods.
You got the golden belt of *Thermodon*:
And apples from the sleeplesse Dragon won.
Nor cloud-borne *Centaures*, nor th'*Arcadian* Bore,
Could me resist: nor *Hydra* with her store
Of frightfull heads; which by their losse increast.
I, when I saw the *Thracian* Horses feast
With humane flesh, their mangers over-threw:
And with his steeds, their wicked master slew.
These hands the *Nemean* Lyon chokt: these queld
Huge *Cacus*, and these shoulders heaven up-held.
Ioves cruell wife grew weary to imposse:
I never to performe. But O, these woes,
This new-found plague, no vertue can repell;
Nor armes, nor weapons! Hungry flames of hell
Shoote through my veines; and on my liver prey.
Eurystheus yet triumphs: and some will say
That there be Gods! Here his complaints he ends;
And high-raisd steps or'e lofty *Oeta* bends,
Hurried with anguish: like a Bull, that beares
A wounding javelin; whom the wounder feares.
Oft should you see him quake, oft grone, oft striving
To teare his garments; solid trees up-riving,
Inraged with the mountaines, and then reares
His scorched armes unto his fathers spheares.
Hid in a hollow rock, he *Lycas* spies:
When torture had possest his faculties,
With all her furies. *Lycas* didst thou give
This horrid gift said he? Think'st thou to live;
I dying by thy treason? While he quakes,
Lookes gastly pale, unheard excuses makes;
While yet he spake, while to his knees he clung;
Caught by the heeles, about his head thrice swong,
Him into deepe *Euboan* surges threw;
(As engines stones) who hardned as he flew.

As

As falling ſhowers congeal'd with freezing winds,
Convert to ſnow; as ſnow together binds,
And rouling round in ſolid haile deſcends:
So while the aire his forced body rends,
Bloodleſſe with terror, all his moiſture gone;
That Age reports him chang'd to rugged ſtone:
And ſtill within *Eubœas* gulphy deepes:
A ſmall rocke lies, which mans proportion keepes:
Whereon the mariners forbeare to fall,
As if t'had ſenſe: and this they *Lycas* call.
But thou, *Ioves* God-like ſon (a Pyle with ſtore
Of trees advanc't, which lofty *Oeta* bore)
Thy Bow and ample Quiver (wherein lye
Thoſe arrowes, that againe muſt viſit Troy)
Bequeath'ſt to *Peans* Heire: who catching fire
Puts to the Pyle. While greedy-flames aſpire;
Thou on the top thy Lyons ſpoyle didſt ſpread:
And layſt thereon (thy club beneath thy head)
With ſuch a looke; as if a crowned Gueſt
Amidſt full goblets, at a mirthfull feaſt.
Now all imbracing flames a crackling made:
And their Contemners patient limmes invade.
The Gods much thought for Earths Defender tooke:
When thus *Saturnius*, with a cheerefull looke:
This griefe, you Gods, is our delight: with all
Our ſoule we joy, that ſuch a people call
Vs King and Father; who ſo gratefull are,
And of our progeny expreſſe ſuch care:
For though his noble acts deſerve as much;
You us oblige. But leaſt vaine terrors touch
Your loyall hearts, let not theſe flames diſpleaſe:
Who conquered all, ſhall alſo conquer theſe.
Vulcan ſhall but his mothers part ſubdue:
For that's immortall which from us he drew;
And can nor taſte of death, nor ſtoope to fire:
Which, freed from earth, ſhall to our joyes aſpire.
This all your Deities I thinke will pleaſe.
If any grudge ſuch grace to *Hercules*,
Nor would his honour; let them envy ſtill:
They ſhall confirme our act againſt their will.
The Gods aſcent. And *Iunos* ſelfe accords;
At leaſt in ſhow: yet *Iupiters* laſt words
Vnſmooth her forehead with obſerv'd diſtaſte.
What flame could vanquiſh, *Mulciber* doth waſte.

And

And *Hercules*, not knowne by face, remaines;
Who nothing of his mothers forme retaines:
Now only *Iove*-like. As a snake his yeares
Casts with his skin, and sprightly young appeares
With glittering scales: so, the *Tiryntian*,
Having put off the habit of fraile man,
Shines in his better part, and seemes more great:
With awe-infusing majesty repleat.
Rapt in a chariot by almighty *Iove*,
Through hollow clouds, unto the starres above.
Prest *Atlas* feeles his waight. *Euristhevs* ire
Ends not in death: his hatred to the Sire,
Pursues his race. *Alcmena*, worne with care;
Had *Iole*, to whom she might declare
Her old wives plaints, her Sons hard labours (knowne
Through broad-spred Earth) his fortunes, and her owne.
Her *Hyllas*, by *Alcides* testament,
Tooke to his bed, with loves unforc't consent;
And fild her womb with generous seede: when thus
Alcmena: Be the Gods propitious,
And quick in working, when thy time drawes neare
To call *Ilithyia*, whom sad mothers feare:
To me made difficult by *Iunos* spight.
For ten accomplisht signes, did now excite
My travell to *Alcides* birth; whose waight
My belly stretcht: which bare so great a fraight,
That you might sweare it was begot by *Iove*;
When with intollerable paines I strove.
Now also, speaking, horror chils my heart:
And griefes remembred adds to griefe a part.
Seaven nights, seaven dayes, thus rackt; with anguish tir'd,
My hands upheld, with out-cries, I desir'd
Lucina's aid, my burden to unty.
She came indeede, but pre-corrupted by
Ioves wife, to execute her deadly hate.
Hearing my grones, she sate before the gate
On yonder Altar: her right knee upholds
Her crosse left ham; whose fingers knit in folds
Delai'd delivery: and with mutter'd spels
Of secret power, the pressing birth repels.
I strive: and raving, task ungratefull *Iove*,
Desire to die; and breath complaints might move
Relentlesse flints. The *Cadmean* Dames were there;
Who pray for me, and comfort my despaire.

Red-hair'd *Galanthis*, one of meane descent;
In all employments stoutly diligent,
Beloved for her duty; doth misdoubt
Malitious *Iuno*. Passing in and out,
She saw the Goddesse on the altar sit;
Her armes about her knees her fingers knit.
What ere you be, rejoyce with us, she said;
Ioyfull *Alcmena* hath her belly laid.
The Goddesse, ruling child-birth, starting, rose:
And parting her linckt fingers, eas'd my Throwes.
They say *Galanthis* laught at this deceit:
Whom straight the flouted Goddesse, in a fret,
Drags by the haire; nor suffers her to rise:
Forth-with her armes convert to leggs and thighes:
Agility and colour still abide:
Her shape transform'd. In that her mouth supply'd
Helpe to that child-birth, at her mouth she beares.
Nor now our still frequented houses feares.
This said, she sighes for her old servants sake:
To whom her daughter, likewise sighing, spake.
You, Mother, sorrow for no kindreds fate.
But what if I the wondrous change relate
Of my poore sister? Teares, and sorrow seaze
My troubled speech. Of all th'*Oechalides*
For forme few might with *Dryope* compare;
The onely child her dying mother bare:
I borne by a second wife. Her virgin flower
Being gathered by that over-mastring power,
Who in *Delos*, and in *Delphos* doth reside;
Andraemon weds her: happy in his Bride,
A Lake there is, which shelving borders bound,
Much like a shore, with fragrant myrtles crownd.
Hither came simple *Dryope* (what more
Afflicts me) to those Nymphs she garlands bore.
Her armes, her child, a pleasing burden, hold;
Who suck'd her brests: not yet a twelve-month old:
Hard by the lake a flowry Lotus grew,
(Expecting berryes) of a crimson hew.
Thence pulling flowers, she gave them to her son.
To play withall; so was I like t'have done:
For I was there. I saw the blood descend
From dropping twigs; the boughes with horror bend.
And heard, too late; how that a Nymph, who fled
From lustfull *Priapus*; to quit her dread,

Assum'd

Assum'd this shape, the name of *Lotus* kept.
My Sister, this not knowing backward stept;
And would depart, as soone as she had prayd,
But rootes her feete, for all her strugling, stayd.
Who only moves above. The bark increast,
Ascending from the bottome to her brest.
This seene, she thought t'have torne her haire, but teares
Leaves from their twigs, her head greene branches beares.
The child *Amphisus* (for his grand-father
Eurytus, did that name on him confer)
Now finds his mothers brests both stiffe and dry.
I, a spectator of thy tragedy,
Deare sister, had in me no power of aid.
Yet, as I could, thy growing trunck I staid,
Clung to thy spredding boughs; and wisht that I
Intomb'd with thee, might in thy Lotus ly.
Behold, *Andræmon* comes; with him, her Sire;
(Both wretched!) and for *Dryope* inquire:
When I for *Dryope* the Lotus show'd.
They kisses on the yet warme wood bestow'd:
And, groveling on the ground, her roots imbrace.
Now all of thee, deare Sister, but thy face
Th'incroaching habit of a tree receives.
With teares she bathes her new created leaves.
Who, while she might, while yet a way remain'd
For speaking passion; in this sort complain'd.
If Credit to the wretched may be given;
I sweare by all the Powers inbowr'd in Heaven,
I never this deserv'd. Without a sin
I suffer: innocent my life hath bin.
Or if I lie, may my greene branches fade:
And, feld with axes, on the fire be layd.
This Infant, from his dying mother beare
To some kind Nurse: and often let him here
Be fed with milke; oft in my shaddow play.
Let him salute my tree; and sadly say.
(When he can speake) This Lotus doth containe
My dearest mother. Let him yet refraine
All lakes; nor ever dare to touch a flower:
But thinke that every tree inshrines a Power.
Deare Husband, Sister, Father, all farewell.
If in your gentle hearts compassion dwell,
Suffer no axe to wound my tender boughes;
Nor on my leaves let hungry cattaile bronse.

And

And since I cannot unto you decline,
Ascend to me; and joyne your lips to mine.
My little son, while I can kisse, advance.
But fate cuts off my failing utterance,
For now the softer rine my neck ascends,
And round about my leavy top extends.
Remove your hands, without the helpe of those;
The wrapping bark my dying eyes will close.
So left to speake, and be. Yet humane heat
In her chang'd body long retain'd a seat,
While *Iöle* this story told; her eyes,
Fill'd with her teares, the kind *Alcmena* dryes;
And weeps her selfe. Behold, a better change
With joy defers their sorrow, nor lesse strange.
For *Iölaus*, twice a youth, came in,
The doubtfull downe now budding on his chin.
Faire *Hebe*, at her Husbands sute, on thee
This gift bestow'd. About to sweare that she
Would never give the like; wise *Themis* said,
Forbeare; Warre raves in *Thebes* by discord swayd:
And *Capaneus* but by *Iove* alone
Can be subdu'd. The brothers then shall grone
With mutuall wounds. The sacred Prophet, lost
In swallowing earth, alive shall see his Ghost.
His Sons red hands his mothers life extract,
T'appease his Sire: a just yet wicked fact.
Rapt from his home and senses, with th'affright
Of staring furies, and his mothers Sprite,
Vntill his wife the fatall gold demands:
Her husband murder'd by *Thegides* hands.
Then *Acheloian Callirrhoa*
Shall *Iove* importune, that her infants may
Be turn'd to men: and due revenge require
(As he, for his) of those who slew their sire;
Her prayrs shall win consent from *Iove*: who then
Will bid thee make *Callirrhoe's* children men.
This, *Themis* with prophetick rapture sung.
Among the Gods a grudging murmure sprung.
Why she this gift should not to others give.
Aurora for her husbands age doth grieve;
Ceres complaines of *Iasius* hoary haire;
Vulcan would *Erichthonius* youth repaire;
And cares of time to come in *Venus* raigne,
That her *Anchises* might wax young againe.

All sue for some: seditious favor strove
In height of tumult; thus suppreſt by *Iove*.
What mutter you? Or where is your reſpect?
Thinke you, you can the power of Fate subject?
Old *Iolaus* was by fate renew'd:
By fate *Callirrhoe's* babes shall be indew'd
With youth: not by ambition, nor by warre.
Even we, that you may better brooke it, are
Preſcrib'd by Fate. Which could we change; not thus
Should time suppreſſe our God-like *Æacus*:
Eternall youth should *Rhadamanthus* crowne:
Nor should our *Minos* loſe his old renowne;
Deſpiſed now through age: who heretofore,
With such a brave command his scepter bore.
These words of *Ioves* the yeelding Gods asswage;
Sith *Rhadamanth'* and *Æacus*, with age
Decline: and *Minos* whose youths active flame
Made mighty nations tremble at his name.
But now in mind and body impotent,
Deionides Miletus fear'd ascent
T'his throne suſpects; adorn'd with youth, and stile
Of *Thœbus* son: nor durst his feares exile.
But thou *Miletus*, of thy owne accord
Forsook'ſt thy native home: and now abord,
Through deepe *Ægæan* seas to *Aſia* came:
Erecting there a citie of thy name.
He, as the Nymph *Cyanëe* (excellent
For beauty) daughter to *Meander*, went
Along his winding banks, compreſt her there;
Who *Byblis* at one birth with *Caunus* bare.
Byblis example lawleſſe love reproves:
Byblis Apollinean Caunus loves,
Not as a ſiſter should a brother doe:
Nor at the firſt her owne affections knew.
Nor thought it sinne so eagerly to kiſſe:
Nor by imbracing to have done amiſſe.
Whom shadow of falſe piety beguiles;
Love by degrees corrupts. Her dreſſe, and smiles;
She frames t'attract; to seeme too faire deſires:
And envies whom so ever he admires.
Yet knowes not her diſeaſe: no wiſhes riſe
In sighes as yet; and yet within ſhe fries.
Now calls him Lord; the due of blood diſclaim'd:
Who would be *Byblis*, and not ſiſter nam'd.

Nor waking durſt ſhe harbor in her breſt
A wanton hope: but in diſſolving reſt
Her lover oft enjoyes; her ſenſes keepe
A feſtivall; yet bluſhes in her ſleepe.
Sleepe fled; long mute; her dreame againe renues
By repetition: which ſhe thus purſues.
Woe's me! what boade theſe fantaſies of night!
If true, how wretched! why ſhould ſuch delight?
His heavenly forme by enuy is approv'd:
Who might, if not a brother, be belov'd;
And merits my affections (O too well)
If I were not his ſiſter: there's my hell!
While waking, I endeavour no ſuch ill,
May theſe bewitching dreames inchant me ſtill!
No Spie could blab that imitated joy.
O *Venus*, and with thee, thou winged Boy!
What pleaſure, what content had I that night!
How lay I all diſſolved in delight!
With how much joy remembred! ſhort thoſe joyes;
And haſtie Night our happineſſe envies.
Would I could change this wretched name of mine!
Or he the intreſt in his blood reſigne!
How well, O *Caunus*, might our father be
A father in law, or to thy ſelfe, or me!
O would to *Iove* we all in common held,
Except our birth! though mine his birth exceld!
Who then (O faireſt!) wilt thou make a mother?
How ill hath Nature linkt us to each other!
Still muſt thou be my brother: what I hate,
I onely have. What then prognoſticate
Theſe flattering viſions? What in theſe extreames,
Can dreames availe? or is there waight in dreames?
The Gods forbid! Yet Gods their Siſters wed.
Saturne and *Ops* had both one womb and bed.
So *Tethu* with *Oceanus*; ſo *Iove*
Combines with *Iuno* in eternall love.
Gods have peculiar lawes: how dare I draw
From them examples, bound t'another law?
Die, die forbidden flames; or let me die.
Then may my brother kiſſe me when I ly
On ſable herſe. Beſides, the joynt conſent
This craves of two. Say it ſhould me content:
He may abhorre it. Yet *Æolides*
Imbraced his. Whence ſpring ſuch prooſes as theſe!

O whe-

O whether rapt? you wicked flames, remove:
A brother, as befits a ſiſter, love.
Yet ſhould he firſt affect, perhaps I then
His love might cheriſh, and affect again.
Then ſhall I, who would not his ſute reject,
Sue firſt? What, canſt thou ſpeak? thy thoughts detect?
I can: Love prompts. If ſhame my ſpeech ſuppreſſe,
Yet letters may my hidden flames confeſſe.
This pleaſ'd her, and a little ſatisfi'de
Her doubtfull mind. When raiſ'd on her left ſide,
And leaning on her elbow. Hap what may,
We will (ſaid ſhe) our frantick love diſplay.
O, whether ſlide I! O what flames excite
Theſe thoughts? then fits her trembling hands to write?
One holds the wax, the ſtyle the other guides.
Begins, doubts, writes, and at the tables chides,
Notes, razes, changes oft, diſlikes, approves,
Throwes all aſide, reſumes what ſhe removes,
Her will ſhe knowes not, no compoſure brookes:
Soft ſhame, and impudence ſtrive in her lookes.
She had writ Siſter: that, as moſt unfit,
Defacing, tooke the tables, and thus writ.
Health to her onely Love that Lover ſends,
Whoſe health alone upon your love depends.
To tell you who I am, alas, I ſhame.
If you would know my ſute, without a name
O let me plead, nor be for *Byblis* knowne,
Vntill my hopes be to aſſurance growne.
Pale colour, leanneſſe, ruthfull lookes, wet eyes,
Long ſighes which from concealed paſſion riſe,
Frequent imbracements, and (if you ſo much
Obſerved) kiſſes of too hot a touch
To ſute a ſiſters coldneſſe: theſe expreſt
The deepe diſtemper of my wounded breſt.
And yet, although my ſoule the wound ſuſtain'd,
Although in me a firy fury raign'd,
Heavens witneſſe, that I might at length be well,
I try'd the utmoſt, ſtriving to repell
The violent darts of *Cupid*: and farre more
Then you would thinke a woman could, I bore.
Againſt my will, I now become your ſlave:
And with afflicted language pity crave.
You may preſerve, you only can undoe:
Chooſe which you will. Nor ſues a foe to you,

But who, too neere ally'd, would neerer joyne:
And in a ſtrickter league of love combine.
Let old men know what's lawfull, good, or ill:
And to their froſty rules ſubject their will.
Raſh *Venus* fits our yeares. Yet know not we
Intangling lawes: let us thinke all things free,
And imitate the Gods. Paternall awe,
Reſpect of fame, nor feare, can us with-draw:
Alone all diffidencie lay aſide.
Our eaſie ſtealths a brothers name will hide.
We may in private talk; converſe and kiſſe,
Who ever by. What wants to crowne our bliſſe?
O pity me, who have my love confeſt;
Nor would, had not my utmoſt ardor preſt:
Leaſt thy remorſeleſſe cruelty be read
Vpon my monument, when I am dead.
The wax thus fild with her ſucceſſeleſſe wit;
She verſes in the utmoſt margent writ.
Then ſeales her ſhame: her parched tongue deny'd
To wet her gemme; which weeping eyes ſupply'd.
She, bluſhing, calls a ſervant of knowne truſt
And flattering him a while; My friend, thou muſt
See theſe with care, and ſecrecy, convaid
To my (there pauſ'd, and after) brother, ſaid.
In their delivery the tables fell:
She, at that Omen, ſtarts; yet bids farewell.
The wary meſſenger attends his time:
And gives to *Caunus* her infolded crime.
Amaz'd *Maandrius* high in choller grew:
And on the ground the halfe-read tables threw.
About to ſtrike; Thou wicked inſtrument
Of horrid luſt, ſaid he, by flight prevent
My ſwords revenge: but that our infamy
Thy death would publiſh; villain, thou ſhouldſt dy.
He, frighted, flies; and to his miſtreſſe beares
The wrath of *Caunus*. *Byblis* quaking heares
Her ſad repulſe: a death-reſembling cold
Beſeig'd her heart, and vitall heat controld.
Yet, with her ſoule, her frantick love returnes:
Who, with ſcarce mooving lips, thus ſoftly mournes;
And worthily. Why, O too raſh! have I
Diſcloſ'd this wound? affections ſecrecy,
Who would ſo ſoone to headdy lines commit?
Firſt, with ambiguous words it had beene fit

I have

T'have felt his thoughts; and train'd him to purſue.
I ſhould have noted how the weather grew;
And choſen a ſafe Sea: but now my ſailes
Swell deſperately with unexpected gales.
Now borne on cruſhing rocks, the floods or'e-beare
My ſinking bark; nor can I back-ward ſteere.
Could not that Omen check the cheriſht ſcope
Of my deſires; when, with our blaſted hope,
The tables fell? ſhould I not have aſſign'd
Another day; or wholy chang'd my mind?
O no, the day. This, Heaven fore-ſhew'd by ſad
And ſure preſages; had not I beene mad.
My ſelfe, before my letters, ſhould have ſu'd;
And lively love expreſt: he ſhould have viewd
My mooving teares; a Lovers pleading eyes:
More could I have ſpoke then letters can compriſe.
About his neck my armes I might have wound;
And, had he caſt me off, appeare to ſound;
Clung to his feet, and groveling, life implore.
This paſſion might have acted, and much more:
Whereof, though each particular had fail'd;
Yet altogether joyn'd might have prevail'd.
Perhaps the blame-deſerving meſſenger
In choice of time, or circumſtance, did erre:
Nor tooke him, when his mind was pleaſ'd and free.
This wrackt my hopes. For of no Tygreſſe he,
Nor Lyoneſſe, was borne: his gentle breſt
Relenting, hard ſteele, nor adamant inveſt.
He muſt be won, no ſower repulſe ſhall make
My ſute surceaſe, till life my breaſt forſake.
The beſt, if what is done were to begin,
Is not t'attempt; next, what w'attempt, to win.
For never would he, though I ſhould ore-ſway
My ſtrong deſires, forget this lewd aſſay.
Deſiſting, would condemne my love for light;
Or that I tri'd to intrap him by this ſlight;
Or may conceive that brutiſh luſt did move
Theſe extaſies; and not the God of love.
Nor can I but have had a wicked mind;
My will polluted; which my hand hath ſign'd.
No giving back can make me innocent;
Nought can I adde to ſinne, Much to content.
This ſaid; one thought another doth controule;
So great a diſcord wracks her wavering ſoule:

Diſlikes;

Dislikes, yet acts: who never satisfi'd,
(Accurst) attempteth, to be oft deni'd,
This seene, he flies his country for her crime:
And builds a City in a forraine clime.
When wofull *Byblis*, raving through despaire,
Her garments, from her bruised bosome tare,
Striking her armes through fury, and proclames
In high distraction, her incestuous flames.
Hopelesse, her hated mansion she eschues:
And frantickly, her brothers flight pursues.
And as *Ismarian Bacchanals* (great son
Of *Semele*) struck with thy Thyrsus, run
In thy Triennialls: so *Bubasian* Dames
Saw howling *Byblis* hurrying or'e their plaines.
From these she wanders through the *Carian* bounds,
The warlike *Lelages*, and *Lycian* grounds:
Cragus, *Lymira's* streames, the silver waves
Of *Xanthus* past; and where *Chimera* raves
On craggy rocks; with Lyons face and maine,
A Goates rough body, and a Serpents traine.
The woods were past: when thou, O *Byblis*, faint
With long pursuit, and passions strong constraint,
Sunk'st downe; thy rufled haire on earth displaid:
Thy face upon the withered leaves low-layd.
The kind *Lelegian* Nymphs oft in their armes
Attempt to raise her: and with powerfull charmes
Of counsell, strive to cure her love-sicke mind.
Which at her deafned heart no entrance find.
She, grasping the greene rushes, silent lyes:
And bathes them in the rivers of her eyes.
The *Naiades* thrust under these a spring:
Their bounty could not give a greater thing.
As pitch distilleth from the barks black wound,
As stiffe Bitumen issues from the ground,
As floods, which frosts in icie fetters bind,
Thaw with th'approching Sun, and Southerne wind;
Even so *Phœbeian Byblis*, spent in teares,
Becomes a living fountaine, which yet beares
Her name: and under a black Holme that growes
In those ranck vallies, plentifully flowes.
The fame of this so wonderfull a fate
Had fil'd *Crete's* hundred Cities; if of late
The change of *Iphis*, generally knowne,
Had not produc't a wonder of their owne.

For

For *Phaëtus*, neere to *Gnoſſus*, foſtered
One, *Lygdus*, of un-noted parents bred:
How'ever free. Nor did his wealth exceed
His parentage: yet both in word and deed
Sincerely juſt, and of a blameleſſe life.
Who thus beſpake his now downe lying wife:
Two things I wiſh: that you your belly lay
With little paine; and that it prove a boy.
A daughter is too chargeable, and we
Too poore to match her. If a girle it be,
I charge, what I abhorre (O Pietie
Forgive me!) that, as ſoone as borne, it die.
This having utter'd; the commanded wept
And the Commander; teares no meaſure kept.
Yet *Telethuſa* ſtill with fruitleſſe praire,
Deſires he would not in the Gods deſpaire.
But he too conſtant. Now her time was come,
And the ripe burden ſtretcht her heauy womb:
When *Inachis*, with all her ſacred band;
In dead of night, or ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand
Beſides her bed Her browes a crowne adornes,
With eares of ſhining corne, and *Cynthian* hornes.
Barking *Anubis*, and *Bubaſtis* bright,
Black *Apis* ſpotted variouſly with white,
He whoſe mouth-ſealing finger ſilence taught,
Tymbrels, *Oſiris* never enough ſought,
And fornaine ſerpents, whoſe dire touch conſtraine
A deadly ſlumber, conſummate her traine.
Then (as if ſeene awake) the Goddeſſe ſaid:
My *Telethuſa*, be not thus diſmaid;
Reject theſe cares, thy husband diſobay:
And when *Lucina* ſhall thy belly lay,
Foſter what ere it be. A Deity
Auxiliary to Diſtreſſe am I;
Ready to helpe, and eaſily implor'd:
Nor ſhall it grieve thee that thou haſt ador'd
Vngratefull *Iſis*. This admoniſhed,
She leaves the roome. When, riſing in her bed,
Her hands to heaven glad *Telethuſa* threw:
And humbly prayes her viſion may prove true.
Increaſing throwes at length a girle diſcloſ'd.
Both by the father, and the world ſuppoſ'd
To be a boy; ſo cloſely hid: and knowne
But to the mother, and the nurſe alone.

He paies his vowes, and of his Fathers name
It *Iphis* calls; which much rejoyc'd the dame,
To each sex common; nor deceives thereby;
Who still with pious fraud conceales her lie.
A boy in show; whose lookes should you assigne
To boy or girle, love would in either shine.
At thirteene yeares her father her affide
To yellow-tresst *Ianthe*: she the pride
Of *Phæstian* virgins for unequald faire:
Telestes daughter, and his onely heire:
Like young, like beautifull, together bred,
Inform'd alike, alike accomplished:
Like darts at once their simple bosoms strike;
Alike their wounds; their hopes, O far nnlike!
The day they expect. *Ianthe* thought time ran
Too slow; and takes her *Iphis* for a man.
Poore *Iphis* loves, despaires; despaire ejects
Farre fiercer flames: a maid, a maid affects.
What will become of me (she weeping said)
Whom new, unknowne, prodigious loves invade!
If pitifull, the Gods should have destroy'd:
Or else have given what might have beene injoy'd.
No Cow a Cow, no Mare a Mare pursues:
But Harts their gentle Hindes, and Rammes their Ewes,
So Birds together paire. Of all that move,
No Female suffers for a Female love.
O would I had no being! Yet, that all
Abhord by Nature should in *Crete* befall;
Sol's lust-incensed daughter lov'd a Bull:
They male and female. Mine, O farre more full
Of uncouth fury! for she pleas'd her blood;
And stood his error in a Cow of wood:
She, for her craft, had an adulterer.
Should all the world their daring wits confer:
Should *Dædalus* his waxen wings renne,
And hither fly, what could his cunning doe!
Can art convert a virgin to a boy?
Or fit *Ianthe* for a maidens joy?
No, fixe thy minde; compose thy vast desires:
O quench these ill advis'd and foolish fires!
Thinke of thy sex, or even thy selfe abuse:
What may be, seeke; and love as females use.
Hope wings desire: hope *Cupids* flight sustaines:
In thee thy Sexe this deads. No watch restraines

Our

Our deare imbrace, nor husbands jealousies,
Nor rigorous Sires; nor she her selfe denies:
Yet not to be injoy'd. Nor canst thou be
Happy in her; though men and Gods agree!
Now also all to my desires accord:
What they can give, the easie Gods afford;
What me, my father, hers, her selfe, would please,
Displeaseth Nature; stronger then all these.
She, she forbids. That day begins to shine;
Long wisht! wherein *Ianthe* must be mine:
And yet not mine. Of mortalls most accurst!
I starve at feasts, and in the river thirst.
Iuno, O *Hymen*, wherefore are you come?
We both are brides: but where is the bride-groome?
Here ended. Nor lesse burnes the other Maid;
Who, *Hymen*, for thy swift appearance pray'd.
Yet *Telethusa* feares what she affects;
Protracting time: oft want of health objects;
Ill-boading dreames, and auguries oft faines:
But now no colour for excuse remaines.
Their nuptiall rites, put off with such delay;
Were to be solemniz'd the following day.
When she unbinds, hers, and her daughters haire;
And holding by the Altar form'd this praire:
Isis; who *Paraetonium*, *Pharos* Isle,
Smooth *Mareotis*, and seven-channeld *Nile*,
Chear'st with thy presence: thy poore suppliants heare;
O helpe in these extreames, and cure our feare!
Thee Goddesse, thee of old; these ensignes, I
Have seene, and know: thy lamps, attendancie,
And sounding Timbrells: and have thee obayd.
To me, impunity; life, to this maid,
Thy saving counsell gave: to both renue
Thy timely pity. Teares her words pursue.
The Goddesse shakes her Altar; when the gate
Shooke on the hinges: hornes that imitate
The waxing Moones, through all the Temple flung
A sacred splendor: noyse-full Timbrells rung.
The Mother, glad of this successefull signe,
Though not secure, returnes from *Isis* shrine.
Whom *Iphis* followes with a larger pace
Then usuall; nor had so white a face.
Her strength augments; her looke more bold appeares;
Her shortning curles scarce hang beneath her eares;

By

By farre more full of courage, rapt with joy:
For thou of late a Wench, art now a Boy.
Gifts to the Temple beare, and *Iö* sing!
Sing Ioy! Their gifts they to the Temple bring;
And adde a title; in one verse display'd:
What *Iphis* vow'd a Wench, a Boy he pay'd.
The Morning Night dismasks with welcome flame:
When *Iuno*, *Venus*, and free *Hymen* came
To grace their marriage; who, with gifts divine,
Iphis the Boy, to his *Ianthe* joyne.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Tenth Booke.

The Argvment

Feare turnes a man to ſtint. Lethæas *blame*
Olenus *beares: now ſtones, their ſhapes the ſame.*
Vext Cybele *to Pine her* Atys *turnes.*
Sweete Cyparissus *in a Cypreſſe mournes.*
Enamoured Iove *an Eagles wings diſplayes;*
And lovely Ganymed *to Heaven convayes.*
Slaine Hyacinthus *ſighes in his new Flower.*
The cruell Sacrificers by the power
Of Venus *turnd to Bulls. The Proſtitute*
To Stones. Pygmalion *weds the living fruit*
Of his rare Art. Erigone *doth ſhine*
In heaven; converted to the Virgin Signe.
Myrrha, *a weeping Tree.* Hippomenes
And Atalanta, *Lyons.* Cyprides
(*Inform'd by* Mentha's *change*) *her Paramoure*
Turnes to a faire, but quickly fading flower.

HEnce, to the *Cicones*, through boundleſſe skies,
In ſaffron mantle, *Hymenæus* flies:
By *Orpheus* call'd. But neither uſuall words
Nor chearefull lookes, nor happy ſignes affords.
The torch his hand ſuſtain'd, ſtill ſputtering rais'd
A ſullen ſmoke: nor yet, though ſhaken, blazd.
Th'event worſe then the Omen. As his Bride
Troopes with the *Naiades* by *Hebrus* ſide;

A Ser-

A Serpent bit her by the heele: which fore't
Life from her hold, and nuptiall tyes divorc't
Whom when the *Thracian* Poet had above
Enough bewail'd; that his complaints might move
The under Shades, by *Tenarus* descends
To *Stygian* floods; and his bold steps extends
By ayrie shapes, and fleeting Soules, that boast
Of sepulture, through that unpleasant coast
To *Plutos* Court. When, having tun'd his strings,
Thus to his harpe the God-like Poet sings.
You Powers that sway the world beneath the Earth,
The last abode of all our humane birth:
If we the truth without offence may tell;
I come not hither to discover Hell,
Nor bind that scouling Curre, who barking shakes
About his triple browes *Medusa's* snakes.
My wife this journey urg'd, who, by the tooth
Of trod-on Viper, perisht in her youth.
I would, and strove t'have borne her losse: but Love
Won in that strife. A God well knowne above:
Nor here, perhaps, unknowne. If truly Fame
Report old rapes, you also felt his flame.
By these obscure abodes, so full of dread;
By this huge *Chaos*, and deepe Silence, spread
Through your vast Empire, by these prayers of mine,
Eurydices too-hasty fate untwine.
Wee all are yours: and after a short stay,
Early, or late, wee all must runne one way.
Hither we throng, for our last home assign'd:
Th'eternall habitation of man-kind.
She, when her time by nature shall expire,
Againe is yours: I but the use desire.
If fate deny me this, my second choice
Is here t'abide: in both our deaths rejoyce.
While thus he sung, and struck the quavering strings,
The bloodlesse Shadowes wept: nor flattering Springs
Tempt *Tantalus*, *Ixions* Wheele stood still,
Their Vrne the *Belides* no longer fill:
The Vultures feed not, *Tityus* left to grone:
And *Sisyphus* sate listning on his Stone.
The Furies, vanquisht by his verse, were seene
To weepe, that never wept before. Hels Queene,
The King of Darknesse, yeeld t'his powerfull plea.
Among the late-come Soules, *Euridice*

They

They call: she came; yet halting of her wound.
Given *Orpheus*, with this law: Till thou the bound
Of pale *Avernus* passe, if back thou cast
Thy carefull eyes, thou looseſt what thou haſt.
A ſteepe aſcent, dark, thick with fogges, they clime
Through everlasting Silence. By this time
Approach the confines of illuſtrious Light.
Fearing to looſe, and longing for a ſight,
His eyes th'impatient lover backward threw:
When ſhe, back-ſliding preſently with-drew.
He catches at her, in his wits diſtraught;
And yeelding ayre for her (unhappy!) caught.
Nor did ſhe; dying twice, her ſpouſe reprove:
For what could ſhe complaine of, but his love?
Who takes her laſt farewell: her parting breath
Scarce reacht his eares; and ſo revolves to death.
Her double loſſe ſad *Orpheus* ſtupifi'd;
With equall terror unto his, who ſpi'd
Three-headed *Cerberus*: whom feare alone,
Oppreſſing nature, turn'd into a ſtone.
Or like *Olenius*, who t'excuſe his wife
Accus'd himſelfe, and taxt his guiltleſſe life:
With thee *Lethæa* whoſe proud beauty late
Drew on thy ſelfe, and him a curſed fate:
Vnited bodies once; but for thy pride
Now Marble ſtatues on fount-fruitfull *Ide*.
He kindly (preſſing to returne) intreats
The Ferry-man: who anſwers him with threats.
Vpon the banks ſeaven dayes he ſate; forlorne
And comfortleſſe; all ſorts of food forborne:
Care, griefe of mind, and teares, his onely cheare,
Calling the Gods of *Erebus* ſevere,
At length to ſnowy *Rhodope* he haſts;
And *Hæmus*; beaten with the northerne blaſts.
Now *Titan* thrice had finiſhed his yeares
In watery *Piſces*. *Orpheus* ſtill forbeares
The love of women. Or through bad ſucceſſe:
Or former vowes. Yet many ne're the leſſe
Th'affected Poet ſeeke; but none injoyes:
Who beauty firſt admir'd in hopefull boyes.
A Hill there was; a plaine upon that hill;
Which in a flowry mantle flouriſht ſtill:
Yet wanted ſhade. Which, when the Gods Deſcent
Sate downe, and toucht his well-tun'd inſtrument,

A ſhade receiv'd. Nor trees of *Chaony*,
The Poplar, various oakes that pierce the ſky,
Soft Linden, ſmooth-rinde Beech, unmarried Bayes,
The brittle Haſel, Aſh, whoſe ſpeares we praiſe,
Vnknotty Firre, the ſolace ſhading Planes,
Rough Cheſnuts, Maple fleck with different granes,
Streame-bordering Willow, Lotus loving Lakes,
Tough Boxe whom never ſappy ſpring forſakes,
The ſlender Tamarisk, with trees that beare
A purple figge, nor Myrtles abſent were.
The wanton Iuy wreath'd in amorous twines,
Vines bearing grapes, and Elmes ſupporting Vines,
Straight Service trees, trees dropping Pitch, fruit-red
Arbutus; theſe the reſt accompaned.
With limber Palmes, of Victory the prize:
And up-right Pine, whoſe leaves like briſtles riſe;
Priz'd by the Mother of the Gods: for ſhe
Her luſt-ſtain'd *Atys* turned into that tree.
The ſpyre-like Cypreſſe in this throng appeares.
Of late a Boy: lov'd by that God who beares
The ſilver bow, and ſtrikes the quavering ſtrings.
Sacred to Nymphs that haunt *Carthæan* Springs
A Stag there was; whoſe hornes, on high diſplayd
With ſpreading palmes, afford his head a ſhade.
His antlers ſhone with gold; a carquenet
His neck imbrac't, with ſparkling Diamonds ſet.
A ſilver bell upon his forehead hung
By ſilken ſtrings, which every motion rung.
Round pearle, of equall ſize, from either eare
Hung on his cheekes: who, void of native feare,
Frequented houſes: and well pleaſ'd, would ſtand
The gentle ſtrokings of a ſtrangers hand.
This, *Cypariſſus*, was thy only joy,
(Of all that *Cæa* bred, the faireſt boy)
By thee full oft, to change of paſture led:
To purling ſtreames that part the rancker mead.
With various flowers now wouldſt thou trick his hornes:
Now on his back (who no ſuch burden ſcornes)
About the ſpacious fields in pleaſure ride;
And with a purple raine the willing guide.
'Twas Summer, and high Noone; Daies burning eye
Made *Cancers* crooked Iawes with fervor frye.
Vpon the ground the panting Hart was laid,
Coole ayre receiving from the ſpreading ſhade.

Whom

Whom silly *Cyparissus* wounds by chance?
And seeing life pursue his tug'd-out lance,
Resolves to dye. What did not *Phœbus* say,
That might a griefe, so slightly caus'd, allay?
He answers him in sighes: this last good-turne
Implores; That he might never ceale to mourne.
His blood now shed in teares, a greenish hiew
His body dimmes: the locks that dangling grew
Vpon his ivory fore-head, bristling rise;
And pointing upward, seeme to threat the skies.
When *Phœbus*; sighing: I for thee will mourne:
Mourne thou for others: Herses still adorne.
Such trees attracting; and inviron'd round
With birds and beasts, upon the rising ground
The Poet sits: who, having tun'd his strings,
Though dissonant, yet musicall, thus sings.
From *Iove*, O Muse, my Mother, draw my verse;
All bow to *Iove*: *Ioves* power we oft rehearse.
And late of Giants sung, in lofty straines,
Foil'd by his thunder on *Phlegræan* plaines.
Now, in a lower tune, to lovely boyes
Belov'd of Gods, turne we our softer layes:
And women well deserving punishment,
On interdicted lust, with fury bent.
Heavens King, young *Ganymed* inflames with love:
There was what *Iove* would rather be then *Iove*:
Yet daines no other shape then hers, that beares
His awfull lightning in her golden seares.
Who forthwith stooping with deceitfull wings,
Trust up *Iliades* by *Ida's* springs.
Who now for *Iove* (though jealous *Iuno* scoules)
Delitious Nectar fils in flowing bowles.
And *Amyclides*, thee in azureskies
Had *Phœbus* fixt; if cruell Destinies
Had not prevented: yet in some sort made
Eternall. For, as oft as Springs invade
Sharpe winters, and to *Aries Pisces* yeelds:
So oft renu'd, thy Flower adornes the fields.
My Fathers love to thee did mans excell.
Their president the Delphians misse, who dwell
On round Earths Navell: while the God of Beames
Haunts wall-lesse *Sparta*, and *Eurotas* streames.
Now, neither for his Harp, nor quiver, cares:
Himselfe debasing, beares the corded snares;

Or leads the dogs; or clambers mountaines; led
By Lordly *Love*, and flames by custome fed.
Now *Titan* bore his equall-distant Light,
Betweene fore-running and ensuing Night:
When lightned of their garments, either shone
With suppling oyle, in strife to throw the stone.
This swinging through the ayre first *Phœbus* threw:
The obvious clouds dispersing as it flew;
On solid earth, though flying long, at length
Descends; and shewes his art-enabled strength.
Th'imprudent Boy attempts with fatall hast
To take it up; when Earth, by boundings, cast
The stone, O *Hyacinthus*, at thy head.
The Boy lookt pale; so lookt the God, who bled
Even in his bleeding. Raised from the ground;
He sought t'asswage, and dry the bitter wound.
And would with hearbs his flying soule have stayd:
That wound was cureless; art affords noe ayde.
As violets, or lillies loving streames,
Or Poppie, bruzed in their yellow stemmes,
Wither forthwith, and hang their heauy heads;
Nor raise themselves, but bow to their first beds:
So hung his dying lookes; so over-swaid.
His limber neck upon his shoulder laid.
Sweet flow'r said *Phœbus*, blasted in the prime
Of thy faire youth: thy wound presents my crime.
Thou art my griefe and shame. This hand thy breath
Hath crusht to ayre: I, author of thy death,
Yet what my fault? unlesse t'have playd with thee,
Or lov'd thee (O too well!) offences be.
I would, sweet Boy, that I for thee might die!
Or die with thee! but since the fates deny
So deare a wish; thou shalt with me abide:
And ever in my memory reside.
Our Harpe, and verse thy praises shall resound:
And in thy Flower my sorrow shall be found.
A valiant Heroe shall in time, to it
Another adde; and in the same be writ.
While thus *Apollo* truely propheci'd:
Behold! the blood which late the grasse had dide,
Was now no blood: from whence a flower full-blowne,
Farre brighter then the *Tyrian* scarlet shone:
Which seem'd the same, or did resemble right
A Lilly; changing but the red to white.

Nor

Nor so contented; (for the youth receiv'd
That grace from *Phœbus*) in the flower he weav'd
The sad impression of his sighes; which beares
Ai! Ai! displaid in funerall Characters.
Nor shame to *Sparta Hyacinth* procures;
Whose adoration to this day indures:
For now, as then, they yearely celebrate
The *Hyacinthian* Feast in solemne State.
Perhaps if *Amathus* you aske (whose earth
Abounds with mettals) if she like the birth
Of her *Propœtides*; she would reply:
As well as theirs, for their impiety,
In former time, with monstrous hornes defam'd:
Whereof they fitly were *Cerasta* nam'd.
Before their doores the tragick Altar stood
Of *Iove* the Hospitable; stain'd with blood
Of stranger guests. Who had this shambles seene,
Would thinke that blood the blood of calves had beene.
A Guest new sacrific'd; faire *Cypride*
Offended with such cruell Rites as these,
Her townes and *Ophiusa's* fields prepares
T'abandon. Yet said she, what guilt of theirs
In me so great a detestation breeds.
Rather with death reward such bloody deeds;
Or exile: if from these extreames they scape,
What middle course, but to transforme their shape?
When musing to what forme, she cast her looke
Vpon the horned Heard; who from them tooke
A resolution so to arme their skulls:
And turnes their mighty limmes to monstrous Bulls.
Yet durst th'obscene *Propœtides* deny,
O *Venus*, thy all-ruling Deity.
The first that ever gave themselves for hire
To prostitution; urged by thy ire.
Their lookes imboldned, modesty now gone,
Convert at length to little-differing Stone.
Pygmalion seeing these to spend their times
So beast-like; frighted with the many crimes
That rule in women; chose a single life:
And long forbore the pleasure of a wife.
Meanewhile, in ivory with happy art
A Statue carves, so gracefull in each part,
As women never equall'd it: and stands
Affected to the fabrick of his hands.

It seem'd a virgin, full of living flame;
That would have mov'd, if not with-held by shame.
Such Art his art conceal'd: which he admires;
And from it drawes imaginary fires:
Then often feeles it with his hands, to try
If 'twere a body, or cold ivory.
Nor could resolve. Who kissing, thought it kist:
Oft courts, imbraces, wrings it by the wrist;
The flesh impressing (his conceit was such)
And feares to hurt it with too rude a touch.
Now flatters her, now sparkling stones presents,
And orient pearle (loves witching instruments)
Soft-singing birds, each severall colour'd flowre,
First Lillys, painted balls, and teares that powre
From weeping trees. Rich Robes, her person deck;
Her fingers, rings; reflecting gems, her neck;
Pendants, her eares; a glittering zone, her brest.
In all, shew'd well; but shew'd, when naked, best.
Now layes he her upon a gorgeous bed:
With carpets of *Sidonian* purple spred.
Now calls her wife. Her head a pillow prest.
Of plumy downe, as if with sense possest.
Now came the Day of *Venus* Festivall:
Through wealthy *Cyprus* solemniz'd by all.
White heifers, deckt with golden hornes, by strokes
Of axes fall: ascending incense smokes.
He, with his gift before the Altar stands:
You Gods, if all we crave be in your hands,
Give me the wife I wish: one like, he said,
But durst not say, give me my ivory Maid.
The golden *Venus*, present at her feast,
Conceives his wish; and friendly signes expresst:
The fire thrice blazing, thrice in flames aspires.
To his admired Image he retires:
Lyes downe besides her, rail'd her with his arme;
Then kist her tempting lips, and found them warme.
That lesson oft repeats; her bosome oft
With amorous touches feeles, and felt it soft.
The ivory dimpled with his fingers, lacks
Accustom'd hardnesse: as *Hymettian* waxe
Relents with heat, which chafing thumbs reduce
To pliant formes, by handling fram'd for use.
Amaz'd with doubtfull joy, and hope that reeles;
Againe the Lover, what he wishes, feeles.

The

The veines beneath his thumbs impreſſion beat:
A perfect Virgin full of juyce and heat.
The *Cyprian* Prince with joy expreſſing words,
To pleaſure-giving *Venus* thanks affords.
His lips to hers he joynes, which ſeeme to melt:
The bluſhing Virgin now his kiſſes felt;
And fearefully erecting her faire eyes,
Together with the light, her Lover ſpies.
Venus the marriage bleſt which ſhe had made.
And when nine Creſcents had at full diſplayde
Their joyning hornes, repleat with borrowed flame,
She *Paphus* bore: who gave that Iſle a name.
He *Cinyras* begot: who might be ſtil'd
Of men moſt happy, if with-out a child.
I ſing of Horror! Daughters, farre, O farre
From hence remove! and You, who fathers are!
Or if my winning verſe your minds allure:
Let them no credit in this part procure.
Or if you will beleeve the ſame for true:
Beleeve withall the judgements that enſue.
If nature could permit ſo foule a Crime:
I joy for you *Iſmarians*; for this Clime;
This world of ours; ſo diſtant from that earth,
That gave to ſuch a curſed Monſter birth.
In Coſtus, Cinnamon; and Amomum,
Rich let *Panchaia* be: let pretious Gum
Sweat from her trees; affected flowers bring forth;
So't *Myrrha* beare. No new tree of that worth.
Cupid denies t'have uſ'd his darts therein;
And vindicates his flames from ſuch a Sinne.
Alecto, with ſwolne ſnakes, and *Stygian* fire
That fury raiſ'd. 'Tis ſinne to hate thy Sire:
This Love, a greater. Princes their abodes
Leave in all parts; and for thee fall at oddes:
Of all, O *Myrrha*, make thy choice of one;
So one of all be in that number none.
She knew't: and ſtriving; to her ſelfe thus ſpake;
Ah whether rapt! what is't I undertake!
O Gods: O Piety! divine Reſpect
Of Parents guard me! and this ſinne eject!
If ſo a ſinne it be. No piety
Condemnes ſuch *Venus*; Natures common tye.
Horſes their fillies back, ſires Heifers beare;
Goates kids beget on thoſe whoſe kids they were:

Birds of that ſeede conceive, whereof but late
Conceiv'd themſelves: nor they degenerate.
Happy in this are thoſe! But humane care
Hath fram'd malignant lawes: and we who are
By nature free; malitious cuſtomes bind.
There is a Nation to their blood more kind;
Where ſons their mothers, fathers daughters wed;
Affection doubled by their birth and bed.
Woe's me, that there I was not borne! the place
Makes this a crime. What thoughts are theſe! Hence baſe,
Hence wicked hopes. Though he all-worthy be:
Yet, as a father, muſt be lov'd by thee.
Were I not daughter to great *Cinyras*;
All I conceive in my deſires might paſſe.
Now, in that mine, not mine: proximitie
Diſ-joynes us; neerer, were we not ſo nigh.
Hence would I fly by un-returning waies
To ſhun this ſinne: dire Love my journey ſtayes;
To feaſt my hungry eyes with his deare ſight,
Talke, touch, and kiſſe; or more, if more I might.
O wicked Virgin, canſt thou more propound!
Knowſt thou what lawes and names thy luſts confound!
Thy fathers whore! a rivall to thy mother!
Thy owne ſonnes ſiſter! mother to thy brother!
Nor fear'ſt the *Furies* with their hiſſing haire,
Who on the faces of the guilty ſtare,
With dreadfull torches! From thy ſoule exile
This miſchiefe, ere it actually defile.
Nor with thy horrid luſt infringe the law
Of powerfull Nature: but in time with-draw.
Would I, he would not: too too well inclin'd.
O that like furie would inflame his mind!
Thus ſhe. But *Cinyras*, preſt with the ſtore
Of worthy ſuters who his voice implore;
In his owne choice irreſolute, demands
(Their names rehearſing) how her fancy ſtands.
She, thoughtfull ſilent; gazing on his face,
Fluſht with imboſom'd flames, and wept apace.
He, taking this for maiden feare; Deſiſt
From weeping, ſaid: then dri'd her cheekes, and kiſt.
This too much pleas'd her. Once more asked, who
She beſt could like: repli'd, One, like to you.
Be ſtill, ſaid he, ſo pious. At that name
She hung the head, as conſcious of her blame.

'Twas now the mid of night: when Sleepe bestowes
On men, and on their cares, a sweet repose.
But *Myrrha* watches, rapt with raging fires;
Retracting her implacable desires.
Despaires, hopes; will not, will; now shames, againe
Desires; nor knowes what course to take. As when
A mighty Oake (now almost feld) his fall
On each side threatens; and is fear'd on all:
Even so her minde, impair'd with various wounds,
Waves to and fro; and changes still propounds.
No meane, no cure, was left for love but death:
Death pleas'd. Resolv'd to choake her hated breath;
Vp-starting, to a beame her girdle ties.
Deare *Cinyras* farewell (she softly cries)
And of my ruine understand the cause.
That said, the noose about her neck she drawes.
Her wakefull Nurses faithfull eares, they say,
A whispering heard: who in the Lobby lay.
Straight rose; unlockt the doores; the instrument
Of death beholding, schreecht: together rent
Her haire and bosome: and, with trembling haste,
The girdle from her pallid neck displac't.
Now had she time to weepe, t'imbrace her Care:
And aske the cause of such accurst despaire.
She, silent, fixes on the earth her eyes:
And grieves at deaths prevented enterprise.
Baring her hoary haires and empty brest,
The Nurse, by her first food, and cradle, prest
Her griefes disclosure. *Myrrha* turnes aside,
And sighes. The Nurse would not be so deni'd:
Nor onely promist secrecy, but said:
Tell me, my child, and entertaine my aid.
My old age is not fruitlesse: charmes have we,
And powerfull med'cines, if it fury be:
If witchcraft, magick shall thy torments ease:
If wrath of Gods, the Gods we will appease
With sacrifice. What can be else surmiz'd?
Thy fortunes by incursions unsurpriz'd,
Thy mother, and thy father, well? That name
Drew from her soule a sigh, that scorcht like flame.
Nor in the Nurse did this suspition move
Of such a Crime: and yet she saw 'twas Love.
Importunate to know what least she feares,
Layd in her lap now watred with her teares,

Sh'infolds her in her feeble armes, and ſaid;
I know thou lov'ſt: wherein (nor be afraid)
Thou maiſt on my ſedulity rely:
Nor ſhall thy father ever this deſcry.
At that, in fury from her lap ſhe ſprung;
Then on the bed her proſtrate body flung;
Muffling her guilty lookes: be gone, ſhe ſaid,
And ſpare the bluſhes of a wretched maid.
Still urg'd: Begone, replyde; or elſe forbeare
T'inquire of that which is a ſinne to heare.
The Nurſe loſt in a maze: her hands with yeares
And terror trembling (kneeling to her) reares:
Now ſpeakes her faire, now threatens to diſcloſe
(Vnleſſe ſhe made her priuy to her woes)
Her purpoſ'd violence: and vowes to prove
Both ſecret, and aſſiſtant to her love.
At that, her head ſhe raiſ'd; her Nurſes breſt
With weeping bathes: oft ſtroue to have confeſt;
As oft with-held: at lenth ſhe hid her head;
And ſaid, O Mother, happy in thy bed!
There ends: then grones. The Nurſe cold horror ſhooke;
Now too much knowing: with a gaſtly looke,
Her hoary haire ſtar'd on her head: Who ſaid,
What not? that might ſo foule a luſt diſſwade,
The Virgin could not ſuch a truth deny:
But ſtands reſolv'd, or to poſſeſſe, or dye.
Live, ſaid ſhe, and poſſeſſe (there ſtopt, as loath
To ſay; thy Sire) and bound it with an oath.
Now Matrons celebrate the yearely Feaſt
Of *Ceres*; whom long linnen ſtoles inveſt:
And offer garlands of their firſt ripe corne;
Forbidden *Venus* for nine nights forborne,
And touch of man. In ſpotleſſe ornaments,
With theſe, the Queene her ſecret Rites frequents.
Lying alone, the lewdly diligent
Doth *Cinyras*, o're-charg'd with wine, preſent
With proffer of true love, though falſely maskt:
And prais'd her beauty. Of what age being askt?
Of equall age with *Myrrha*, ſhe replyes.
When bid to bring her: home in haſte ſhe highes;
Rejoyce, ſaid ſhe, I bring thee victory.
Th'unhappy Virgin felt but little joy;
Such ill ſucceſſe her troubled Soule divin'd:
And yet ſhe joy'd; ſuch diſcord rackt her minde.

Now Silence over all the world did raigne:
And slow *Bootes* had declin'd his Waine.
(To sinne addrest) from heaven bright *Cynthia* flies;
Starres shroud their heads in clouds: Night lost her eyes.
Erigone, *Icarius*, first remove:
She plac'd in Heaven for her paternall love.
Thrice stumbled she; the funerall Owle thrice rent
The ayre with ominous shreekes: yet on she went:
By pitchy Night, of modesty bereft.
Her Nurses right hand holding with her left,
And groping with the other hand, explores
Her blind accesse. Now came she to the doores
Of that dire chamber; now the way to sinne
She boldly opens, and now enters in.
Yet blood and courage her at once forsooke;
Her knees, unknitting, one another strooke:
The neerenesse to her crime removes desire:
Who now repents, and would unknowne retire.
Protracting, by the hand the Nurse her led;
And, having rendred her unto his bed,
Here *Cinyras*, said she, receive thine owne.
And joynes their cursed bosoms. He, unknowne,
His bowels to his bed assumes: and cheares
With comfortable words, her maiden feares:
By chance he call'd her daughter, (being old)
And she him father: that their names might hold.
Now his incestuous bed his daughter leaves.
With wicked seed her cursed wombe conceives:
Who beares about the burden of her shame:
Next night, and next, and next, re-acts the same.
When *Cinyras*, who longs to see his Lover,
So oft imbrac't; did with a light discover
His sinne, and daughter. Sorrow not a word
Could utter: he unsheaths his shining sword.
She swiftly flies: whom nights black shelter shields
From threatned death; and strayes through spacious fields;
Palme-clad *Arabia*, and *Panchaa* past;
Now having wandred by nine Moones, at last
Rest to her weary limms *Saba* gave.
Charg'd with her womb; not knowing what to crave;
Betweene the hate of life, and feare of death,
Those thoughts she utters with her fainting breath.
You Powers! If Penitency pierce your care;
I have deserved, nor refuse to beare,

Your juſt inflictions: yet leſt I prophane
Or thoſe who live, or who in death remaine,
O baniſh me from either Monarchie,
That, chang'd by you, I may nor live, nor die!
Confeſſion ſome cœleſtiall pitie found.
Thoſe wiſhes had their Gods. Even then the ground
Cover'd her legs: a downe-ward-ſpreading root.
Burſt from her toes; whoſe ever-fixed foot
Suſtain'd the lengthfull bole. Bones turne to wood,
To pith her marrow, into ſap her blood:
Her armes great branches grow, her fingers ſpine
To little twigs; her skin converts to rine.
Now her big womb the riſing tree poſſeſt,
Her boſome folds, and now her neck oppreſt:
When ſhe, delay il-brooking, downeward ſhrunk
And vales her viſage in the c'oſing trunk.
Though ſenſe, with ſhape, ſhe loſt; ſtill weeping, ſhe
Sheds bitter teares, which trickle from her tree:
Teares of high honour; theſe their Miſtreſſe name
As yet preſerve, and ſtill ſhall beare the ſame.
This ill-got infant, now at perfect groth
Within the tree; endeavours to get forth.
The ſtrickt imbracing barke, her belly wrung,
With torment ſtretcht: nor had that griefe a tongue:
Nor could ſhe call *Lucina* to her throwes:
And yet the tree like one in labour ſhowes;
Bowes downe with paine, and grones, and weeps a flood.
Lucina by her trembling branches ſtood;
Her hand impos'd, and utterd powerfull words.
The yawning tree the crying Babe affords
A paſſage; whom thoſe Nymphs receive with joy;
And in his mothers teares annoint the Boy.
Nor enuy could but praiſe his beauty: ſo
The naked *Cupids*, lively painted, ſhow.
But, leaſt their habits ſome diſtinction make;
A quiver give, or his from *Cupid* take.
Time glides away with undiſcovered haſt;
And mocks our hopes: no wings can fly ſo faſt.
He, whom his ſiſter bore, his Grandfires ſon;
Late tree-incloſ'd, who lately life begun,
But now a moſt ſweet infant, now as rare,
A boy, now man, now then himſelfe more faire,
And now on *Venus* for his mothers fires
Revenge inflicts; who dotingly admires.

For

For kist by quiver-bearing *Love*, his dart
By fortune raz'd her tender brest; with smart
Incenst, she thrust him from her, nor then found
The wounds deceitfull depth, yet deep the wound.
Nor now *Cythera* could the Lover please;
Nor *Paphos*, grasped with resulting Seas.
High *Gnidos*, *Amathus*, renown'd for brasse,
Nor heaven frequents: her heaven *Adonis* was,
Him woo's, accompanies, besides him lies
In gratefull shades; and strives to please his eyes.
Now like *Diana* she her selfe attires;
And trips o're hils and rocks, through brakes and briers:
Hollowes the hound; pursuing beasts of chace,
Bucks, high-hornd Harts, and Hares, who fly apace:
But rapefull Wolves, rough Beares, fell Bores eschues;
And Lyons, whom the blood of Beeves imbrues.
And thee *Adonis*, her misdoubts disswade
From such encounters; had they beene obayd.
Who fly, said she, be bold in following those:
Valour unsafely copes with valiant foes.
Sweet Boy! subject not me to fortunes stroke,
Nor cruell beasts by nature arm'd provoke,
For feare such glory but too costly prove.
Thy youth and beauty, though they *Venus* move,
Nor bristled Swine, nor shaggy Lyon touch:
Pity ne'r pierc't the eyes nor hearts of such.
Bores, in their crooked tushes lightning have:
And Lyons with impetuous furie rave.
I hate them. Asked why? We will relate
Old crimes, said she, and wonder-striking fate.
But now un-usuall toyle my strength invades:
And loe, yond Poplar courts us with her shades,
The grasse affords a bed: there let us rest.
When, lying downe, the grasse and him she prest.
Her head now in her Lovers bosome laid:
Thus (words with kisses intermixing) said.
Perhaps you of a maid have heard, who wan
The Prize in running from the swiftest man.
'Tis true, She, won indeed: nor could you tell
Whether her speed or beauty did excell.
Enquiring of a husband, this reply
Apollo gave. The use of husband fly
O *Atalant!* yet thou shalt vainely strive
Against thy fate, and loose thy selfe alive.

Frighted

Prighted herewith in ſhady woods ſhe lives:
And troopes of preſſing Sutors from her drives
With this reply: Except out-run I be,
I am a wife for no man; Runne with me.
My bed, and I, are both the winners meede:
The Tardy dies. Vpon this law proceed.
She, cruell: yet ſo powerfull was her looke,
That many a youth the perill undertooke.
Hippomenes beheld this tragick ſtrife.
Will any through ſuch danger ſeeke a wife?
(Said He) and taxt their follies that purſewd.
But when her face, and naked forme he viewd;
Such as is mine; or Thine, wer't thou a Maid:
Amaz'd: with hands upheav'd, forgive (he ſaid)
O you whom late I blam'd: not then I knew
The Prizes worth. Love ſtill by praiſing grew:
Who wiſhes now that none might runne ſo faſt:
Envies and feares. Why linger, I, nor haſt
(Said he) to trie my fortune? Gods ſtill aid
Th'adventurous. While this in thought he ſaid;
The Virgin with a winged pace paſt by.
Though ſeeming to th'*Aonian* Youth to flye
As ſwift a *Scythian* ſhafts; her forme he more
Admires; by motion lovelier then before.
The winde reverberates her ankles wings,
And whisks her ham-bound buskins purple ſtrings.
Toſſing her haire, on ivory ſhoulders ſpred.
Her pure white body ſo receives the red:
As when carnation curtaines are diſplay'd
On pure white walls, and dye them with their ſhade.
While this the ſtranger viewd, the race was run:
And *Atalanta's* browes the garland won.
The vanquiſht ſighe, and pay their forfeiture.
Nor could ſo ſad ſucceſſe his feare procure:
Who roſe; and fixing on the Maid his eyes;
Why ſeeke you praiſe by eaſie victories?
Contend with us: if we obtaine the Bayes,
Our victory will not eclypſe your praiſe.
Megareus me begot, *Onchestius* blood;
He *Neptunes*, Ruler of the ſacred Flood:
Nor we degenerate. My ſoyle, your name
Will honour; and immortalize your fame.
This while, a wel-pleaſ'd eye She on him threw:
Nor knowes her wiſh; to looſe, or to ſubdue.

What

What God, a Foe to beauty, would destroy
This Youth, said she, who seekes my bed t'injoy
With his lifes forfeiture? If I may be
The judge, there is not so much worth in me.
Nor is't his beauty moves, though it might move;
But that a Boy. We pity, and not love.
Besides; his courage, and contempt of death!
Who from great *Neptunes* son derives his birth!
And then, his love; content to part with life,
If harder fate deny me for his wife!
Be gon, O stranger; shun my bloody bed,
While yet thou maist: this match will loose thy head.
No Virgin is there who would not be thine:
And such would seeke, whose lustres darken mine.
Yet why regard I him, so many slaine?
Looke to thy selfe, or perish, since in vaine
Admonisht by such numbers, whom this strife
Hath sent to death. Th'art weary of thy life.
And must he dye, because hee'd live with me?
Must death, adventurous Love, thy wages be?
This murder will our victory defame;
And purchase hate, yet am not I in blame.
O would thou wouldst desist, and danger shun!
Or since so mad, would thou couldst faster run!
How Boy and Virgin glory in his face!
Ah poore *Hippomenes*! O would this place,
Th'hadst never seene! thou well deserv'st to live.
Were I more happy, and hard fate would give
Me leave to marry; thou art He alone,
To whom my bed, and beauties should be knowne.
Thus she, Who raw, and pierc't with loves first touch,
Erres in her thoughts; and loves; nor knew so much.
Now King and People call upon the Race;
When *Neptunes* Issue thus implor'd my grace.
O *Venus*, favour my attempts, he said,
And those affections, which you gave me, aid!
This friendly winds convayd unto my eare,
I pity, and no longer helpe forbeare.
A field there is, so fertill none, through all
Rich *Cyprus*; which they *Damascenus* call.
Antiquity this to my honour vow'd;
And therewith all my Temples had indow'd.
A Tree there flourisht on that pregnant mold,
Whose glittering leaves, and branches, shone with gold.

Three-

Three golden apples, gathered from that tree,
By chance I brought: and, so as none could see,
Himselfe excepted, to *Hippomenes*,
Together with their use, deliver'd these.
The trumpets sound. Both from the Barrier start:
Whose nimble steps scarce touch earths upper part.
Their feet, unwet, the sea might well have borne:
Or unsuppressed stalks of standing corne.
Favour and Clamor, joyning in remorse,
The youth thus hearten: Now thy speed enforce,
Make haste *Hippomenes*, delay decline,
Collect thy powers: the victory is thine.
'Tis doubtfull whether, what the people said,
More joy'd the Heros or *Schæneian* Maid.
How often lag'd she, when she might o're-goe?
And gazing on him, sigh't t'out-strip him so!
Short breath from panting bosomes scorching flew,
The Goale farre off: when *Neptunes* Nephew threw
One apple of the three. The Maid admires:
And greedy of the shining fruit, retires
To catch the rowling gold: the Youth past by,
And all the field resounded shouts of joy.
This hinderance she repaires with winged hast:
Againe *Hippomenes* behind her cast,
The second fruit, throwne farther then before,
Declin'd her steps, yet him out-strips once more:
The Race now neere an end, he said, O save!
Great Goddesse, give successe to what you gave!
And threw the shining gold another way
With all his vigor, to prolong her stay.
When I compeld her, doubtfull what to doe,
To take it up, and added waight thereto,
With-held, both by diverting her pursuit,
And with the burden of the ponderous fruit.
But least my words the Race in length exceed,
She was out-run, and he receiv'd his Meed.
Deserv'd not I both thanks and frankincense,
Thinke you *Adonis*, for his lifes defence?
He neither gave. Provokt with sudden rage
At this contempt, and least the future age
By such examples should my God-head slight,
Against them both I due revenge excite.
The Fane, erected by *Echions* vow
Vnto the Mother of the Gods, they now

Had past, obscur'd by dark and secret shades:
When their long journey them to rest perswades.
Hippomenes, incensed by my fires;
Here lusteth with unseas'nable desires.
A gloomy grot, much like unto a Cave,
Stood neere this Fane; to which light pumice gave
A naturall cover; by devotion grac't:
Within this Cell the reverent Priest had plac't
The wooden Images of ancient Gods:
This entring; he pollutes their chaste abodes.
The Statues wry their lookes. The Mother, crownd
With towers, had struck them to the *Stygian* Sound:
But that she thought that punishment too small.
When yellow maines on their smooth shoulders fall;
Their armes, to legs; their fingers turne to nailes;
Their breasts of wondrous strength: their tufted tailes
Whiske up the dust; their lookes are full of dread;
For speech, they rore: the woods become their bed.
These Lyons, feard by others, *Cybel* checks
With curbing bits; and yokes their stubborne necks.
These O my Deare, and all such kinds of beasts
As will not turne their backs, but bend their breasts
T'incounter with the rash Assailant, Shun:
Least by thy courage We be both undone.
This said: thence flew She, rais'd by yoked Swans.
But Valour such admonishments with-stands.
By chance the dogs, pursuing long before
His sented footings, had dislodg'd a Bore.
Whom, rushing from his covert, the bold Youth
Obliquely wounds. The Bore with crooked tooth
Writhes out the javelin, with his blood imbrude.
Who now his safety-seeking Foe pursude;
Sheathing his tushes in his groyne: and threw
To earth the dying Boy. The Swans that drew
Idalia's waightlesse chariot through the ayre,
Yet reacht not *Cyprus*: when the heavenly Faire
Thence heard his dying grones; and wheeling round,
Her silver birds directs to that sad sound.
But when she saw him weltring in his Gore;
Downe jumping from the skies, at once she tore
Her haire and bosome: then her breast invades
With bitter blowes; and Destinie upbraids.
Not all, said she, is subject to your waft:
Our sorrowes monument shall ever last.

Sweet

Sweet Boy! thy deaths ſad image, every yeare
Shall in our ſolemniz'd Complaints appeare.
But be thy blood a Flowre. Had *Proſerpine*
The power to change a *Nymph* to Mint? is mine
Inferior? or will any enuy me
For ſuch a change? This having utter'd, ſhe
Powr'd Nectar on it, of a fragrant ſmell,
Sprinkled there-with; the blood began to ſwell;
Like ſhining bubbles, which from drops aſcend.
And e'r an houre was fully at an end,
From thence a Flower, alike in colour, roſe.
Such as thoſe trees produce, whoſe fruits incloſe
Within the limber rind their purple graines.
And yet their beauty but a while remaines;
For thoſe light-hanging leaves, infirmely plac't,
The winds, that blow on all things, quickly blaſt.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Eleventh Booke.

THE ARGVMENT

A Serpent chang'd to Stone. Rough barks infold
The cruell Bacchanals. To ſtarving Gold
All turnes as Midas *touch, He's bodie laves*
In cleare Pactolus, *whoſe enriched waves*
Waſh off his gold and gilt, an Aſſes eares
His folly ſhame: the whiſpered Secret beares
Like ſounding-Reeds. Apollo, *and the Guide*
Of ſacred Seat, in humane ſhapes reſide.
Fore't Thetis *varies formes.* Dædalion
T'a Falcon turn'd. A Wolfe congeal'd to Stone.
Morpheus *to mortals,* Phobetor *to Brutes,*
And Phantatus *to ſhapes inanimate ſuites.*
Transform'd Haleyone *and* Ceyx *flye.*
So Æſacus, *who vainely ſtrives to dye.*

THus while the *Thracian* Poet with his ſongs
Beaſts, Trees, and Stones, attracts in following throngs;
Behold, *Ciconian* dames (their furious breaſts
Clad with the ſpotted skinnes of ſalvage beaſts)
The ſacred Singer from a hill eſpy'd,
As he his ditty to his harp apply'd
Of theſe, One cry'd, and toſt her flaring haire;
Lo he who hates our ſex! then threw her ſpeare
At his melodious mouth; which ivie-bound,
Kiſt his affected lips without a wound.

An

An other hurles a ſtone; this, as it flew,
His voice and harpes according tunes ſubdue:
Which ſelfe-accus'd for ſuch a rude aſſay,
Before his feet, as in ſubmiſſion lay:
Raſh violence, the meane exil'd, increaſt:
And mad *Erinnys* raign'd in every breaſt.
His ſongs had all their weapons charm'd, if noyſe
Of *Berecynthian* ſhalmes, clapt hands, loud cryes,
Drummes, howling *Bacchanals*, with frantick ſound
Had not his all-appeaſing muſique drown'd.
The ſtones then bluſh with ſilenc't *Orpheus* blood.
But firſt on raviſht beaſts that liſtning ſtood,
On Fowle, and Serpents, they their ſpight inferre;
And raze the glory of his Theater.
Then all with cruell hands about him fly:
And flock like birds, when they by day eſpy
The bird of Night. And as a Stag at bay,
In th'Amphitheater now made a prey
To eager hounds; ſo they together flung
Their leauy ſpeares, not fram'd for ſuch a wrong;
Some clods, ſome armes of trees, ſome ſtones let fly,
And leaſt wilde Rage ſhould weapons want, hard by
By chance ſlow Oxen drew the furrowing plowghes;
And ſwaines, providing food with ſweating browes,
Dig'd with their brawny armes: who feare-inclind,
Before them fled, and left their tooles behind.
Their mattocks, rakes, and ſpades diſperſed lay
About the empty fields: theſe ſnatcht away,
(The ploughes from threatning Oxen torne) their hate
Hurries them back unto the Poets fate.
Him, holding up his hands, who then in vaine
Firſt ſpent his breath, nor pity could obtaine,
That Rout of ſacrilegious Furies ſlew!
Even through that mouth (O *Iupiter!*) which drew
From ſtones attention, which affection bred
In ſalvage beaſts, his forced ſpirits fled!
Sad birds, wilde Heards, hard flints, and woods, of late
Led by thy verſe, then wept: at thy ſad fate
Trees ſhed their leaves; ſtreames with their teares increaſt:
The *Naiades* and *Dryades* inveſt
Themſelves in ſullen ſable, and diſplay
Their ſcattered haire. Thy limms diſperſed lay.
His head and harp they into *Hebrus* flung,
The harp ſounds ſomething, ſadly; the dead tongue

Sighs

Sighes out ſad ditties: the bankes ſympathize
(That bound the river) in their ſad replies.
Now them to Sea their native current bore;
Both caſt upon *Methymnian Lesbos* ſhore.
A Dragon on the forraine ſand prepares
To ſeize his head, and lick his dropping haires.
When gaping to devoure the Hymniſts face,
Phœbus deſcends; and in that very ſpace,
Into a ſtone converts him by his power,
With jawes extended ready to devoure.
His Ghoſt retires to under ſhades: once more
He ſees, and knowes, what he had ſeene before.
Then through the *Elyſian* fields among the bleſt
Seekes his *Eurydice*. Now repoſſeſt
With ſtrict imbraces, guided by one minde,
They walke together: oft he comes behinde,
Oft goes before: now *Orpheus* ſafely may
His following *Eurydice* ſurvay.
Yet *Bacchus* renders vengeance for their hate:
Who vexed at his Prophets cruell fate,
Fixt all th'*Edonian* Dames that then were by
With ſpreading roots; and who more eagerly
Purſu'd his death, their toes he deeper drew
Within the ſolid earth, which downe-ward grew.
And even as fowle whoſe feet intangled are
Within the ſubtill foulers ſecret ſnare
Become by fearefull fluttering faſter bound:
So, each of theſe, now cleaving to the ground,
With terror ſtruggle to eſcape in vaine;
For faſter-binding roots their flight reſtraine.
One, looking for her nailes, her toes, her feet:
Behold, her twinning legs in timber meet:
In paſſion, thinking to have ſtruck her thighes,
She ſtrikes hard oake; hard oake her breaſts ſupplies;
Her ſhoulders ſuch: her armes appeare to grow
In naturall branches; and indeed did ſo.
Nor thus content, their fields *Lyæus* leaves:
Whom *Tmolus*, with a better troope receives,
And ſwift *Pactolus*, who did then infold
No precious ſands, nor graines of envi'd gold.
Satyres and *Bacchanals* to him repaire,
His uſuall traine: *Silenus* then not there.
Him erſt the *Phrygian* Rurals reeling found
With age and wine; and now, with ivy crown'd,

To

To *Midas* bring, whom *Orpheus* Orgies taught,
And sage *Eumolpus* from *Cecropia* brought.
When knowne to be his partner in those Rites;
Full twice five-dayes, with their succeeding nights,
He entertain'd him with a sumptuous feast.
Eleven times *Lucifer* the starres suppreſt:
When, with wild mirth, he treads the *Lydian* fields;
And to the God his Foster-father yeelds.
He in his safe returne doth much rejoyce:
Whose bounty *Midas* frustrates by his choice.
For, wil'd to wish; Let all, said he, I touch
Convert to gold. His ignorance was such.
Forth-with to him his wish *Lyæus* gives:
And at his folly not a little grieves.
But in his curse the *Berecynthian* joyes:
And home-ward bound, the truth by touching tries.
Scarce trusting his owne-sense, a tree bereaves
Of slender boughes; they shone with golden leaves.
Takes up a stone; that stone pale gold became:
Takes up a clod; the clod presents the same:
Crops stalkes of corne; these yeeld a sheafe of gold:
An apple pulls; therein you might behold
Th'*Hesperian* purchase: toucht by him alone,
The marble pillars with rich mettall shone.
And when he washt; that water, showr'd in raine,
Might simple *Danaë* have deceiv'd againe.
His breast scarce holds his hopes; whose fancy wrought
On golden wonders: when his servants brought
Meat to the table. Sooner had not he
Toucht *Ceres* bounty, but that prov'd to be
A shining masse: the carved viands straight
Betweene his greedy teeth convert to plate.
About to drinke mixt wine; you might behold
His thirsty jawes o're-flow with liquid gold.
Struck with so strange a plague; (both rich and poore;)
He hates, and shuns the wealth he wisht before.
His plenty feeds him not; he burnes with thirst:
By loathed gold deservedly accurst.
Then, lifting up his shining armes, thus praid:
Father *Lenæus*, O, afford thy aid!
I have offended; pity thou; and me,
From this so glorious a mischiefe free:
The gentle power the penitent restor'd:
And for his faith, affords what he implor'd.

Least

Least ill-wisht gold about him still abide;
Goe, said he, to those Crystall streames that glide
By potent *Sardis*: keepe the bankes that lead
Along th'encountring Current to his head.
There, where the gushing fountaine fomes, dive in:
And, with thy body, wash away thy sinne.
The King obayes: who in the fountaine leaves
That golden vertue, which the Spring receives.
And still those ancient seeds these waters hold:
Who gild their shores with glittering graines of gold.
He, hating wealth, in woods and fields bestowes
His time with *Pan*; whom mountaine Caves include.
Yet his grosse wit remaines: his shallow braine,
And sottish senses punish him againe.
High *Tmolus* with a steepe ascent displayes
His rigid browes, and under-seas survaies:
Whose streatcht-out bases here to *Sardis* joyne;
There to *Hypæpis*, girt in small confine.
Where boasting *Pan*, while he his verse doth praise
To tender Nymphs, and pipes to rurall layes,
Before *Apollo's* durst his songs preferre.
They meet (ill-matcht) great *Tmolus* arbiter.
The old Iudge on his owne Mountaine sits; and cleares
His eares from trees: alone a garland weares
Of Oake, with akornes dangling on his brow.
Who thus bespake the God of Shepheards: Now
Your judge attends. He blowes his wax-bound reeds:
And *Midas* fancy with rude numbers feeds.
Then sacred *Tmolus* to divine *Apollo*,
Converts his lookes: his woods his motion follow.
He, his long yellow haire with laurell bound,
Clad in a *Tyrian* robe that swept the ground,
A Violl holds, with sparkling gemmes inchac't
And *Indian* teeth; the bow his right hand grac't.
A perfect Artist sh•w'd. Then sweetly plaid
When *Tmolus*, ravisht with his musick, said,
Pan to the Violl yeeld thy ruder reed.
All like of what the Mountaine had decreed,
But *Midas* onely; whose exclaimes traduce
The Censure. *Phœbus* for this grosse abuse
Transformes his eares, his folly to declare:
Streatcht out in length, and cover'd with gray haire:
Instable, and now apt to move. The rest
The former figure of a man possest.

Punisht

Punisht in that offending part: who beares
Vpon his skull a slow-pac't Asses eares.
He strives to cover such a foule defame:
And with a red Tiara hides his shame.
But this his servant saw that cut his haire:
Who bigge with secrets, neither durst declare
His Soveraignes seene deformity, nor yet
Could hold his peace. Who digs a shallow pit,
And therein softly whispers his disgrace:
Then turning in the earth, forsooke the place.
A tuft of whispering Reeds from thence there growes;
Which comming to maturity, disclose
The husbandman: and by soft South-winds blowne
Repeat his words, and his Lords eares make knowne.
Reveng'd *Apollo*, leaving *Tmolus*, flies
Through liquid ayre, and on the land which lies
On that side *Helles* straightned surges stands:
Where far-obayd *Laomedon* commands.
Betweene *Rhœtæum* and *Sygæum* stood
An ancient Altar, high above the flood,
Vowd to the *Panomphæan* Thunderer:
From whence he saw the King begin to reare
New *Troy's* scarce founded walls; with what adoe,
And with how great a charge they slowly grew.
Who, with the father of the swelling Maine,
Indues a mortall shape: both entertaine
Themselves for unregarded gold to build
The *Phrygian* Tyrants walls. That worke sulfild;
The King their promised reward denies:
And falsehood by forswearing multiplies.
Revengefull *Neptune* his wild waves unbound;
Which all the shores of greedy *Ilium* drown'd,
And made the Land a Lake: the country Swaine
His labour lost beneath that liquid Plaine.
Besides the daughter of the King demands:
Who chained to a Rock exposed stands,
To feed a Monster of the Sea; set free,
By strenuous *Hercules*. Yet could not He
The horses of *Laomedon* enjoy;
His valours hire: who sacks twice perjur'd *Troy*;
And gives his fellow Souldier *Telamon*
Hesione: for *Peleus* now had won
A Deity; nor in his Grandfather
Tooke greater pride, then in his Sire by her.

For

For *Iupiter* had nephewes more then one:
But he a Goddesse had espous'd alone.
For aged *Proteus* thus fore-told the truth
To wave-wet *Thetis*: Thou shalt beare a Youth,
Greater then him, from whom he tooke his birth,
In armes and fame. Least any thing on earth
Should be more great then *Iove*, *Iove* shunnes the bed
Of Sea-thron'd *Thetis*, though her beauty led
His strong desires: who bids *Æacides*
Succeed his love, and wed the Queene of Seas.
A Bay within *Æmonia* lies, that bends
Much like an arch, and far-streatcht armes extends:
Which were, if deepe, a harbour lockt by land;
Where shallow seas o're-spread the yellow sand.
The solid shore (whereon no sea-weed growes)
Nor clogs the way, nor print of footing showes.
Hard by, a mirtle-grove affords a shade:
In this, a cave; rather, though doubtfull, made
By art then nature: hither *Thetis* swimmes
On Delpins back, here layd her naked limms.
In this the sleeping Goddesse *Peleus* caught:
Who, when she could not by his words be wrought,
Attempts to force, and clasp't her in his armes.
And, had she not assum'd her usuall charmes
In varying shapes, he had his will obtain'd.
Now, turnes t'a fowle, yet he her flight restrain'd:
Now seemes a massie tree adorn'd with leaves;
Close to the bole th'enamor'd *Peleus* cleaves.
A spotted Tygresse she presents at last:
When he, with terror struck, his armes unclaspt
Who powring wine on seas, those Gods implores;
And with perfumes and sacrifice adores:
Till the *Carpathian* Prophet rais'd his head,
And said; *Æacides*, enjoy her bed.
Doe thou but bind her in her next surprise,
When in her cold moist cave she sleeping lyes:
And though she take a thousand shapes, let none
Dismay; but hold, till she resume her owne.
This *Proteus* said, and div'd to the Profound:
His latter word in his owne waters drownd.
Now hasty *Titan* to *Hesperian* seas
Descends; when beautious *Thetis*, bent to ease
For sooke the flood, and to her Cave repair'd.
No sooner she by *Peleus* was insnar'd,

But forth-with varies formes; untill she found
Her virgin limms within his fetters bound.
Then, spreading forth her armes, She sighing said,
Thou hast subdu'd by some immortall aid:
Appeares her selfe; nor his embrace repeld;
Whose pregnant wombe with great *Achilles* swel'd.
Happy was *Peleus* in his sonne, and wife:
And had not *Phocus* murder soil'd his life,
All-fortunate. With brothers blood defil'd,
Thee *Trachis* harbours, from thy home exil'd.
Where courteous *Ceyx*, free from rigor, raign'd;
The sonne of *Lucifer*; whose lookes retain'd
His fathers luster: then disconsolate,
Nor like himselfe, for his lost brothers fate.
Hither, with travell tyr'd, and clog'd with cares,
The banish: with a slender traine repaires:
His Flocks and heards, with men for their defence,
Left in a shady vale not farre from thence.
Conducted to his royall presence, He
With Olive brancht, downe bending to his knee,
His name and birth declares: the murder masks
With forged cause of flight: a dwelling askes
In field, or city. *Ceyx* thus replies:
Our hospitable bounty open lies
To men of vulgar ranke: what owes it then
To your high spirit, so renoun'd by men?
Of monumentall praise? Whose blood extracts
His sourse from *Iove*, improved by your acts?
To sue, is times abuse: your worth assures
Your full desires; of all, the choice is yours:
I wish it better. And then wept. The cause
Ioves Nephew askes: when, after a short pause;
Perhaps you thinke this Bird which lives by rape
To all a terror, ever had that shape.
He was a man; as constant in his minde
As fierce in warre, to great attempts inclin'd.
Dædalion nam'd; sprung from that Star which wakes
The dewy Morne; the last that heaven forsakes.
Affected peace I fosterd, with the rites
Of nuptiall joyes: He joy'd in bloody fights.
His valour Kingdomes with their Kings subdu'd;
By whom the *Thisbian* doves are now pursu'd.
His daughter *Chione*, whose beauty drew
A thousand futors, ripe for marriage grew,

By

By fortune *Phœbus*, and the ſonne of *Maia*,
From *Delphos*, and *Cyllene*, came this way:
Here meeting, looke, and like. The God of Light
Deferres his joy-embracing hopes till night.
Hermes ill-brookes delay: who on her laid
His drowſie rod, and forc't the ſleepy Maid.
Night ſpangs the skie with ſtarres. An old wives ſhape
Apollo tooke, and ſeconds *Hermes* rape.
Now when the fulneſſe of her time drew nye,
Autolichus was borne to *Mercury*.
Nor from the Sire the Sonne degenerates,
Cunning in theft, and wily in all ſleights:
Who could with ſubtilty deceive the ſight;
Converting white to black, and black to white.
To *Phœbus* (for ſhe bare two ſonnes) belongs
Philammon, famous for his harpe, and ſongs.
What is't t'have had two ſonnes? two Gods t'inflame?
A valiant father? *Iupiter* the ſame?
Is glory fatall? ſure t'was ſo to Her:
Who to *Dianas* durſt her face confer,
And blame her beauty. With a cruell looke,
She ſaid; Our deeds ſhall right us. Forthwith tooke
Her bow, and bent it; which ſhe ſtrongly drew;
And through her guilty tongue the arrow flew.
It bleeds; of ſpeech and ſound at once bereft:
And life, with blood, her falling body left.
What griefe (O Piety!) oppreſt my heart!
What ſaid I not, t'aſſwage my brothers ſmart?
Who heares me ſo, as rocks the roaring waves
That beat their browes; and for his Daughter raves.
But when he ſaw her burne, foure times aſſail'd
To ſack the flamie Pile: as often fail'd.
Then turnes his heeles to flight (much like a Bull
By Hornets ſtung) whom ſcratching brambles pull:
Yet ſeem'd to run far faſter then a man,
As if his feete had wings; and all out-ran.
Who ſwift in chace of wiſhed death, aſcends
Parnaſſus top. As he his body bends
To jump from downe-right cliffes, compaſſionate
Apollo, with light wings, prevents his fate:
With beake and tallons arm'd; with ſtrength repleat
Above his ſize: his courage ſtill as great.
This Falcon, friend to none, all fowle purſu'th:
And grieving, is the cauſe of common ruth.

As *Ceyx* thus his brothers change relates:
Phocean Anetor rusheth through the gates;
(Who kept the Heard) and cry'd (halfe out of breath)
Peleus, I bring thee newes of losse and death.
Report, said *Peleus*, we are bent to beare
The worst of fortunes. While the King with feare
Hangs on his tongue. He panting, still afeard:
To winding shores we drave the weary Heard,
When *Phœbus* from the heighth of all the sky,
The East and West beheld with equall eye.
A part on yellow sands their limms display,
And from their Rest the wauy fields survay:
While other slowly wander here and there:
Some swim in seas, and lofty fore-heads reare.
A Fane, undeckt with gold, or *Parean* stone,
Of blocks adjoynes; within a grove o're-growne.
This the *Nereides* and *Nereus* hold:
By sea-men, who there dry'd their nets, so told.
Neere it, a Marish, thick with sallowes, stood;
Made plashie by the interchanging flood.
A Wolfe, a monstrous beast; with hideous noyse
That frights the confines, from those thickets flies.
His lightning jawes with blood and some besmear'd:
In whose red eyes two darting flames appear'd.
Though fell with rage and famine; yet his rage
More greedy far: nor hunger seekes t'asswage
With blood of beeves, and so surcease; but all
He meets with, wounds; insulting in their fall.
Nor few of us, while we his force-withstood,
Fell by his cruell phangs. The shore with blood,
With blood the sea-brimme blusht, and bellowing lakes.
Delay is losse; who doubts, himselfe forsakes.
Arme, arme, while something yet is left to lose:
And joyning force, this mortall plague oppose.
The Heardsman ends. Nor did this losse incense
Æacides; remembring his offence:
Borne, as the justice of sad *Psamathe*,
To celebrate her *Phocus* Obsequie.
The King commands his men to arme: provides
To goe in person. Busie rumor guides
This to *Alcyone*: her passion bare
Her swiftly thither; running with her haire
Halfe uncompos'd: and, that disordering, clung
About his neck: then weepes; and with a tongue

That ſcarce could ſpeake, intreats, that they alone
Might goe; nor hazard both their lives in one.
To whom *Æacides*: Faire Queene forbeare
(Too much your bounty flowes) your vertuous feare.
No force availes in ſuch extreames as theſe:
'Tis prayer that muſt the ſea-thron'd Power appeaſe.
A lofty tower within a fortreſſe ſtood;
A friend to wandering ſhips that plough the flood.
They this aſcend; and ſighing, ſee the ſhore
With cattell ſtrew'd; the Spoyler drencht in gore:
Here *Peleus* fixt on ſeas, with knees that bend,
Blew *Pſamathe* implores, at length to end
The juſtice of her wrath. She from his ſpeech
Diverts her eares: till *Thetis* did beſeech,
And got her husbands pardon: nor yet could
The ſalvage Wolfe from thirſt of blood with-hold;
Till ſhe the beaſt, as he a heifer ſlew,
Transform'd to marble; differing but in hew;
All elſe intire. The colour of the ſtone
Shewes him no Wolfe: now terrible to none.
Yet Fate would not permit *Æacides*,
To harbour here; nor found in exile eaſe;
Till at *Magneſia*, in a happy time
Acaſtus purg'd him from his bloody crime.
Meane-while perplext with former prodigies,
Both of his neece and brother; to adviſe
With ſacred Oracles, the joyes of men,
Ceyx prepares for *Claros*. *Phorbas* then,
With his *Phlegyan* hoaſt, alike prophane,
The paſſage ſtopt to *Delphian Phœbus* Fane.
Yet firſt to thee his ſecret purpoſe told,
Faith-crown'd *Alcyone*. An inward cold
Shot through her bones: her changing face appeares
As pale as box, bedewed with her teares.
Thrice ſtroye to ſpeak, thrice weeps through deare conſtraint:
Sobs interrupting her divine complaint.
What fault of mine, my Life, hath chang'd thy minde?
Where is that love that late ſo clearely ſhin'd?
Canſt thou thy ſelfe enjoy, from me remov'd?
Doe long waies pleaſe? is now my abſence lov'd?
Yet didſt thou goe by land, I ſhould alone
Grieve without feare: now both combine in one.
Seas fright me with their tragicall aſpect;
Of late I ſaw them on the ſhore eject,

Their ſcattered wracks: and often have I read
Sad names on ſepulchers that want their dead.
Nor let falſe hopes thy confidency pleaſe;
In that my father, great *Hippotades*,
The ſtrugling windes in rocky cavernes keepes:
And at his pleaſure calmes the raging Deepes.
They once broke looſe ſubmit to no command;
But rage through all the Sea, on all the land;
Perplex the clouds, with ſterne encounters rore,
And ſtrike forth flames: I feare, by knowledge, more.
Theſe knew I, and oft ſaw their rude comport;
While yet a Girle, within my fathers Court.
But if my prayers no favour can procure;
And that, alas, thy going be too ſure;
Take me along: let both one fortune beare;
Then ſhall I onely what I ſuffer feare.
Together ſaile we on the toyling Maine:
And equally what'ever hap ſuſtaine.
Thus ſpake *Alcyone*: whoſe ſorrowes melt
Her ſtar-like-ſpouſe; nor he leſſe paſſion felt.
Yet neither would his firſt intent forſake,
Nor her a Partner in his danger make.
Much ſaid he to aſſwage her troubled breſt:
As much in vaine. This addes unto the reſt,
(Which anſwer only could her paſſion tame)
All ſtay is irkeſome, by my fathers Flame,
I ſweare, if Fate permit, returne I will
E're twice the Moone her ſhining Creſcents fill.
Reviv'd with promiſe of ſo ſhort a ſtay;
He bids them launch the ſhip without delay,
And fit her tacklings. This renewes her feares;
Preſaging ill ſucceſſe: abortive teares
Flow from their ſprings; then kiſt: a ſad farewell,
Long firſt, at length ſhe takes; and ſwowning, fell.
The Sea-men call aboard: in double ranks
Reduce their oares, up-riſing from their Banks
With equall ſtrokes. She reares her humid eyes,
And firſt her husband on the Poope eſpies
Shaking his hand: that, anſwers. Now from ſhore
The veſſell drives, and thence her object bore.
Her following eyes the flying ſhip purſue:
That loſt, the ſailes her eager gazes drew.
When all had left her, to her chamber goes;
And on the empty bed her body throwes:

The

The bed and place, with teares, to minde recall
That abſent part, which gave eſteeme to all.
Now farre from Port; the windes began to blow
On quivering Shrowds; their oares the Sailers ſtow:
Then hoiſe their Yards a trip, and all their ſailes
At once let fall to catch th'approching gales.
The ſhip ſcarce halfe her courſe, or ſure no more,
By this had runne; farre off from either ſhore:
When, deepe in night, fierce *Eurus* ſtiffly blew,
And high-wrought Seas with chafing ſomy grew.
Strike, ſtrike the Top-ſaile, let the Maine-ſhear fly,
And furle your ſailes, the Maſter cry'd; his cry
The bluſtring winds and roaring ſeas ſuppreſſe.
Yet of their owne accord in this diſtreſſe
They ply their tasks: ſome ſeeling yards beſtride
And take-in ſailes; ſome ſtop on either ſide
The yawning leakes; ſome ſeas on ſeas eject.
While thus Diſorder toyles to ſmall effect,
The bitter Storme augments; the wild Windes wage
Warre from all parts, and joyne with *Neptunes* rage.
The Maſter, loſt in terror, neither knew
The ſtate of things, what to command, or doe;
Confeſſing ignorance; ſo huge a maſſe
Of ills oppreſſe: which ſlighted Art ſurpaſſe.
Lowd cryes of men reſound; with ratling ſhrowds,
Floods juſtling floods, and thunder-craſhing clouds.
Now toſſing Seas appeare to touch the ſky,
And wrap their curles in clouds, frotht with their ſpry:
The ſand now from the bottome lave, and take
Their ſwarter dy; now black, as *Stygian* lake;
Sometimes depreſt, with hiſſing ſome all white.
The *Trachin* ſhip ſuch horrid changes fright.
Which now, as from a mountaine rockt with flawes,
Viewes under-vales, and *Acherons* darke jawes:
Now head-long with the tumbling billowes fell;
And heaven ſurvayes from that low depth of Hell.
Her wave-beat ſides a hideous noyſe report:
As when a battering Ram beats downe a Fort.
As chafed Lyons, whom no terrors fright,
Ruſh on extended ſteele with horrid might:
So Seas invade with ſtorme-imbatled powre
The ſhips defence; and o're her hatches towre
Her yeelding planks now ſpring: ſterne *Neptune* raves,
Charging her breaches with his deadly waves.

The prodigall clouds in ſhowers their ſubſtance ſpend:
Ambitious ſeas to gloomy heaven aſcend;
All heaven deſcending to the lofty Maine:
At leaſt ſo ſeeme. Sailes ſuck the falling raine;
Showers joyne with floods. No friendly ſtar now ſhone:
Blind Night in darkneſſe, tempeſts, and her owne
Dread terrors loſt: theſe horrid lightning turnes
To light more fear'd; the Sea with lightning burnes.
Now vaulting floods her upper deck oppreſt.
And as a Souldier, braver then the reſt,
Tempting to ſcale the walls with loſt aſſaies,
At length enjoyes his hopes; and ſpurd with praiſe,
Among a thouſand only ſtands the ſhock:
So while aſſailing waves the veſſell rock,
The tenth bold Billow ruſheth in, nor ſhrinks
Vntill the ſhip beneath his fury ſinks.
Thoſe ſeas, without, the labouring Bark aſſaile:
Theſe ſack her Hold. All tremble, and looke pale;
As at a ſiege, when foes enforce a wall;
While ſome within to execution fall.
Art failes, hearts ſincke: on every riſing wave
Death ſits in triumph, and preſents a grave.
He weepes; He ſtands amaz'd; He calls them bleſt,
Whom funerals grace: He vowes, to heaven addreſt,
Looking at what he ſees not, and beſought
The Gods in vaine: He on his parents thought,
His children, houſe, and what he left behinde.
Alcyone poſſeſt all *Ceyx* minde;
Her onely names: now in her abſence joy'd,
Whoſe preſence was his heaven: and had employ'd
His eyes laſt duty, to deſcry the way
To her abode, but knew not where it lay.
The giddy ſeas ſo whirle, ſuch pitchy clouds
Obſcure the skie, Night, two-fold darkneſſe ſhrouds.
Lowd howling whirle-winds over-boord now bore
The ſhivered maſt; and now the rudder tore.
A Billow with theſe ſpoyles encourag'd, raves;
Who Victor-like contemnes the under waves:
Nor lighter falls, then if ſome God had torne
Pindus and *Athos* from their roots, up-borne
As high as heaven, and tumbled on the Maine.
Nor could the ſhip ſuch force and waight ſuſtaine;
But to the bottome ſinks. Moſt of her men
The ſeas infold; who never ſeene againe

Accompliſhed

Accomplished their fates: while other swim
On scattered plankes, a planke upholding Him
Who late a scepter held. His father-in-law,
And father, now invokes: but could not draw
(Alas!) from either succour. Still his wife
Runnes in his thoughts, in that short span of life.
He wisht the waves would cast him on the sands
Of *Trachis*, to be buried by her hands.
Who swimming, sighes *Alcyone*; her name
His last-of speech: in seas conceives the same.
Behold; an arch of waters, black as hell,
Asunder breakes: the breaking surges quell
Their sinking Burthen. *Lucifer* that night
Became obscure; nor could you see his light.
And since he might not render up his place,
With pitchie clouds immur'd his darkned face.
Meane-while *Alcyone*, (his fate unknowne)
Computes the tedious nights; by day wrought on
A garment for her Lord; another makes
To weare her selfe: whose flattering hope mistakes
In his returne. Who holy fumes presents
To all the Gods; but most of all frequents,
The Fane of *Iuno*: at her altars prayd
For him that was not. Grant successe! (she said)
A quick returne! Give he our right to none!
Of all her prayers the last succeeds alone.
The melting Goddesse, could no longer brooke
Her death-croft prayers; but from her altar shooke
Her tainted hand; and thus to *Iris* spake:
Haste faithfull Messenger, thy journey take
To drowsie *Sleepes* dimme palace: bid him send
A dreame, that may present the wofull end
Of *Ceyx* to *Alcyone*. This said;
She, in a thousand-coloured robe arraid,
Her ample Bow from heaven to earth extends:
And in a cloud to his abode descends.
Neere the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in steepe
And hollow hills; the Mansion of dull *Sleepe*:
Not seene by *Phœbus* when he mounts the skies,
At height, nor stooping: gloomy mists arise
From humid earth, which still a twi-light make.
No crested fowles shrill crowings here awake
The chearefull Morne: no barking Sentinell
Here guards; nor geese, who wakefull dogs excell.

Beasts tame, nor salvage; no wind-shaken boughs,
Nor strife of jarring tongues, with noyses rouse
Secured Ease. Yet from the rock a spring,
With streames of *Lethe* softly murmuring,
Purles on the pebbles, and invites Repose.
Before the Entry pregnant Poppy growes,
With numerous Simples; from whose juicy birth
Night gathers sleepe, and sheds it on the Earth.
No doores here on their creeking hinges jarr'd:
Through-out this court there was no doore, nor guard.
Amid the *Heben* cave a downy bed
High mounted stands, with sable coverings spred.
Here lay the lazie God, dissolv'd in rest,
Fantastick Dreames, who various formes expresst,
About him lay: then Autumn's eares far more;
Or leaves of trees, or sands on *Neptunes* shore.
The Virgin entring, parts the obvious Dreames:
And fills the sacred Concave with the beames
Of her bright robe. The God with strife dissoynes
His seeled lids; againe his head declines,
And knocks his chin against his breast. Anon
Sleepe casts off sleepe; and softly leaning on
His elbow, asketh (for he knew her) why
She thither came? when *Iris* made reply:
Thou Rest of things, most meeke of all the Gods;
O *Sleepe*, the Peace of mindes, from whose abodes
Care ever flies; restoring the decay
Of toile-tir'd limms to labour-burdning Day:
Send thou a Dreame, resembling truth, in post
T'*Herculean Trachis*; that like *Ceyx* Ghost,
May to *Alcyone* his wrack unfold.
Saturnia this commands. Her message told,
Iris with-drew; who could the power of Sleepe
Resist no longer. When she found it creepe
Vpon her yeelding senses, thence she flies:
And by her painted Bow remounts the skies.
The Sire among a thousand sonnes, excites
Shape-faining *Morpheus*: of those brother Sprites
None (bid t'assume) with subtler cunning can
Vsurp the gesture, visage, voice of man,
His habit, and knowne phrase. *He* onely takes
A humane forme: an Other shewes a snakes,
A birds, a beasts. This *Icelos* they call,
Whom heaven imbowre; though *Phobetor* by all

Of mortall birth. Next *Phantasus*; but he,
Of different faculty, indues a tree,
Earth, water, stone, the severall shapes of things
That life enjoy not. These appeare to Kings,
And Princes in deepe night: the rest among
The vulgar stray. Of all the airy throng
Their aged father onely *Morpheus* chose
To act *Thaumantia's* charge. His eyes then close
Their drowsie lids, and hanging downe his head,
Oppress't with slumber, shrinks into his bed.
His noiselesse wings by night sly *Morpheus* straines;
And with the swiftnesse of a thought, attaines
Th'*Æmonian* towres: then laid them by, and tooke
The forme of *Ceyx*. With a pallid looke
He naked stood, like one depriv'd of life,
Before the bed of his unhappy wife:
His beard all wet, the haire upon his head
With water dropt; who leaning on her bed,
Thus spake; while teares from seeming passion flow.
Dost thou, O wretched Wife, thy *Ceyx* know?
Or am I chang'd in death? looke on the Lost:
And for thy husband thou shalt see his Ghost.
Thy pious prayers no favour could obtaine:
Lo, I am drown'd; no longer hope in vaine.
Cloud-crushing South-winds in *Ægaum* caught
Our ravisht ship, and wrackt her with her fraught.
My voice the floods oppress't, while on thy name
I vainely call'd. This, neither wandring Fame,
Nor doubtfull author tells: this I relate.
I, that there perisht by untimely fate.
Arise, weep, put on black: not undeplor'd
For pity send me to the *Stygian* Ford.
To this he addes a voice, such as she knew
Expres't her Lords; with teares appearing true,
And gesture of his hand. She sighs and wept;
Streatcht out her armes t'embrace him as she slept,
But clasp't the empty ayre. Then cry'd, O stay!
Ah, whether wilt thou! Let us goe one way.
Wak't with her voice, and husbands ghost; with feare
She lookes about for that which was not there.
For now the maids, rais'd with her shreekes, had brought
A taper in. Not finding what she sought,
She strikes her cheekes, her nightly linnen tare,
Invades her breast, nor stayes t'unbind her haire.

But tugs it off. Her Nurſe the cauſe demands
Of ſuch a violence. She wrings her hands,
And in the paſſion of her griefe repli'd:
There's no *Alcyone*; none, none! ſhe dy'd:
Together with her *Ceyx*. Silent be
All ſounds of comfort. Theſe, theſe eyes did ſee
My ſhipwrackt Lord: I knew him; and my hands
Thruſt forth t'have held him, but no mortall bands
Could force his ſtay. A Ghoſt: yet manifeſt:
My husbands Ghoſt: which, O but ill expreſt
His forme and beauty, late divinely rare!
Now pale, and naked, with yet-dropping haire.
Here ſtood the miſerable; in this place:
Here, here (and ſought his ayrie ſteps to trace.)
O this my ſad miſ-giving ſoule divin'd;
When thou forſook'ſt me to purſue the winde.
But ſince imbarqu'd for death, would I with thee
Had put to ſea: a happy fate for me!
Then both together all the time aſſign'd
For life had liv'd; nor in our death diſioyn'd.
Now here, I periſht there: on that Profound
Poore I was wrackt; yet thou without me drown'd.
O I, then floods more cruell; ſhould I ſtrive
To lengthen life, and ſuch a griefe ſurvive!
Nor will I, nor forſake thee, nor defer.
Though one Vrne hold not both, one ſepulcher
Shall joyne our titles: though thy bones from mine
The ſeas diſſever, yet our names ſhall joyne.
Griefe choak't the reſt. Sobs every accent part:
And ſighes aſcend from her aſtoniſht heart.
Day ſprings: She to the ſhore addreſt her haſte,
Even to that place from whence ſhe ſaw him laſt.
And while ſhe ſadly utters, Here he ſtaid;
Here parting, kiſt me; from thence anchor waid;
While ſhe ſuch ſighes recalls; her ſteady eyes
Fixt on a Sea, far off ſhe ſomething ſpies;
But knowes not what: yet like a corſe. Firſt ſhe
Doth doubt: driven neerer (though not neere) might ſee
A body plainely. Though unknowne, yet much
The Omen mov'd her, ſince his fate was ſuch.
Poore wretch, who 'ere thou art: and ſuch (ſhe ſaid)
Thy wife (if wed) by thee a widdow made!
By floods driven neerer; the more neere, the more
Her ſpirits faint: now nigh th'adjoyning ſhore,

She

She sees now what she knowes; her husbands Corse,
Woe's me! 'tis He, she cries! at once doth force
Her face, haire, habit: trembling hands extends
To soule-lesse *Ceyx*, and then said: Here ends
My last of hopes: thus, O then life more deare;
O Husband, thus return'st thou! Art a Peere
Had streatcht into the surges; which with-stood,
And brake the first incursion of the flood.
Thither forth-with (O wonderfull!) she springs;
Beating the passive ayre with new-growne wings.
Who, now a bird, the waters summit rakes;
About she flies, and full of sorrow, makes
A mournefull noyse; lamenting her divorce:
Anon she toucht his dumb and bloodlesse Corse;
With streatching wings imbrac't her perisht blisse;
And gave his colder lips a heatlesse kisse.
Whether he felt it, or the floods his looke
Vpraisi'd, the vulgar doubt: yet sure he tooke
Sense from her touch. The Gods commiserate:
And change them both, obnoxious to like fate.
As late, they love: their nuptiall faiths they shew;
Now little birds; engender, parents grew.
Seaven winter dayes with peacefull calmes possest,
Alcyon sits upon her floating nest.
Then safely saile; then *Æolus* incaves
For his, the windes; and smoothes the stooping waves.
Some old man seeing these their pinions move
O'r broad-spread Seas, extolls their endlesse love.
By theirs, a neighbour, or Himselfe, revives
An others fate. Yon' sable fowle that dives;
(And therewith shewes the wide-mouth'd Cormorant)
Of royall parentage may also vant.
Whose ancestors from *Tros* their branches spred;
Ilus, *Assaracus*, *loves Ganimed*,
Laomedon, and *Priamus* the last
That raign'd in *Troy*; to *Hector* (who surpast
In fortitude) a brother. If by powre
Of Fate unchanged in his youths first flowre,
He might perhaps as great a name have wonne,
Though *Hector* were great *Dymas* daughters sonne.
For *Alisxothoë*, a country Maid,
Bare *Æsacus* by stealth in *Idas* shade.
He, hating Cities, and the discontents
Of glittering Courts; the lonely woods frequents,

And

And unambitious fields; but made repaire
To *Ilium* rarely: yet, he debonaire,
Nor unexpugnable to love. Who spyde
Eperia, oft desir'd, by *Cebren's* side
(Her fathers riuer) drying in the Sun
Her flowing haire. Away the Nymph did run,
Swift as a frighted Hinde the Wolfe at hand;
Or like a fearefull fowle thrust over-land
Beneath a falcon. He pursues the chace:
Feare wings her feete, and love enforc't his pace.
Behold; a lurking Viper in this strife,
Seiz'd on her heele; suppressing flight with life.
Frantick, his trembling armes the dead include:
Who cry'd, Alasse that ever I pursude!
I fear'd not this; nor was the victory
Worth such a losse. Ay me! two, one destroy.
Thy wound the Serpent, I th'occasion gave:
I, O more wicked! yet thy death shall have
My life for satisfaction. There-with flung
His body from a cliffe which over-hung
The undermining Seas. His falling limmes
Vpheld by *Tethys* pity; as he swimmes
With feathers cloth'd, nor power of dying gives.
To be compel'd to live the Lover grieves:
Disdaining that his soule, so well appaid
To leave her wretched seat, should thus be staid.
And mounting on new wings, againe on Seas
His body throwes: the fall his feathers ease.
With that, enrag'd, into the deepe he dives:
And still to drowne himselfe as vainely strives.
Love makes him leane. A long neck doth sustaine
His sable head; long-joynted legs remaine.
Nor ever the affected Seas forsakes:
And now a suted name from diving takes.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Twelfth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

A Snake, a ſnake-like Stone. Cycnus, *a Swan;*
Cænus *the maid, now* Cæneus *and a man,*
Becomes a Fowle. Neleius *varies ſhapes:*
At laſt an Eagle, nor Alcides *ſcapes.*

OLD *Priam* mournes for *Æſacus*, nor knew
That he ſurviv'd, and with light feathers flew.
While *Hector* and his brethren dues, with teares,
Pay to the tombe which his inſcription beares.
But *Paris*, abſent from that obſequy,
Straight with his Rape, brought ten yeares warre to *Troy*.
A thouſand ſhips, in one confederate,
Purſue his ſtealth, with all the *Achaian* State.
Nor vow'd revenge ſo long had beene delaid,
If wrathfull ſeas had not their paſſage ſtaid:
At fiſhie *Aulis*, in *Bœotia*,
Their wind-bound Nauie in expectance lay.
Here (as of old) to *Iove* they ſacrifice.
While from the antique altar flames ariſe,
A blew-ſcal'd Dragon, in the Armies view,
Aſcends a tree, which neere the altar grew.
A neſt there was upon an upper bough,
With twice foure birds: theſe, and their dam (which now
Flutter'd about her young) the greedy ſnake
At length deyour'd. This all with wonder ſtrake.

When

When *Chalchas* cry'd (who could the truth divine)
Rejoyce, *Pelasgans*, 'tis a happy signe!
Proud *Troy* shall fall; though with long toyle and care,
These thrice three birds, thrice three yeares warre declare.
She wound about a bough, gorg'd with her rape,
Became a Stone, that held a Serpents shape.
Still *Nereus* in *Aönian* surges raves,
Nor warre transferres. Some thinke the God of Waves
Would *Troy* preserve, and save the walles he made.
Thestorides dissents, who knew, and said,
A Virgins blood must *Dian* reconcile.
Now did the publike cause the private foyle,
A King a father, *Iphigenia* stood
Before the altar to resigne her blood.
The Priest then wept, so pity did subdue
The Goddesse, who a cloud about her threw,
And while they prosecute her Rites, and praid,
Produc't a Hinde to represent the Maid.
When fitter sacrifice had dull'd her rage,
Her fury, and the Seas, at once asswage.
A fore-winde then their thousand Vessels bore,
Who, suffering much, attaine the *Phrygian* shore.
Amid the world, betweene Aire, Earth, and Seas,
A place there is, the confines to all these.
Where all that's done, though far remov'd, appeare,
And every whisper penetrates the eare.
The *House* of *Fame*, who in the highest towre
Her lodging takes. To this capacious bowre
Innumerable waies conduct, no way
Barr'd up, the doores stand open night and day.
All built of ringing brasse, through-out resounds,
Things heard, reports, and every word rebounds,
No rest within, no silence, yet the noyse
Not loud, but like the murmuring of a voice.
Such as from farre by rowling billowes sent,
Or as *Iovis* fainting Thunder almost spent.
Hither the idle Vulgar come and goe,
Millions of Rumors wander too and fro,
Lyes mixt with truths, in words that vary still.
Of these, with newes unknowing eares Some fill;
Some carry tales, all in the telling growes,
And every Author addes to what he knowes.
Here dwels rash Error, light Credulity,
Dejected Feare, and vainly grounded Joy,

New

New raiſ'd Sedition, ſecret Whiſperings
Of unknowne Authors, and of doubtfull things.
All done in Heaven, Earth, Ocean, Fame ſurviews:
And through the ample world inquires of newes.
She notice gave, how with a dreadfull hoaſt
The *Grecian* Nauy ſteered for their coaſt.
Nor unexpected came: the *Troians* bend
Their powerst'encounter, and their ſhores defend.
Firſt thou thy life, *Proteſilaus*, loſt
By *Hectors* fatall lance; the battle coſt
The *Greekes* much noble blood: ſo clearely ſhone
Their fortitudes; great *Hector* yet unknowne.
Nor no ſmall ſtreames of blood their valours drew
From *Phrygian* wounds, who felt what *Greece* could doe;
And now their mingled gores *Sigeum* ſtaine:
Now *Neptunes Cycnus* had a thouſand ſlaine.
Now on the Foe the fierce *Achilles* flew;
And with his lance whole ſquadrons overthrew:
Seeking for *Cycnus*, or for *Hector*, round
About the field; at length brave *Cycnus* found:
(For *Iove* nine yeares great *Hectors* life ſuſtaines.)
Cheering his horſes with the flaxen maines,
His thundring charriot drives againſt his foe,
And ſhakes his trembling lance: about to throw;
O youth, he ſaid, what e're thou art, rejoyce:
Achilles honours thee with death. His voice
His ſpeare purſues: the ſteele no wound impreſt,
Though ſtrongly throwne. When, bounding from his breaſt
He ſaid, Thou Goddeſſe-borne, Fame brutes thee ſuch;
Why wondreſt thou? (*Achilles* wondred much)
This helme with horſe-haire deckt, this ſhield I beare,
Defend not me: for faſhion theſe I weare.
So *Mars* his perſon armes. Should I diſplay
My naked breaſt, thy force could finde no way.
The grace to be *Nereis* ſonne is ſmall:
I his, who *Nereus*, who his Nymphs, who all
The Ocean guides: Then at *Achilles* threw
His lance, that pierc't his plated ſhield, and through
Nine Oxe-hides ruſht: the tenth did it reſtraine.
The Heroe caught it, and retorts againe
The ſinging ſteele; againe it gave no wound.
The third aſſay no better entrance found,
Though *Cycnus* bar'd his boſome to the blow.
He rages like a Bull in Circian ſhew;

Whoſe

Whose dreadfull hornes the skarlet, which provokes
His fury, tosse with still deluded strokes.
Then searches if the head were off: that on;
What, is my hand, said he, so feeble growne?
On one is all my vigor spent? my powre
Was more, when first I raz'd *Lyrnessus* towre:
When *Tenedos*, *Eëtian Thebes*, were fild
With blood of theirs, by my encounters spild.
The red *Caycus* slaughtred natives dyde:
Twice *Telephus* my javelin powrefull tryde.
Behold these heapes of bodies: these I slew:
Much could my hand have done; as much can doe.
This said, his former deeds almost suspects,
And at *Menetes* breast his aime directs,
(A *Lycian* of meane ranke) the thrilling dart
Quite through his faithlesse curasse pierc't his heart;
Whose dying body struck the groning ground.
Snatching the weapon from his reeking wound;
This hand, he said, this now victorious lance
Shall urge thy fate: assist me equall chance!
With that, th'unerring dart at *Cycnus* flung.
Th'unevitated on his shoulder rung;
Which like a rock the lance repeld againe:
Yet where it hit it left a purple staine;
By vainely glad *Æacides* descry'd:
He woundlesse: this *Menetes* blood had dy'd.
Then roring, from his charriot leaps; and made
A horrid on-set with his flaming blade:
Who breaches in his helme and shield beheld;
Yet he secure: his skin the steele repeld.
Now all impatient, with the hilt his Foe's
Hard front invades with thick redoubled blowes:
Prest on as he gave back, pursues, insists;
Nor lets the astonisht breath. He faints; blew mists
Swim over his dim eyes: whose backward steps
A stone with-stood. On whom *Achilles* leapes
With all his strength, and *Cycnus* up-ward cast
On sounding earth: there held the Heroe fast.
Then sets his shield and knees upon his brest;
And, drawing hard his helmet strings, oppresst
His gasping jawes: the breathing-path and way
Of life shuts up. About t'unarme his prey,
The body mist. To a Fowle as white as snow
By *Neptune* chang'd; whom by that name we know.

This

This toyle, this fight gave many daies of reſt:
And either part from deeds of armes ſurceaſt.
While on their walls the watchfull *Phrygians* ward,
And while the watchfull *Greekes* their trenches guard,
A feaſt was kept: wherein *Æacides*
For *Cycnus* death with heifers blood did pleaſe
Propitious *Pallas*. When the entralls laid
On burning altars, to the Gods convaid
An acceptable ſmell: a part addreſt
To ſacred uſe; the board receiv'd the reſt.
Downe lay the Heroes, fed on roſted fleſh,
And generous wines their cares, and thirſt refreſh:
Nor muſick now, nor ſongs their eares delight;
But in diſcourſe conſume the ſhortned night.
The ſubject, Valour: of the valour ſhowne
By their couragious foes, and of their owne.
Promiſcuouſly of paſſed dangers tell,
And former enterprizes. What ſo well
Could great *Achilles* ſpeake of? or what were
A fitter theame for great *Achilles* eare?
Then ſpake he of his conqueſt, in the fall
Of noble *Cycnus*: wondred at by all,
That weapons had no powre to penetrate
His woundleſſe body, which could ſteele rebate.
This the *Pelaſgans*, this *Æacides*
Himſelfe admires. When *Neſtor* ſaid to theſe:
Cycnus is he, who in your age alone
Contemned ſteele, and could be hurt by none.
I ſaw *Perrhæbian Caneus* once indure
A thouſand ſtrokes; yet he from wounds ſecure.
Perrhæbian Caneus, excellent in deeds,
On *Othrys* dwelt: and what beleeſe exceeds,
A woman borne. This prodigie begets
Their greater wonder. Every one entreats;
Achilles thus: Divinely eloquent;
O thou the wiſdome of our age; conſent
To our deſires; for all deſire the ſame:
Of *Caneus* tell; how he a man beeame;
In what contention, or what battell knowne;
By whom, if ſo by any, overthrowne.
Then He: Though age impaire my memory,
And much beheld in youth my knowledge flye,
I much remember: yet, of all that are
Among ſo many acts of peace and warre,

None

None deeper is imprinted in my braine.
And if the length of time, not ſpent in vaine,
Can many accidents to knowledge give;
Two Ages finiſht, in the third I live.
Not all the Virgins that *Theſſalia* bare,
With *Elateian Canis* could compare,
For beauty. From the cities bordering,
And thoſe, *Æacides*, which call thee King
(For ſhe her birth to your *Æmonia* ought)
A world of lovers her affection ſought.
And *Peleus* too perhaps had woo'd her bed;
But that already to thy mother wed,
Or elſe aſſured. *Canis* ſtill forbore
All nuptiall ties. As on the ſecret ſhore
She walkt alone, the Sea-god her diſſent
Enforc'd to Rape: for ſo the rumor went.
Rapt with the joy of loves firſt taſted fruit;
All ſhall, ſaid *Neptune*, to thy wiſhes ſute;
Wiſh what thou wilt. So Fame the ſtory told.
My wrong, ſaid *Canis*, makes my wiſhes bold:
That never like enforcement may befall,
Be I no woman; and thou giv'ſt me all.
Her latter words a deeper voice expreſſe,
Much like a mans: for now it prov'd no leſſe.
The Sea-god had aſſented to her will:
And further addes, that ſteele ſhould neither kill
Nor wound his perſon. Yong *Atracides*
Departs; rejoycing in ſuch gifts as theſe:
Who great in every manly vertue growes;
And haunts the fields through which *Penæus* flowes.
The ſonne of bold *Ixion* now had wed
Hippodame: the ſalvage Centaures, bred
Of claſped Clouds, his invitation grac't;
In ſhady bowres at ſundry tables plac't.
There were th'*Æmonian* Princes; there was I:
The palace rung with our confuſed joy.
They *Hymen* ſing; the altars fume with flames:
Forth came th'admired Bride with troopes of dames.
We call *Perithous* happy in his choice:
But ſcarce maintaine the Omen of that voice.
For *Eurytus*, more heady then the reſt,
Foule rapine harbours in his ſalvage breſt;
Incenſt by beauty, and the heat of wine:
Luſt and Ebriety in out-rage joyne.

Straight

Straight, turn'd-up boords the feast prophane: the faire
And tender spouse now haled by the haire.
Fierce *Eurytus Hippodame*; all tooke
Their choice, or whom they could: sackt cities looke
With such a face. The women shreeke: we rise.
When *Theseus* first; O *Eurytus*, unwise!
Dar'st thou offend *Perithous* as long
As *Theseus* lives? in one two suffer wrong.
The great-sould *Heroe*, not to boast in vaine,
Breakes through the throng, and from his fierce disdaine
The Rape repris'd. He no reply affords;
Such facts could not be justifi'd by words:
But with his fists the brave redeemer prest;
Assailes his face, and strikes his generous brest.
Not far off stood an antique goblet, wrought
With high rais'd figures: this *Ægides* caught;
Hurl'd at the face of *Eurytus*: a flood
Of reeking wine, of braines, and clotted blood,
At once he vomits from his mouth and wound;
And falling backward, kicks the stained ground.
The Centaures, franticke for their brothers death,
Arme, arme, resound, with one exalted breath.
Wine courage gives. At first an uncouth flight
Of flagons, pots, and boles, began to fight:
Late fit for banquets, now for blood and broyles.
First *Amycus*, *Ophions* issue, spoyles
The sacred places of their gifts; who ramps,
Teares downe a brasen Cresset stuck with lamps:
This swings aloft, as when a white-h[illegible]'d Bull
The Sacrificer strikes; which crusht the skull
Of *Celadon* the *Lapithite*, and left
His face unknowne: confusion forme bereft.
Out start his eyes; his batterd nose betwixt
His shiver'd bones flat to his pallat fixt.
Pellæan Pelades a tressell tore
That propt the boord, and feld him to the flore.
He knocks his chin against his breast, and spude
Blood mixt with teeth. A second blow pursude
The first; and sent his vexed soule to hell.
Next, *Gryneus* stood; his lookes with vengeance swell:
Serves this, said he, for nothing? therewith rais'd
Aloft a mighty altar: as it blaz'd,
Among the *Lapithites* his burden threw;
Which *Broteas*, and the bold *Orion* slew.

Orion

Orions mother *Mycale*, with feare
Could pale the Moone, and hale her from her ſpheare;
Exadius cry'd: Nor ſhalt thou ſo depart
Had I a weapon. Of a voted Hart
The Antlers from a pine he puls; they fixe
Their forkes in *Gryneus* darkned eyes: one ſticks
Vpon the horne, the other in thick gore
Hung on his beard. A fire-brand *Rhœtus* bore,
Snatcht from the altar; and *Charaxus* head
Crackt through the ſkull, with yellow treſſes ſpred.
The rapid flame his blazing curles ſurround,
Like corne on fire; blood broyling in his wound
Horribly hiſſes: as red ſteele that glóes
With fervent blaſts, which pliant tongs diſpoſe
To quenching coole-troughes, ſputters, ſtrives, conſumes;
And hiſſing under heated water, fumes.
The Wounded from his ſinged treſſes ſhakes
The greedy flame; and on his ſhoulders takes
A ſtone torne from the threſhold, which alone
Would load a waine, at diſtant *Rhœtus* throwne.
This, falling ſhort, *Cometes* life invades:
And ſent his friend to everlaſting ſhades.
When *Rhœtus*, laughing; May you all abound
In ſtrength ſo try'd; and aggravates his wound
By blowes redoubled, with his burning brand.
Cruſht bones now ſinke in braines. Then turnes his hand;
On *Coritus*, *Evagrus*, *Dryas* flew:
Who *Coritus*, a youth, too timely flew.
What glory can the ſlaughter of a boy
Afford, *Evagrus* ſaid? nor more could ſay:
For *Rhœtus*, e'r his jawes together came,
Hid in his throte and breaſt the choking flame.
Then whisks the brand about his browes, aſſailes
The valiant *Dryas*; but no more prevailes:
For through his ſhoulder, who hath triumpht long
In daily ſlaughter, *Dryas* fixt his prong.
Who groning, tugs it out with all his might:
And ſoild with blood, now ſaves himſelfe by flight.
So *Lycidas*, *Arneus*, *Medon* (red
With his owne blood) *Piſenor*, *Caumas*, fled:
Wound-tardy *Mermerus*, late ſwift of pace;
Meneleus, *Pholus*, *Abas*, us'd to chace
The Bore; and *Aſtylos*, who fates fore-knew:
Who vainely bad his friends that war eſchue;

And

And said to frighted *Nessus*, Fly not so;
Thou art reserv'd for great *Alcides* bow.
But yet *Eurynomus*, nor *Lycidas*,
Areus, nor *Imbreus*, unslaughtred passe:
All slaine by *Dryas* hand. Thee *Caneus* too,
Though turn'd about to fly, a fore-wound slue:
For looking back; the point betweene his sights,
There, where the nose joynes with the fore-head, lights.
Vnwakened with the tumult of this fray,
Dissolv'd in death-like sleepe, *Aphidus* lay
Vpon a Beares rough hide on *Ossa* kild:
Whose lazie hand a mixed goblet held.
Thorbas farre off the vainely hurtlesse spy'd:
And to the thong his fingers fitting, cry'd,
Thy wine hence-forth with *Stygian* water brew.
This said, at slumber-bound *Aphidus* threw
His trembling dart: the steeled ash made way
Through's naked neck, as he supinely lay.
Death was unfelt: his full throate voids a flood:
The hide and goblet, drown'd and fild with blood.
I saw *Petraus* tearing from the ground
A well growne Oake: while he embrac't it round
With his strong armes, now, this, now that way hal'd;
Perithous to the bole his bosome nail'd.
Stout *Lycus* by *Perithous* valour fell:
Perithous valour *Chromis* sunke to hell.
These lesse the glory of his acts elate
Then *Helops* death, and *Dictys* stranger fate.
His eager javelin *Helops* temples cleft:
Which at the right eare rushed through the left.
But *Dictys* from a broken mountaine slides,
As he *Ixions* furious sonne avoids,
And head long fell: his waight asunder brake
A mighty Ash, the stumps his entrailes stake.
In rusht revengefull *Pherens* with a stone
Torne from a rock: his mighty elbow-bone
(About to hurle) in-shivers *Theseus* crakt:
Nor leasure had, or further care t'exact
His useless life. Then nimbly vaults upon
Byanor's back, before bestir'd by none,
His knees claps to his sides, his shaggy haire
His left hand hales: his eyes, that grimly stare
And threaten, crushes with his knotty Oake.
Dart-fam'd *Lycesper*, and *Medimnus* stroke

To humble earth: so *Hippasus*, whose beard
Reacht to his breast; and *Riphæus*, who appear'd
More tall then trees; with *Thereus*, who caught
Wild beares on *Othris* heretofore, and brought
Th'enraged purchase to his home alive.
Demoleon frets to see *Ægides* thrive
With such successe; and from the center strives
To teare a Pine: which when he could not, rives
The yeelding bole, and darts it as his foe.
Theseus farre off espi'd the deadly throw;
Who by *Minerva's* counsell (for so he
Would have us thinke) with-drew: and yet the tree
Not idle fell; but *Crantors* shoulder, breast,
And throate divides; which tortur'd life releast.
He was (*Æacides*) thy fathers Squire;
Given by subdude *Amyntor* to thy sire
(*Amyntor* the well-train'd *Dolopians* Guide)
In hostage for their peace, and faith affide.
When *Peleus* saw that spectacle of ruth;
Receive, O *Crantor*, O beloved youth,
This sacrifice, he said: and sent a dart,
With all the rigor of his hand and heart,
At proud *Demoleon*; which the bones that joyne
His ribs transfixt; and quaver'd in the chine.
His hands from thence the headlesse Iavelin pluck,
And hardly that: the head behind it stuck.
Anguish it selfe the heat of wrath improoves:
He reares afore, and pawes him with his hooves.
Who with his shield and burganet defends
The sounding strokes: yet still his sword extends;
And twixt his shoulders at one thrust doth gore
His double breasts. Yet had he slaine before
Phlegræus, *Hyles*, with his lances flight,
Hiphinous and *Damis*, in close fight,
Addes *Dorylas* to these, who wore a skull
Of Wolfe-skin tan'd, the sharpe hornes of a Bull,
Insteed of other weapon, fixt before,
And dyde in crimson with *Lapithian* gore.
To whom, with courage fir'd, I said in scorne,
Behold how much our steele excels thy horne.
And threw my lance: not to be shun'd, he now
Claps his right hand upon his threatned brow,
Which both together naild. They rore: and while
Th'ingaged with his bitter wound doth toyle,

Thy father, who was neereſt, neerer preſt:
And thruſt his ſword deepe in, below his breſt.
He bounds aloft, on th'earth his bowels trailes;
The trailed kicks, the kickt in peeces hales;
Which winding, fetter both his legges and thighes:
So falls; and with a gutleſſe belly dies.
Nor thee thy beauty, *Cyllarus*, could ſave:
If ſuch a two-form'd figure beauty have.
His chin began to bud with downe of gold;
And golden curles his ivory back infold:
His lookes a pleaſing vigor grac't; his breſt,
Hands, ſhoulders, neck, and all that man expreſt,
Surpaſſing arts admired images.
Nor were his beſtiall parts a ſhame to theſe:
Adde but a horſes head and creſt, he were
For *Caſtors* uſe; his back ſo ſtrong to beare,
So largely cheſted; blacker than the crow:
His taile and feet-locks, white as falling ſnow.
A number of that nation ſought his love;
Whom none but faire *Hylonome* could move:
None for attracting favour ſo excell,
Of all the halfe-mares that on *Othrys* dwell.
Shee, by ſweet words, by loving, by confeſt
Affection, onely *Cyllarus* poſſeſt.
With combs ſhe ſmoothes her haire; her perſon trimmes
With all that could be gracefull to ſuch limmes.
Of roſes, roſemary, and violets,
And oft of lillies curious dreſſings pleats.
Twice daily waſht her face in ſprings that fall
From *Pagaſean* hils; twice daily all
Her body bathes in cleanſing ſtreames: and ware
The skinnes of beaſts, ſuch as were choice and rare.
Which flowing from her ſhoulder croſſe her breſt,
Vaile her left ſide. Both equall love poſſeſt:
Together on the ſhady mountaines ſtray,
In woods and hollow caves together lay:
Then to the palace of the *Lapithite*
Together came; and now together fight.
A javelin from the left hand flung, thy breſt
O *Cyllarus*, beneath thy neck impreſt.
His heart though ſlightly hurt (the dart out-hal'd)
Grew forth-with cold; and all his body pal'd.
Hylonome his dying limmes receives;
Foments his wound, cloſe to his lips ſhe cleaves,

To ſtay his flying ſoule. But when ſhe found
Lifes fire extinct; with words in clamour drown'd,
Even on that ſteele, which through his boſome paſt,
She threw her owne: and him in death imbrac't.
Me thinkes I ſee grim *Phaocomes* yet;
Who with two Lyons skinnes, together knit,
Protect's his double forme. A log he tooke,
Which ſcarce two teemes could draw; this darted, ſtrooke
The crowne of *Phonolenides*; his braines
It through his battered skulls deepe crannies ſtraines;
Which from his mouth, eyes, eares, and noſtrils guſht,
Like curds through wickar ſqueaſ'd; or juyces cruſht
Through draining colendars. As he the dead
Prepares t'unarme, my ſword his bowels ſhred.
Your father ſaw his downefall. *Chthonius* too,
And ſtout *Teleboas* our fawchion ſlew.
The firſt a forked branch, the other bore
A lance; the lance this wound had given before;
Whereof you ſee the ancient ſcarre. Then I,
Then ſhould I have beene ſent t'have ruin'd *Troy*,
Then might I have reſtrain'd, if not o'r-throwne
Great *Hector*. But, he either then was none,
Or elſe a child. Now ſpent with age, I waine.
What ſpeake I of two-ſhapt *Pyretus*, ſlaine
By *Periphas*? Thy dart without a head,
Brave *Ampycus*, foure-hoov'd *Oicles* ſped.
Macareus, borne by *Pelethronian* rocks,
Huge *Erigdupas* with a leaver knocks
To ecchoing earth. His dart *Cymelus* ſheath'd
Deepe in *Neſſæus* groyne, and life bereav'd.
Nor would you thinke *Ampycides* alone
Could fate fore-tell; a lance by *Mopſus* throwne
Odites ſlew: this, as the Centaure rail'd,
His tongue t'his chin, his chin t'his boſome nail'd.
Five *Cæneus* ſlew; *Bromus*, *Antimachus*,
Axe-arm'd *Pyracmus*, *Helius*, *Stiphelus*.
Although forgetfull by what wounds they fell;
Their names, and number, I remember well.
Giant-like *Latreus* lightneth to theſe broyles;
Arm'd with *Emathian Aleſus* ſpoyles:
His yeares, twixt youth and age; nor age impaires
The ſtrength of youth, though ſprinkled with gray haires.
A *Macedonian* ſpeare, a ſword, and ſhield,
Confirme his pride; o'r-viewes the well-fought field,

Claſhe

Clashes his armes; and trotting in a round,
Enforc'd the ayre with this disdainefull sound.
Shall I indure thee *Cæni*? still to me
Thou art a woman, and shalt *Cæni* be.
Thou hast forgot thy births originall,
And for what fact rewarded; by what fall
Advanc't to this man-counterfeiting shape.
Thinke of thy birth; thinke of thy easie rape.
Goe, take a spindle and a distaffe; twine
The carded wooll; and armes to men resigne.
While thus he scoffes; and circularly ran;
Cæneus his sides gores with his lance, where man
And horse unite. He, mad with anguish, flings
His speare at the *Phyllean* youth, which rings
On his unwounded face; and back recoyles,
As pebbles dropt on drummes, or haile on tyles.
Then rushing on, with thrusts assayes to wound
His hardned sides; the sword no entrance found.
Nor shalt thou scape; the edge shall lanch thy throate,
Although the point be dull. This said, and smote
At once, The blow, as if on marble, sounds:
And from his neck the broken blade rebounds.
When he his charmed limmes had open laid
Enough to wounds and wonder, *Cæneus* said:
Now will we try, if thou our sword canst feele.
Then 'twixt his shoulders thrusts the fatall steele
Vp to the hilts; which too and fro he waves
Deepe in his guts, and wounds on wounds ingraves.
The frighted Centaures with a horrid cry,
On him alone, with all their weapons, fly.
Their darts rebated fall, but draw no blood:
For *Cæneus* still in-vulnerable stood.
This more amaz'd. Ah, *Monychus* exclaymes,
One foyles us all, to all our endlesse shames!
He scarce a man! nay he the man, and we
Are what he was: so poore our actions be.
What bootes our mighty limms? our double force?
The strongest of all creatures, man and horse,
In us by nature joyn'd? sure we are not
A Goddesse birth; nor by *Ixion* got,
Who durst the Queene of Deities imbrace:
This Halfe-man conquers his degenerare race.
Stones, massie logs, whole mountaines on him roule;
And with a pyle of trees crush out his soule.

Let woods oppresse his jawes: ore-whelme with waight,
Insteed of idle wounds. Thus he: and straight
An Oake, up-rooted by the furious blasts
Of franticke winds, on valiant *Caneus* casts.
Th'example quickly *Othrys* disaraide
Of all his trees; and *Pelion* wanted shade.
Prest with so huge a burthen, *Caneus* sweats:
And to th'o'r-whelming Oakes his shoulders sets.
But now the load above his stature climes,
And choakes the passage of his breath. Sometimes
He faints; then struggles to advance his crowne
Above the Pile, and throw the timber downe:
Sometimes the burthen with his motion quakes;
As when an earth-quake high-brow'd *Ida* shakes.
His end was doubtfull: some there be, who tell
How with that weight his body sunke to hell,
Mopsus dissents; who saw a fowle arise
From thence with yellow wings, and mount the skies;
(The first I ever saw) which flying round
About our tents, sent forth a mournefull sound.
This he pursuing with his soule and sight,
Cry'd, Haile thou glory of the *Lapithite*!
O *Caneus*, late a man at armes; but now
An unmatcht fowle! His witnesse all allow.
Griefe whets our fury; brooking ill, that one
By such a multitude should be ore-throwne:
And sorrow so long executes the fight,
Till halfe were slaine: halfe sav'd by speed, and night.
Tlepolemus could not his tongue debarre:
Since in the repetition of that warre,
Of *Hercules* he had no mention made.
Old man, how can you so forget (he said)
Alcides praise? my father oft would tell,
How by his hand the Cloud-borne Centaures fell.
To this sad *Nestor* answer'd: Why should you
Compell me to remember, and renue
My sorrow lost in time? or iterate
Your fathers guilt; together with my hate?
His acts transcend beleefe, his high repute
Fils all the world: which would I could refute,
But not *Polydamas*, *Deiphobus*,
Nor valiant *Hector*, are extold by us.
For who commends his foe? *Messene's* walls
He raz'd: faire *Elis*, *Pylus*, in their falls

Decest

Deteſt his fury; Cities which his hate
Had not deſerv'd: with them, did ruinate
Our Houſe with ſword and fire. Not now to tell
Of others, who by his ſterne out-rage fell;
Twice ſix faire-fam'd *Neleïdæ* were we;
Twice ſix *Alcides* ſlew, excepting me.
Others have beene ſubdu'd: but more then ſtrange
Was *Periclymen's* ſlaughter! who could change
And rechange to all figures. Such a grace
Great *Neptune* gave; the root of *Neleus* race.
He, forc't to vary formes, at length appeares
Like *Ioves* lov'd Fowle, who in her tallons beares
Impetuous thunder; and in his deſcent
His face with his ſtrong beake and pounces rent.
At him his bow, too ſure, *Alcides* drew,
As towring in the lofty clouds he flew,
And ſtruck his ſide-joyn'd wing. The wound was ſlight;
But ſunder'd nerves could not ſuſtaine his flight.
When tumbling downe, his weight the arrow ſmote
In at his ſide, and thruſt it through his throate.
Now brave *Commander* of the *Rhodian* Fleete;
Thinkſt thou *Alcides* praiſe a ſubject meet
For my diſcourſe? Alone with ſilence we
Revenge our ſlaughtred brothers; and love thee.
When *Neſtor* with melliſluous eloquence
Had thus much utter'd; they with ſpeech diſpenſe,
And liberall *Bacchus* quaffe: then all aroſe,
And give the reſt of night to ſoft repoſe.
The God, whoſe Trident calmes the Ocean,
For ſtrangled *Cycnus*, turn'd into a Swan,
Grieves with paternall griefe. *Achilles* fate
He proſecutes with more then civill hate.
Ten yeares now well-nigh lapſ'd in horrid fights,
Thus unſhorne *Smintheus* his ſterne rage excites.
Of all our brothers ſonnes to us moſt deare;
Whoſe hands, with ours, *Troys* walls in vaine did reare:
O ſigh'ſt thou not to ſee the *Aſian* towres
So neere their fall? their owne, and aiding powres
By millions ſlaine? the laſt of all their joy
Dead *Hector* drag'd about his fathers *Troy*?
Yet dire *Achilles*, who our labour gives
To utter ſpoyle, then Warre more cruell, lives.
Came he within my reach, he then ſhould try,
The vengeance of my Trident: but ſince I

Cannot approach t'encounter with my foe;
Let him thy close and mortall arrowes know.
Delius assents: his uncles wrath intends;
With it, his owne; and in a cloud descends
To th'*Ilian* host: amid the battle seekes
For *Paris*, shooting at un-noted *Greekes*.
Then shew'd a God, and said: Why dost thou loose
Thy shafts so basely? nobler objects choose;
If thou of thine at least hast any care:
Thy brethrens deaths revenge on *Peleus* heire.
Then shew'd him sterne *Achilles*, as he slew
The *Troian* troopes: and, while his bow he drew,
Directs the deadly shaft. This onely might
Old *Priam*, after *Hectors* death, delight
Him, who with conquest cloyd the jawes of death,
A faint adulterer deprives of breath.
If by th'effeminate to be o'r-throwne,
Then should the Pollax of the *Amazon*
Have fore't thy fate. The *Phrygian* feare; the fame,
And strong protection of the *Grecian* Name,
Invincible *Æacides* now burnes:
The God, who arm'd, his bones to ashes turnes.
And of that great *Achilles* scarce remaines
So much, as now a little Vrne containes.
Yet still he lives; his glory lightens forth,
And fils the world: this answers his full worth.
This, O divine *Pelides*, loares as high
As thy great spirit; and shall never dye.
And even his armes, to instance whose they were;
Procure a warre, Armes for his armes they beare.
Aiax Oileus, *Diomedes*, nor
The lesse *Atrides*; not in age and war
The Greater: no nor any; but the Son
Of old *Laërtes*, and bold *Telamon*,
Durst hope for such a prize. *Tantalides*,
To shun the burden, and the hate of these,
The Princes bids to sit before his tent:
And puts the strife on their arbitrement.

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Thirteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

THose purple flowres which Ajax *name display,*
His blood produce. Enraged Hecuba
Becomes a Bitch. From Memnons *cinders rise*
Selfe slaughtring Fowle: a yeerely sacrifice.
What ever Anius *daughters handle, proves*
Corne, wine, or oyle: themselves transform'd to Doves.
From honour'd virgins ashes Sonnes ascend.
*Th'*Ambracian *iudge a Stone. Light wings defend*
Molossus *royall issue.* Scylla *growes*
A horrid Monster. Murderd Acis *flowes*
With speedy streames. The kinde Nereides
For Glaucus *sue: inthron'd in sacred Seas.*

THE Princes sat; the Souldier crownes the field:
Vp rose the Master of the seven-fold Shield.
With wrath impatient, his sterne eyes survay
Sigæum, and the Nauy which there lay.
Then throwing up his hands, O *Iove*, he said;
Before the Fleet must we our title plead?
And am I rivald by *Vlysses* clame?
Who made no doubt to fly from *Hectors* flame.
This, I, sustaind; from this that Nauy freed.
'Tis safer to contend in word then deed.
I cannot talke, nor can he fight: as farre
His tongue excells, as I exceed in warre.

Nor need I to rehearse what you have seene
In act, renowned *Greekes*: what his hath beene
Let *Ithaens* declare; perform'd by slight,
Without a witnesse, only Knowne to Night.
Great is th'affected prize, I must confesse:
But such a Rivall makes the value lesse.
For me 'tis no ambition to obtaine,
(Though great) what ever he could hope to gaine.
Who now in this is honour'd, that can boast
He strove with me, when he the palme hath lost.
But were my valour question'd, I might on
My birth insist; begot by *Telamon*,
Who under *Hercules Troy's* bulwarks scal'd:
In *Pagasean* keele to *Colchis* sail'd.
His father, *Æacus*; the Iudge of Soules,
Where *Sisyphus* his restlesse torment roules.
High *Iupiter* upon a mortall Love
Got *Æacus*: I *Ajax* third from *Iove*.
Nor let this pedegree assist my clame,
If great *Achilles* joyn'd not in the same.
He was my brother, his I aske. Why thus
Shouldst thou, thou sonne of damned *Sisyphus*,
Alike in theft and fraud, a stranger to
Achilles race, the right of his pursue?
Because I first assumed armes, descryde
By no detector, are these armes denyde?
Or rather for the last in field design'd;
Who with faignd lunacy the warre declin'd:
Till *Palamed* more politicke, though more
Vnhappy, did his coward guile explore,
And drew him to avoided armes? Must he
Now weare the best, who all eschewd? and we
Vnhonour'd, robbed of a kinsmans right,
Because we at the first appear'd in fight?
And would to *Iove* he had beene truly mad;
Or still so thought: nor this companion had,
This tempter to foule actions, ever seene
The *Phrygian* towres. Then shouldst not thou haye beene
O *Peans* sonne, exposed by our crime
To *Lemnian* rocks: where thou consum'st thy time
In lonely caves obscur'd with woods, the stones
Provok't to pity with thy daily grones,
And wisheſt him, what he deserves, thy paine,
If Gods there be, thou wisheſt not in vaine.

Now

Now our Confederate (a Prince of brave
Command) to whom his ſhafts *Alcides* gave;
Broken with paine and famine, doth imploy
Thoſe arrowes, that import the fate of *Troy*,
For food and clothing: yet he lives the while,
In that removed from *Vlyſſes* guile.
And *Palamed* might wiſh t'have beene ſo left:
Then had he liv'd, or beene of life bereft
Not by our crime. He helliſhly inclin'd,
Beares his convicted madneſſe in his mind;
And falſely him accuſ'd to have betraid
Th'*Achaian* hoſt; confirming what he ſaid
By ſhewing ſummes of gold, which in his tent
Himſelfe had hid. Thus he by baniſhment
Or death, our ſtrength empaires; for this preferd:
So fights, ſo is *Vlyſſes* to be feard.
Though faithfull *Neſtor*, he in eloquence,
Surpaſſe; his leaving *Neſtor*, no defence
Of words can ſalve: who ſlow, through his hurt horſe,
And clog'd with age, implor'd *Vlyſſes* force
To fetch him off; who left to oddes of foes
His old acquaintance. This *Tydides* knowes
For no forg'd crime; who vainely cald, to ſtay
His trembling friend, reviling his diſmay.
The Gods with juſtice view our humane deeds.
Who would not late aſſiſt, aſſiſtance needs:
And now to be forſaken by the law
Himſelfe preſcrib'd. He cry'd; I came, and ſaw
The coward quaking, pale, about to yeeld
His ghoſt for feare. I interpoſ'd my ſhield;
Beſtride him as he lay; and from that ſtrife
Redeem'd (my leaſt of praiſe) his coward life.
But if thou wilt contend, rejoyne we there;
Revoke the foe, thy wounds, and uſuall feare;
Behind my target ſculk: then plead. This man,
Who reeld with wounds; freed, as unwounded ran:
Now *Hector* came, and brought the Gods along;
Ruſht on all parts: not thou alone, the ſtrong
And beſt reſolved ſhrink: ſo great a dred
He drew on all. Him, as he Conqueſt led
Through blood and ſlaughter, with a mighty ſtone
I ſtruck to earth: Him I ſuſtain'd alone,
When he to all ſo bold a challenge made;
When for my lot you all devoutly prayd,

Nor pray'd in vaine: if you enquire the ſumme
Of this our fight, I was not overcome.
With bloody weapons, flames, and *Iove*, the men
Of *Troy* invade our navie: where was then
Your eloquent *Vlyſſes*? I, even I
A thouſand ſhips preſerv'd; whereon relye
The hope of your returne. Theſe armes for all
Your Fleet afford. The meed more honour ſhall
Receive then give: our glories juſtly peaſe;
Theſe armes doe *Aiax* ſeek, not *Aiax* theſe,
Rheſus ſurpriſe, with ours let him compare;
That poore Spie *Dolon's*, *Hellenus* deſpaire;
The rapt *Palladium*: nothing done by day;
He of no worth, take *Diomed* away.
If to ſuch meane deſerts theſe armes accrue;
Divide them: to *Tydides* moſt is due.
Why would he theſe? who ſtill unarmed goes,
Conceal'd; and cunningly intraps his foes?
This radiant Cask that ſhines with burniſht gold;
Will his deceit, and lurking ſteps unfold.
His neck can ſcarce *Achilles* helmet beare;
Nor can his feeble arme employ this ſpeare:
His ſhield, whoſe orbe the figured world adornes;
A cowards arme, inur'd to theeving, ſcornes.
O foole, that thus thy owne undoing ſeekes!
If given thee by th'error of the *Greekes*,
It will not make thee dreadfull to thy foe;
But give occaſion of thy overthrow,
And flight, wherein thou only doſt exceed,
Clog'd with ſo huge a waight, will faile thy need.
Beſides, thy ſhield in battle rarely borne,
Is yet entire: but mine, all hackt and torne
With ſtormes of blowes, a new ſucceſſor needs.
What boots ſo many words? behold our deeds.
Theſe armes deliver to the foes defence:
And let him keepe, that takes the prize from thence.
Here *Aiax* ends. The Souldier in the cloſe
A murmure rais'd; till *Ithacus* aroſe:
Who having fixed on the earth a ſpace
His eyes, unto the Princes raiſ'd his face;
And now expected, ſpake unto this ſenſe;
With all the grace of winning eloquence.
Grecians; if heaven, with yours, had heard my praire;
What now we ſeeke had found no doubtfull Heire:

Th'hadſt

Th'hadst kept thy armes, *Achilles*, and we thee.
But since sterne Fate, averse to you and me,
So coveted an happinesse denies;
(With that appeares to weepe, and wipes his eyes)
Who great *Achilles* with more right succeeds,
Then he, who gave you great *Achilles* deeds?
Favour not him because he seemes to be.
And is a sot: nor blame this wit in me,
So blest in your affaires: or take offence
That for my selfe I arme my eloquence;
(If I have any) oft for you emploid.
Let none the glory of his owne avoid.
For Ancestors, divine originall,
And deeds by us not done, we ours miscall.
Yet in that *Aiax* vants himselfe to be
Great-Grandchild unto *Iove*; no lesse are we.
Laërtes was my Sire, *Arcesius* his;
His, *Iupiter*: in this descent none is
Condemn'd, nor banisht. By the mother I
From *Hermes* spring: in both a Deity.
Not that more noble by the mothers side,
Nor that my father had his hands undide
In brothers blood, doe I enforce this olame:
Weigh but our worths; and censure by the same.
That *Telamon* and *Peleus* brethren were,
In *Aiax* is no merit. Not the Neere
In birth, but Great in act, deserve this grace:
Or if proximity in blood have place,
Peleus his father, *Pyrrhus* is his sonne:
What right remaines for *Aiax Telamon*?
To *Phthia* then, or *Scyros* carry these.
Teucer is cozen to *Æacides*
As well as he; yet stirres not he herein:
Or if he should, should he the honour win?
Then since our actions must our suite advance;
Although my deeds surmount my utterance,
Their abstract yet in order to relate:
Thetis, fore-knowing great *Achilles* fate,
Disguis'd her sonne: so like a virgin drest,
That all mistooke, and *Aiax* with the rest.
When, armes, with womens trifles, that might blinde
Suspect, I brought to tempt a manly mind.
Yet was the Heroe virgin-like arraid;
Who taking up the speare and shield, I said;

O God-

O Goddesse-borne, for thee the fate of *Troy*
Her fall reserves: why doubts thou to destroy
Great *Pergamus*? then made him leave those weeds:
And sent the Mighty unto mighty deeds.
His acts are therefore ours. We *Telephus*
Foild with our lance; the suppliant cur'd by us.
Strong *Thebes* we sackt: sackt *Lesbos* us renownes.
Chrysa and *Tenedos* (*Apollo's* townes)
Cilla, and Sea-girt *Syros*, in their falls
Our fame advance: we raz'd *Lerneſſus* walls.
To passe the rest; I gave, who could subdue
The brave *Priamides*: I *Hector* slue.
For th'armes that found *Achilles*, these I crave:
He dead, I aske but what, alive, I gave.
The griefe of one, with all the *Greekes* prevailes:
Eubœan Aulis held a thousand sailes.
The long-expected winds opposed stand,
Or sleepe in calmes. When cruell Fates command
Afflicted *Agamemnon* to asswage
With *Iphigenia's* death, *Diana's* rage.
But he dissents; the Gods themselves reproves:
And in a King a fathers passion moves.
His noble disposition nere the lesse
I to the publike wonne: and must confesse
(*Atrides*, pardon;) we did prosecute
Before a partiall judge, a hatefull sute.
Yet him his brother, scepter, publike good
Perswade to purchace endlesse praise with blood.
Then went I to the mother for her child:
Now not to be exhorted, but beguild.
Had *Ajax* thither gone, our flagging sailes
Not yet had sweld with still-expected gales:
Then on a bold embassage I was sent
To haughty *Troy*: to th'*Ilian* Court I went,
Yet full of men: and feareleſſe, urg'd at large
The common cause committed to my charge.
False *Paris* I accuse: rapt *Helena*
I re-demand, with all they bore away.
Old *Priam* and *Antenor* just appeare.
But *Paris*, with his brethren, and who were
His followers in that stealth, from wicked blowes
Could scarce refraine. This *Menelaus* knowes.
The first of dangers, wherein you and I
Together joynd. But what my policy

And force perform'd, behoofefull to this State,
In that long war, too long is to relate,
The first great battle fought, our warie foes
Long live immur'd: nor durst their powers expose.
Nine yeares expir'd, warres all the fields affright.
Meane-while what didst thou, onely fit to fight?
What use of thee? inquire my actions; I
The foe entrap, our trenches fortifie,
Encouraging the wearie Souldiar
To brooke the tediousnesse of lingring warre
With faire expectance: teach them waies to feed,
The use of armes. Imploide at every need.
The King deluded in his sleepe by *Iove*,
Bids us the care of future warre remove.
The author was his strong apologie.
Ajax should have with-stood the sack of *Troy*
He should have urg'd; done what he could, have fought
Why was the nobler siege by him unsought?
Why arm'd he not? a speech he might have made,
That would the wavering multitude have staid:
To him not difficult, who lookes so high,
And speakes so bigge. What, if himselfe did fly?
I saw, and sham'd to see thee turne thy back,
To hoyse thy sailes unto thy honours wrack.
What doe you? O what madnesse, mates, said I,
Provokes you to abandon yeelding *Troy*?
Ten yeares nigh spent, what will you beare away
But infamy? I this, and more did say;
Wherein my sorrow made me eloquent:
They thus perswaded, alterd their intent.
The King a Councell calls; distrusts afford
No sound advice: durst *Ajax* speake a word?
When base *Thersites* durst the King provoke
With bitter words: who felt my sceepters stroke.
Their doubts with hope of conquest I inspire:
And set their fainting courages on fire.
Since when, what he hath nobly done, by right
To me belongs, that thus restrain'd his flight.
Besides, what one of all the wiser *Greekes*
Makes choice of thee; or thine assistance seekes?
Tydides us approves, builds on our will;
Is confident in his *Vlysses* still.
Among so many 'tis a grace for me
To be his consort; and the choice so free.

The danger of the foe, and night despis'd;
I *Dolon*, then a counter-scout, surpris'd:
Nor him, till I had searcht his bosome, slew;
Informed what perfidious *Troy* would doe.
All knowne, and nothing left to be enquir'd;
I now with praise enough might have retir'd.
Yet not so satisfide, I forward went;
And *Rhesus* slew, with his, in his owne tent.
When like a Victor, on his charriot I
Return'd in triumph. Can you then deny
Achilles armes, whose horses were assign'd
For one nights hazard? *Aiax* is more kinde:
What should I of *Sarpedons* forces tell,
O'r-throwne by us? by us *Caranes* fell,
Iphitides, *Alastor*, *Chromius*,
Alcander, *Prytanis*, *Noëmonus*,
Halius, stout *Thoön*, bold *Pheridamas*,
With *Charopes*: *Ennomus* fatall Passe
Sign'd by my lance: and many more in view
Of hostile *Troy*, of meaner rancke, I slew.
And I, O Countrymen, have honourd wounds.
Faire in their scarres: nor trust to empty sounds:
Behold (said he, with that his bosome bares)
This breast, still exercis'd in your affaires.
No blood for *Greece* in all these lengthfull warres
Hath *Aiax* shed: let him produce his scarres.
What boots it, though his deeds his brags approve;
That for our fleete he fought with *Troy* and *Iove*?
I grant, he did so: nor will we detract
With hated envy from a noble act.
So he ingrosse not to himselfe alone
A common praise, but render us our owne.
Actorides (for great *Achilles* held)
Troy's flames and Fautor from our ships repeld.
He vainely glories that himselfe alone
Could answer *Hectors* opposition:
The King, his brother, and my selfe forgot;
Of nine the last, and but prefer'd by lot.
But what event, O great in valour, crown'd
Your famous combat? *Hector* had no wound.
Woe's me! with what a tide of griefe I call
That time to minde; wherein the *Grecian* Wall,
Achilles, fell! teares, feares, nor sorrow staid
My forward zeale; his raised corps I laid

Vpon these shoulders: these, even these did beare
Him, and his armes; which now I hope to weare.
Our strength can such a waight with ease sustaine:
Our knowledge can your honour'd gift explaine.
Was *Thetis* so ambitious for her Son;
That such a braineless Souldier should put on
This heavenly gift, of so divine a frame?
Whose figured shield his ignorance would shame.
Wherein, the Ocean; Earth with cities crown'd;
Skies deckt with starres; cold *Arctos* never drown'd,
Sword-girt *Orion*, sad *Plesades*,
The rainy *Kids*. He seeks, yet knowes not, these.
Vpbraids he me, that I this warre did shun,
And time deferd till others had begun?
Nor can consider, how he wounds in me
Achilles honour. If a crime it be
To counterfeit; we joyne in that defame:
If, in that tardy; I before him came.
Me, my kinde wife, his mother him with-drew:
Our flowre to them we gave, the fruit to you.
Nor feare I, should I quit my owne defence,
To suffer with so cleare an Excellence.
Nor was it *Aiax* found out me: and yet
Achilles was discover'd by my wit.
Least I should wonder, why his foolish tongue
Should slander me, he you upbraids with wrong.
If *Palimedes* was accus'd by me
Without just cause, must not his judgement be
To you reprochfull? neither *Nauplius* Seed
Could justifie so evident a deed:
Nor heard you only of his treacheries,
The hire of treason laid before your eyes.
Prantius in *Lemnos* left, was none
Of my offence, doe you defend your owne:
You to his stay consented. Yet againe
I must confesse, I adviz'd him to abstaine
From travell, toyles of warre: and to appease
The anguish of his bitter wound with ease.
He did: he lives. Th'advice was good: successe
As fortunate approves it for no lesse.
Since Fate designes him for the fall of *Troy*:
Spare me, and *Aiax* industry employ,
His tongue the mad with wrath and anguish will
Appease; hee'l fetch him with some reach of skill.

Push

First *Simois* shall retire, *Ide* want a shade,
Achaia promise to the *Trojans* ayd;
E're my endeavours in your service faile,
And sottish *Ajax*, with his wit, prevaile.
And, *Philoctetes*, though obdure, thou be
Incenst against the King, these Lords, and me;
Though curses lighten from thy lips, though still
Thou covet my accesse, my blood to spill;
Yet I'le attempt thee; and will bring thee back;
That neither may, what we so wisht for, lacke.
Thy shafts I must possesse (so Favour Fate)
As I possest the *Dardan* Prophet late;
As I unknit the *Trojan* destiny,
And doubtfull answer of the Gods; as I,
Amid a world of foes, the fatall Signe
Of *Phrygian Pallas* ravish from her shrine.
Compare with me will *Ajax*? this untane,
Troy's hopt-for expugnation had beene vaine.
Where was strong *Ajax*? where the glorious boast
Of that great Souldier? why in terror lost?
How durst *Vlisses* trust himselfe to night,
Passe through the watch, their threatning weapons slight?
The walls not only, but the highest towre
Of *Ilium* scale: and from her Fane the Powre
That beares their fate enforce: and with this prey,
Repasse the dangers of that horrid way?
Which had not I atchieved, Yet in Field
Had *Ajax* vainly borne his seven-fold Shield.
That night *Troy* fell before *Laërtes* son:
Won, when I made it that it might be won.
Why do'st thou fleere on my *Tidides* so:
And nod'st at me? our praises joyntly grow.
Nor for our Nauie didst thou fight alone:
Thou by an host assisted, I by one.
Who knew that wisdome valour should command;
That these belong'd not to a strenuous hand;
Else he himselfe had joyn'd in this debate;
Or th'other *Ajax*, far more moderate;
Brave *Thoas*, fierce *Eurypylus*; with these
Idomeneus and *Meriones*
Of *Creet*; or *Menelaus*. For they are,
As strong, nor second unto thee in warre:
Yet yeeld to our advise. Thou fit for fight,
Dost need my reason to direct thy might.

Thy

Thy valour wants fore-cast; my care is set
Vpon the future: thou can'st fight; and yet
The time and place must be by us assign'd:
Thou only strong in body; I in mind.
As skilfull Pilots those surpasse, who row;
As wise Commanders, common souldiers; so
I thee excell. Our vigor is lesse great
In bones and sinews, yet my soule compleat.
Then O remunerate my vigilance:
And, Princes, for so many yeares expence
In anxious cares, this dignity extend
To my deserts. Our worke is at an end:
With-standing fates remov'd: I, in that I
Have made it fesable, have taken *Troy*.
Now by our mutuall hopes, *Troye's* overthrow,
Those Gods which late I ravisht from the foe;
If ought remaine to be discreetly done,
That courage craves, through danger to be won;
If in the *Ilian* destiny there be
A knot yet to unknit; remember me,
Or if you can forget; these armes resigne
To this: and shewes *Minerva's* fatall Signe. (charmes:
The Chiefes were mov'd. Here words approv'd their
And Eloquence from Valour wins those armes.
He who alone, *Iove*, *Hector*, sword and fire
So oft sustaind; yeelds to one stroke of ire.
Th'unconquer'd, sorrow conquers, Then his blade
In hast unsheath'd: Sure thou art mine, he said;
Or seekes *Vlysses* this? this shall conclude
All sense of wrong. And thee, so oft embrude
In *Phrygian* blood, thy Lord's must now embrue:
That none but *Aiax Aiax* may subdue.
This said; his breast, till then with wounds ungor'd,
The deadly sword, where it could enter, bor'd.
Nor could draw back the steele with all his strength;
Expeld by gushing gore. The blood at length,
A purple flowre engendred on the ground:
Created first by *Hyacinthus* wound.
The tender leaves indifferent letters paint;
Both of His name, and of the Gods complaint.
The Conqueror, now hoysing sailes, doth stand
For mild *Hysiphile's* and *Thoas* land;
(Defam'd by womens cursed violence)
To fetch the shafts of *Hercules* from thence.

Theſe

These, with their owner to the camp convaid,
On that so long a warre an end they made.
Now *Troy* and *Priamus* together fall.
Th'unhappy wife of *Priam* after all,
Her humane figure lost: whose raving Sprite
And uncouth howlings forrein fields affright.
The flames of *Ilium* stretch their hungry fire
To narrow *Hellespont*; nor there expire.
That little blood which *Priams* age could shed,
Ioves altar drinkes. By her annointed head
Apollos Priest they drag, her hands in vaine
To heaven upheld. The Victor *Greekes* constraine
The *Dardan* Dames; a deadly-hating prey:
Who imbrace their countrey Gods; and while they may,
Behold their burning Fanes. Dire violence
Astyanax threw from that towre; from whence
He had seene his father, by his mother frowne,
Fight for his Kingdomes safety, and his owne.
North-winds to seas invite, and prosperous gales
Sing in their shrowds: they haste to trim their sailes.
The *Troian* Ladies cry, Deare soyle farewell!
We are hal'd to loth'd captivity! then fell
On earth now kist: and leave, with much delay,
Their countries smoking ruines. *Hecuba*
Her sad departure to the last deferrs:
Now found among her childrens sepulchers,
(A sight of ruth!) spread on their tombs: bewailes;
Their cold bones kissing: whom *Vlysses* hales
From that sad comfort. Some of *Hectors* dust,
Vp-snatcht, delivers to her bosoms trust.
Vpon his tomb she left her hoary haires
(A poore oblation!) mingled with her teares.
Oppos'd to *Ilium's* ruines lyes a land,
Till'd by the *Bistones*; in the Command
Of *Polymnestor*. Danger to prevent,
To him his father *Polydorus* sent.
And wisely; had he not withall consign'd
A masse of gold, to tempt his greedy mind.
His foster-child, when lingring *Ilium* drew
To her last date, the *Thracian* Tyrant slew.
Whom, as if he his murder with the slaine
Could cast away, he casts into the Maine.
Now rod *Atrides* at the *Thracian* shore;
Till winds forbore to storme, and seas to rore.

When

When from the yawning earth *Achilles* roſe;
Like mighty as in life: whoſe lookes diſcloſe
As ſterne a wrath, as when his lawleſſe blade
Was on *Atrides* drawne, and frowning, ſaid:
Achaians, O ingratefull! can you thus
Depart? are our deſerts intomb'd with us?
Now honour me with what I covet moſt:
Let ſlaine *Polixena* appeaſe my Ghoſt.
Then vaniſht. They th'ungentle Ghoſt obaid;
And from her Mothers boſome drew the Maid,
(High ſould, unhappy, more then feminine,)
To his reſembled tomb; life to reſigne
With Rites infernall. Of her birth ſhe thought:
And now unto the bloody altar brought;
Seeing herſelf the ſacrifice prepar'd,
And that *Neoptolemus* upon her ſtar'd
With ſword advanc't; ſhe ſaid; untoucht with dred:
Our generous blood to your intentions ſhed:
Diſpatch; in throate or breaſt (I am prepar'd)
Your weapon ſheath. (With that her boſome bar'd)
Polyxena doth ſervitude deſpiſe:
And yet no God affects ſuch ſacrifice.
I onely wiſh my death might be unknowne
To my afflicted mother. She alone
Diſturbes the joyes of death: though *Priams* wife
My death ſhould leſſe bewaile, then her owne life.
Nor let the touch of man pollute a maid:
That my free ſoule may to the *Stygian* ſhade
Vntainted paſſe. If this be juſt, remove
Your hand: I ſhall more acceptable prove
Vnto that God or Ghoſt, what ere he be,
To whom I am offer'd, if my blood be free,
And if a dying tongue prevaile at all;
I, late great *Priams* daughter, now a thrall,
Sollicit that my corps may not be ſold;
But given my mother: nor exchange for gold
Sad rites of ſepulture. In former yeares
Sh'had gold to give, now poore, accept her teares.
This having ſaid, for her. that would not weepe,
The people wept: the Prieſt could hardly keepe
His eyes from teares, yet did what he abhord,
And in her proffered boſom thruſt his ſword.
On doubling knees ſhe ſinks, with ſilent breath,
And chearefully embraceth ſmild-on Death.

Then when she fell, she had a care to hide
What should be hid; and chastly-decent dide.
Her corps was carried by the *Troian* dames:
Who in a funerall song repeat the names
Of *Priams* mourn'd-for Seed; what streams of gore
One House had spent. Thee, Virgin, they deplore:
And thee, O royall Wife, entitled late
The mother Queene, and Glory of that State:
A Captive now, cast by a scorned lot
On conquering *Ithacus*; refus'd, if not
For bearing *Hector*. *Hector*, so renound,
A master hardly for his mother found.
She hug's the corps that such a spirit kept.
Who for her countrey, children, husband, wept
So oft; now weepes for her: her lips she prest,
Her wounds fils with her teares. Then beats her brest:
Her hoary haire besmeard with clotted gore,
And bosom torne, this spake she; and much more.
Poore daughter, our last sorrow: (what is left
For Fortunes spight:) by bloody death bereft.
On thee I see my wounds. That of my seede
None may unwounded dye, even thou must bleede;
In that a woman, thee I held secur'd:
But thou, a woman, suffer'st by the sword.
This bane of *Troy*, our utter ruine, who
So many of thy princely brothers slue;
Hath slaine thee also. When he a corse was made
By *Paris* and *Apollo's* shafts, I said,
Now is *Achilles* to be fear'd no more.
Now dead, to us as dreadfull as before.
Against my race his ashes rise: his tomb
Presents a foe. O my unhappy womb!
T'his fury fruitfull! Ruind *Troy* descends;
And sad succesle the publick sorrow ends:
Yet they are ended. *Ilium* alone
To us remaines: our sorrowes freshly grone.
I, late so potent and so fortunate
In husband, sons, and height of humane State;
To exile now am hal'd: despis'd, and torne
From my owne sepulchers, from *Phrygia* borne
To serve *Penelope*; that while I sew
Or spin at her commandment, she may shew
Her slave to *Ithacensian* dames, and say,
Loe, *Hectors* mother, *Priams Hecuba*.

My sorrowes sole reliefe, so many lost,
Is offerd to appease an hostile Ghost.
Infernall sacrifices to the dead,
Even to my foe, my cursed womb hath bred.
Hard heart, why breakst thou not? What hopes ingage
Thine expectation? Mischievous Old-age,
For what reserv'st thou me? You cruell Powres,
Why lengthen you a poore old womans houres
To see new funeralls? O *Priam*, I
May call thee happy, after ruin'd *Troy*.
Happy in death. Thou seest not this sad fate:
Thou lost thy life together with thy state.
Rich funeralls attend thee, royall Maid:
And by thine Ancestors thou shalt be laid.
O no! thy mothers teares, a heap of sand,
Must now content thee in a forrein land.
All, all is lost! Yet lives a little Boy
My last, and youngest joy, when I could joy;
For whom I condescend to live a space;
Here foster'd by the courteous King of *Thrace*.
Meane while why stay we with the cleansing flood
To wash these wounds, and looks besmeard with blood?
Then with an aged pace, her hoary haires
All torne and scattred, to the sea repaires.
And while the wretched said; You *Troades*,
A pitcher bring to draw the brinish Seas:
She saw the cast-up corps of *Polydor*
Stuck full of wounds upon the beachie shore.
The Ladies shreek; she dumb with sorrow stood:
Whilst inward griefe her voice, her teares, her blood,
At once devourd. And now, as if intrane't,
Stares on the earth; sometimes to heaven advance't
Her scouling browes: oft on his visage gaz'd;
But oftner on his wounds. By anger rais'd,
Arm'd, and instructed, all on vengeance bent,
Still Queene like, destinates his punishment.
And as a Lyoneſſe, rob'd of her young,
Pursues the unseene-hunters steps: so, stung
With fury, when her sorrow with her rage
Had joyn'd their powres; unmindfull of her age,
But not of former greatnesse, ran with speed
To *Polymnestor*, author of this deed.
And craving conference, the Tyrant told
How she would shew him summes of hidden gold

To

To give her *Polydor*. This held for true;
He thirſty of his prey, with her with-drew.
And flattering her thus craftily begun:
Delay not, *Hecuba*, t'enrich thy ſonne:
By all the Gods, we juſtly will reſtore
What thou ſhalt give, and what thou gav'ſt before.
She with a truculent aſpect beheld
The falſely ſwearing King: with anger ſwel'd.
Then calls the captive dames, upon him flyes;
Who hides her fingers in his perjur'd eyes,
Extracts his eye-balls: more then uſuall ſtrong
With thirſtie vengeance, and the ſenſe of wrong.
Her hand drownes in his ſkull; the roots up-tore
Of his loſt ſight, imbrude with guilty gore.
The men of *Thrace* incenſed for their King,
Weapons and ſtones at *Hecuba* now fling.
She, gnarling, bites the follow'd flints, her chaps,
For ſpeech extended, barke. Of whoſe miſ-haps,
That place is nam'd. She, mindfull of her old
Miſ fortunes, in *Sithonian* deſerts howld.
The *Trojans*, *Gracians*, thoſe who love or hate;
Yea, all the Gods commiſerate her fate.
Even ſpitefull *Iuno* did to this deſcend;
That *Hecuba* deſerv'd not ſuch an end.
Aurora had no leaſure to lament
(Although thoſe armes ſhe favourd) the event
Of *Troy* or *Hecuba*. Domeſticall
And neerer griefe afflicts her, for the fall
Of *Memnon*; whoſe life blood the lance imbrude
Of ſterne *Achilles*. This when firſt ſhe viewd,
The roſie die, that deckt the Mornes up-riſe
Grew forth-with pale, and clouds immur'd the skies,
Nor could indure to ſee his body laid
On funerall flames: but with her haire diſplaid,
As in that ſeaſon, to high *Iove* repaires;
And kneeling, thus, with teares, unfolds her cares.
To all inferior, whom the skie ſuſtaines
(For mortals rarely honour me with Fanes)
A Goddeſſe yet, I come: not to deſire
Shrines, Feſtivals, nor Altars bright with fire;
Yet ſhould you weigh what I, a woman, doe,
The night confine, and ſacred Day renue,
I merit ſuch: ſuch ſute not now our ſtate;
Nor ſuch deſires affect the deſolate.

Of *Memnon* rob'd, who glorious armes in vaine
Bare for his unkle, by *Achilles* slaine
In flowre of youth (so would you Gods) come I.
O chiefe of Powres, a mothers sorrow, by
Some honour given him, lessen: death with fame
Recomfort! *Iove* assents. When greedy flame
Devour'd the funerall Pile; and curling fumes
Day over-cast: as when bright *Sol* assumes
From streames thick vapors, nor is seene below.
The flying sparkles dying joyntly grow
Into one body. Colour, forme, life, spring
To it from fire, which lightnesse now doth wing.
First like a fowle, forth-with a fowle indeed;
Innumerable sisters of that breed
Together whiske their feathers. Thrice they round
The funerall Pile; thrice raise a mournfull sound.
In two battalions then divide their flight;
And like two strenuous nations fiercely fight:
Their oppósites with beake and talons rend;
Cuffe with their wings; in sacrifice descend,
Now dying, on the ashes of the dead:
Remembring they were of the Valiant bred.
These new sprung fowle, men of their author call
Memnonides. No sooner *Sol* through all
The Signes returnes; but reinforst againe
In civill warre they dye upon the slaine.
While others therefore doe commiserate
Poore barking *Hecuba* in her cang'd fate:
Aurora her owne griefe intends; renewes
Her pious teares which fall on earth in dewes
Yet fates resist that all the hopes of *Troy*
Should perish with her towres. The Sonne and Ioy
Of *Cytherea*, with his houshold Gods,
And aged Sire, his pious shoulders lodes.
Of so great wealth he onely chose that prize,
And his *Ascanius*: from *Antandros* flies
By seas, and shuns the wicked *Thracian* shore,
Defil'd with blood of murdred *Polydore*:
With prosperous winds arriving with his traine
At *Phœbus* towne, where *Anius* then did raigne,
Apollo's holy Priest; who, with the rest,
Into the Temple leads his honour'd Guest:
The city, with the sacred places, showes,
And trees held by *Latona* in her throwes.

Incense

Incenſe on flames, and wine on incenſe powr'd;
Entrailes of ſlaughtred beeves by fire devour'd;
His Gueſts conducts to Court: on carpet ſpred.
With *Ceres* and *Lyæus* bounty fed.
When thus *Anchiſes*: O to *Phœbus* deare!
I am deceiv'd; or, when I firſt was here,
Foure daughters and a ſonne thy ſolace crown'd.
He ſhooke his head, with ſacred fillets bound;
And ſighing ſaid: O moſt renound of men,
I was the father of five children then:
Whom now (ſuch is the change of things!) you ſee
Halfe childleſſe: for my abſent ſonne to mee
Is of ſmall comfort; who, my Vice-roy, raignes
In ſea-girt *Andros*, which his name retaines.
Him, *Delius* with prophetick skill inſpir'd,
A gift paſt credit, ſtill to be admir'd,
My daughters *Bacchus* gave; above their ſute:
That all they touch ſhould preſently tranſmute
To wine, to corne, and to *Minerva's* oyle.
Rich in the uſe. To purchaſe ſuch a ſpoile,
Great *Troy's* Depopulator, *Atreus* Heire,
(Leaſt you ſhould thinke we have not borne a ſhare
In your miſ-haps) with armed violence
Enforc't them from me: charged to diſpence
That heavenly gift unto th' *Argolian* Hoſt.
They ſcape by flight: two to *Eubœa* croſt;
Two fled to *Andros*: theſe the Souldier
Purſude, and threatened (if unrender'd) warre.
Feare nature now ſubdude: his ſiſters were
By him reſign'd; forgive a brothers feare.
Not *Hector* not *Æneas* then were by
To guard his towne, who ſo long guarded *Troy*.
About to bind their captive armes in bands;
Rearing to heaven their yet unchained hands,
O father *Bacchus* helpe! While thus they praid,
The Author of that gift preſents his aid.
(If ſuch a loſſe may be accounted ſo)
Yet how they loſt their ſhapes I could not know;
Nor yet can tell. It ſelfe the ſequell proves;
Converted to thy Wives white-feather'd Doves.
With ſuch diſcourſe they entertaine the feaſt:
That ta'ne away, diſpoſe them ſelves to reſt.
With day they roſe; the Oracle exquire:
Who bids them to their ancient Nurſe retire,

And kindred shores. Now ready to depart
The King presents rich gifts, wrought with rarear;
A scepter to *Anchises* gives: a brave
Robe, and a quiver, to *Ascanius* gave:
A cup to *Æneas*, which surpast the rest;
By *Theban Therses* sent him once his Guest.
Mylean Alcon made what *Therses* sent;
And carv'd thereon this ample argument.
A City with seven gates of equall grace;
These serve for names to character the place:
Before it, exequies, tombs, piles, bright fires.
Dames with spred haire, bare breasts, and torne attires
Decipher mourning: Nymphes appeare to weep
For their dry Springs: sap-fearing cankers creep
On naked trees: Goats lick the foodlesse ground.
In midst of *Thebes*, *Orion's* daughters crownd
With fillets stand: This proffers to the sword
Her manly breast; Her hands her death afford;
For common safety. All the people mourne;
And with due funerals their bodies burne.
Yet least the world should such a linage lose,
Two youths out of their virgin ashes rose.
These Orphans wandring Fame *Corone* calls:
Who celebrate their mothers funeralls.
The antick brasse with burnisht figures shin'd:
Whose brim neat wreaths of gilt *Acanthus* bind.
Nor were the *Troian* gifts of lesse expence:
Who gave a *Censer* for sweet frankincense,
An ample *Chalice* of a curious mold;
With these a crowne, that shone with gemmes and gold.
In that the *Teucrans* sprung from *Teucers* blood,
They saile to *Creet*: but *Iove* their stay with-stood.
Leaving those hundred Cities, now they stand
For wisht *Ausonia's* destinated strand.
Tost by rough Winter, and the wrath of seas,
They anchor at the faithlesse *Strophades*.
Thence frighted by *Aello*; saile away
By steepe *Dulichium*, stony *Ithaca*,
Samus, high *Neritus* clasp'd by the Maine;
All subject to the slye *Vlysses* raigne.
Then at *Ambracia* touch, the strife and grudge
Of angry Gods; the image of the Iudge
Behold, by them converted into stone;
Now by *Actiacan Apollo* knowne.

Then the *Dodonean* speaking Oake they view;
Chaonia, where *Molossus* children flew
With aiding feathers from the impious flame;
Next to *Phaacia*, rich in Orchards came;
Then to *Epirus*: at *Buthrotos* staid,
Whose scepter now the *Phrygian* Prophet swaid;
And see resembled *Troy*. Foretold of all
By *Priam's Helenus*, that would befall:
They reach *Sicania*. This three tongues extends
Into circumfluent Seas. *Pachynus* bends
To showry *Auster*; flowry *Zephyr* blowes
On *Lilybæus* browes; *Pelorus* showes
His Cliffes to *Boreas*, and the frozen *Beare*
That shuns the *Ocean*. Vnder this they steare
And stretch their oares; who favourd by the tide,
That night in *Zancle's* crooked harbor ride.
The right-side dangerous *Scylla*, turbulent
Charybdis keepes the left; on ruine bent.
She belches swallowed ships from her profound:
Her sable womb, dogs, ever rav'ning round;
Yet beares a virgins face: if all be true
That Poets sing, she was a virgin too.
By many sought, as many she despis'd:
To Nymphs of Seas, of Sea-nymphs highly priz'd,
She beares her visetts; and to them discovers
The history of her deluded lovers,
To whom thus *Galatea*, sighing, said;
While *Scylla* comb'd her haire. You, lovely Maid,
Are lov'd of generous-minded men, whom you
With safety may refuse, as now you doe.
But I, great *Nereus* and blew *Doris* Seede,
Great in so many sisters of that breede;
By shunning of the *Cyclops* love, provok't
A sad revenge. Here teares her utterance chok't.
These cleansed by the marble-finger'd maid;
Who, having comforted the Goddesse, said:
Relate, O most ador'd, nor from me keepe
The wretched cause that makes a Goddesse weepe;
For I am faithfull. *Nereis* consents,
And thus her griefe to *Cratis* daughter vents.
The Nymph *Simethis* bore a lovely Boy
To *Faunus*, *Acis* cald; to them a joy;
To us a greater. For the sweetly-Faire
To me an innocent affection bare.

His

His blooming youth twice-told eight birth-dayes crowne.
And clothe his cheekes with scarce-appearing downe.
As I the gentle boy, so *Polypheme*
My love pursude; our loves a like extreame.
Whether my love to *Acis*, or my hate
To him were more, I hardly can relate.
Both infinite! O *Venus*, what a powre
Hath thy command! He, still austere and sowre,
A terror to the woods, from whom no guest
With life escapes, accustomed to feast
On humane flesh; who all the Gods above,
With them *Olympus* scorn'd; now stoops to love.
Forgetfull of his flocks and caves, a fire
Feedes in his breast, inflamed with desire.
His feature now intends, now bends his care
To please: with rakes he combs his stubborne haire;
His bristles barbes with scithes: and by the brook's
Vnsolid mirror calmes his dreadfull lookes:
His thirst of blood, and love of slaughter cease;
Lesse cruell now: ships come and goe in peace.
When *Telemus* came from *Sicilian* seas,
The Augur *Telemus Eurymides*,
And said to *Polypheme*, thy browes large sight
Shall by *Vlysses* be depriv'd of light.
O foole, he laughing said, thou tell'st a lye;
A female hath already stolne that eye.
Thus flouts the Prophets true prediction:
And with extended paces stalks upon,
The burdned shore; or weary, from the wave-
Beat beach retireth to his gloomy cave,
A promontory thrusts into the maine;
Whose cliffie sides the breaking Seas restraine:
The *Cyclop* this ascends: whose fleecy flock
Vnforced follow. Seated on a rock;
His staffe, a well-growne Pine, before him cast,
Sufficient for a yard-supporting mast;
He blowes his hundred reeds: whose squeaking fils
The far-resounding Seas, and ecchoing hils.
Hid in a hollow rock, and laid along
By *Acis* side, I heard him sing this song.
O *Galatea* more then lilly-white,
More fresh then flowry meads, then glasse more bright,
Higher then Alder trees, then kids more blithe,
Smoother then shells whereon the surges drive,

More wisht then winters Sun, or Summers aire,
More sweet then grapes, then apples farre more rare,
Clearer then Ice, more seemely then tall Planes,
Softer then tender curds, or downe of Swans,
More faire, if fixt, then gardens by the fall
Of springs enchac't. Though thus, thou art withall
More fierce then salvage bulls, who know no yoke,
Then waves more giddy, harder then the oake,
Then vines or willow twigs more eas-ly bent,
More stiffe then rocks, then streames more violent,
Prouder then peacocks praisd, more rash then fire,
Then Beares more cruell, sharper then the brier,
Deafer then Seas, more fell then trod-on snake;
And, if I could, what I would from thee take,
More speedy then the hound-pursued Hind,
Or chaced clouds, or then the flying wind.
If knowne to thee, thou wouldst thy flight repent;
Curse thy delay, and labour my content.
For I have caves within the living stone;
To Summers heat, and winters cold unknowne:
Trees charg'd with apples; spreading vines that hold
A purple grape, and grapes resembling gold.
For thee I these preserve, affected Maid.
Thou strawberries shalt gather in the shade,
Autumnal cornels, plummes with azure rind,
And wax-like yellow of a generous kind;
Nor shalt thou chest-nuts want, if mine thou be,
Nor scalded wildings: serv'd by every tree.
These flocks are ours: in vallies many stray,
Woods many shade, at home as many stay.
Nor can I, should you aske, their number tell:
Who number theirs, are poore. How these excell,
Believe not me, but credit your owne eyes:
See how their udders part their stradling thighes.
I in my sheepe-coats have new-weaned lambs;
And frisking kids late taken from their dams.
New milke, fresh curds and creame, with cheese well prest,
Are never wanting for thy pallats feast.
Nor will we gifts for thy delight prepare
Of easie purchase, or what are not rare:
Deere, red and fallow, Roes, light-footed Hares,
Nests scal'd from cliffes, and Doves produc't by paires.
A rugged Beares rough twins I found upon
The mountaine late, scarce from each other knowne,

Fe

For thee to play with: finding these, I said,
My Mistris you shall serve. Come lovely Maid,
Come *Galatea*, from the surges rise,
Bright as the Morning; nor our gifts despise.
I know my selfe; mine image in the brooke
I lately saw, and therein pleasure tooke.
Behold, how great! not *Iupiter* above
(For much you talke I know not of what *Iove*)
Is larger siz'd: curles, on my browes displaid,
Affright; and like a grove my shoulders shade.
Nor let it your esteeme of me empaire,
That all my body bristles with thick haire.
Trees without leaves, and horses without maines,
Are sights unseemely: grasse adornes the plaines,
Wooll sheepe, and feathers fowle. A manly face
A beard becomes: the skin rough bristles grace.
Amid my fore-head shines one onely light;
Round, like a mighty shield, and cleere of sight.
The Sunne all objects sees beneath the skie:
And yet behold, the Sunne hath but one eye.
Besides, your Seas obey my fathers throne:
I give you him for yours. Doe you alone
Vouchsafe me pity, and your suppliant heare:
To you I onely bow; you onely feare.
Heaven, *Iupiter*, his lightning I despise:
More dread the lightning of thy angry eyes.
And yet your scorne my patience lesse would move,
Were all contemn'd. Why should you *Acis* love,
And slight the *Cyclop*? why to him more free?
Although himselfe he please; and pleaseth thee,
(Which frets me most) could I your darling get,
He then should finde my strength and me like great.
His guts I would extract, squise out his braines,
Throw his dissevered limms about the plaines:
And if with thee he mingle, mixe thy wave
With his hot blood; and make thy deepe his grave.
For O, I frie! despisd affection burnes
With greater rage: my bulke to *Ætna* turnes,
And all her flames are in my bosome pent:
Yet *Galatea*, wilt not thou relent.
This said, he rose; (for I beheld him well.)
Nor could stand still; but terrible and fell,
Hurries about the woods and well knowne coast;
Much like a bull that hath his heifer lost.

Who me and *Acis*, too secure, espy'd:
And with a voice that lutes a *Cyclop*, cry'd,
This houre shall be the last of all your joyes:
Affrighted *Ætna* rored with the noise.
I under water div'd: he flying said;
Helpe *Galatea*! you, O parents, aid
The utterly undone; and entertaine
Your issue in the Empire where you raigne.
A torne-off rock the following *Cyclop* threw:
Whose corner over-whelmed *Acis* slew.
We did, what could be licensed by Fate:
Resuming *Acis* to his Grand-fires state.
The purple blood from his crusht body fled;
Which presently forsooke the native red:
First like a raine-discoloured streame appeares;
Then crystalline. The rock in sunder teares:
Whose crannies with up-starting reeds abound;
And in the breach insulting waves resound:
From whence a youth arose above the wast;
His horned browes with quivering reeds embrac't.
'Twas wonderous strange: but that his lookes appeare
More blew, and he more great, it *Acis* were.
And so it was: although he now became
A living streame, which still preserves his name.
Here *Galatea* ends; th'assembly brake:
To smiling Seas the Nymphs themselves betake.
Scylla returning, dares not trust the Deepes:
But naked, nigh the thirsty gravell keepes;
Or weary, in the more-sequestred waves
Her comely limmes in cooling water bathes.
Loe, *Glaucus* in the Sea but lately knowne.
Transformed neere *Eubœan Anthedon*,
Through yeelding waves arrives: rapt with her sight;
By gentle words attempts to stay her flight.
She faster fled: who swift with feare ascends
A lofty hill, which neere the shore extends:
Whose round congested summit, crown'd with wood,
Did over-peere the under-swelling flood.
There stayes, secured by the place; nor knew
If God, or Monster: much admires his hiew,
His spreading locks, which all his shoulders vaile;
And hinder parts, that beare a fishes taile.
Perceived; leaning on a rock, he said:
I am no beast, nor prodigy, faire Maid:

Not

Not *Proteus*, *Triton*, *Athamants Sonne*,
Are greater Gods, or more command in Seas.
Yet once a mortall; and did then frequent
Th'affected Seas. On those my labour spent.
Sometimes with nets I fishes hale to land:
Sometimes the line directed with my wand.
The shore a meddow bounds; whereof one side
Is fring'd with weeds, the other with the tide.
On this not horned cattell ever fed,
Nor harmlesse sheepe, nor goats on mountaines bred.
No bees from hence their thighes with honey lade;
Those flowres no marriage garlands ever made:
That grasse ne'r cut with sithes. Of mortals I
First thither came; my nets hung up to dry.
While I expos'd the fishes which I tooke;
By their credulity hung on my hooke,
Or masht in nets; (what would a lye behove?
Yet such it seemes) my prey began to move,
Display their finnes, and swim as on the flood.
While I neglect their stay, and wondering stood;
They all by flight avoiding my command,
Together left their owner and the land.
Amaz'd, and doubting long; the cause I sought,
If either God, or Hearb, this wonder wrought.
What hearb, said I, hath such a powre? in hast
An hearb I puld, and gave it to my tast.
No sooner swallowed, but my entrailes shooke:
When forth-with I another nature tooke:
Nor could refraine; but said, O Earth, my last
Farewell receive! in seas my selfe I cast.
The Sea-gods now vouchsafing my receit
Into their sacred fellowships, entreat
Both *Tethys* and *Oceanus*, that they
Would take, what ever mortall was, away.
Whom now they hallow, and with charmes nine times
Repeated, purge me from my humane crimes:
And bade me dive beneath a hundred streames.
Forth-with the rivers rusht from sundry Realmes;
And sea-rais'd surges roule above my crowne.
As soone as streames retire, and seas were downe,
An other body, and an other minde;
Vnlike the former, they to me assign'd.
Thus much of Wonder I remember well:
Thenceforth insensible of what befell.

Then first of all this sea-greene beard I saw,
These dangling locks, which through the deepe I draw;
Broad shoulder-blades, blew armes of greater might;
And thighes which in a fishes taile unite.
What bootes this forme? my grace with Gods of seas?
Or that a God? If thou affect not these?
While this he spake, and would have uttred more,
Coy *Scylla* flies. He with impatience bore
His loves repulse: whom strong desires transport
To great *Titanian Circes* horrid Court.

OVIDS

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS.

The Fourteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT

INchanted Scylla, *hemb'd with horrid shapes,*
Becomes a Rock; Cercopeans *turn'd to Apes.*
Sibylla *weares t'a Voice.* Vlysses *men*
Transformd to Swine, are re-transformd agen.
Picus *a Bird: his Followers Beasts. Despaire*
Resolves sad-singing Canens *into Aire.*
The Mates of Diomed *unreconcil'd*
Idalia *turnes to Fowle. An Olive wild*
Rude Apulus *deciphers.* Turnus *burnes*
Æneas *ships: these* Berecynthia *turnes*
To Sea-nymphs; who Alcinöus *ship with joy*
Behold a Rock. The Trojan *flames destroy*
Besieged Ardea; *from whose ashes Springs*
A meager Herne, that beares them on her wings.
Æneas, *Deifi'd.* Vertumnus *tries*
All shapes. Rhamnusia, *for her cruelties,*
Congeales proud Anaxarete *to Stone.*
Cold Fountaines boyle with heat. T'a heavenly throne
Mars Romulus *assumes.* Hersilia
Like grace receives: who joyne in equall sway.

NOw *Glaucus*, thron'd in tumid floods, had past
High *Ætna*, on the jawes of *Typhon* cast;
Cyclopian fields, where never Oxen drew
The furrowing plough, nor ever tillage knew;

Crookt *Zancle*; *Rhegium* on the other side;
The wrackfull Straites, whose double bounds divide
Sicilia from *Ausonia*: forward drives
Through spatious *Tyrrhen* Seas; at length arrives
At hearby Hills, *Phœbean Circes* seat,
With sundry formes of monstrous beasts repleat.
When, mutually saluting, *Glaucus* said:
A God, O Goddesse, pity: on your aid
Alone relies (if my desert might move
So deare a grace) th'asswagement of my Love.
For none then I, *Titania*, better knowes
The powre of hearbs, that was transformd by those.
T'inform me you better, in *Italia*
Against *Massena*, on a sandie Bay,
I *Scylla* saw: it shames me to recite
My slighted court-ship, answered by her flight.
Doe thou, if charmes availe, in charmes unty
Thy sacred tongue: or soveraigne Hearbs apply,
If of more power. Yet I affect no cure,
Nor end of Love: like heat let her endure.
But *Circe* (none to such desires more prone,
Or that the cause is in her selfe alone,
Or stung by *Venus* angry influence,
In that her Father publisht her offence)
Reply'd: The willing with more ease pursue;
Who wish the same, whom equall flames subdue.
For Thou O well deserv'st to be pursude:
Give hope, and, credit me, thou shalt be woo'd.
Rest therefore of thy beauty confident:
Loe, I, a Goddesse, radiant *Sols* descent:
In hearbs so potent, and no lesse in charmes;
Proffer my selfe, and pleasures to thy armes.
Scorne her that scornes thee; her, that seekes, pursue:
And so at once be thou reveng'd of two.
Glaucus reply'd to her who sought him so:
First shady groves shall on the billowes grow,
And Sea-weeds to the mountaine tops remove;
Ere I (and *Scylla* living) change my love.
The Goddesse frets: who since she neither could
Destroy a Deity, nor, loving, would;
On her, preferd before her, bends her ire:
And high-incensed with repulst desire,
Forth-with infectious drugs of dire effects
Together grinds, and *Hecat's* charmes injects:

A sea-

A sea-greene robe puts on, the Court forsakes
Through throngs of fawning beasts: her journey takes
To *Rhegium* opposite to *Zancle's* shore;
And treads the troubled waves that loudly rore.
Running with unwet feet on that Profound;
As if sh'had trod upon the solid ground.
A little Bay, by *Scylla* haunted, lies
Bent like a Bow; sconst from the Seas and skies
Distemper, when the high-pitcht Sun invades
The world with hotteſt beames, and shorteſt shades.
This with portentuous poysons she pollutes;
Besprinkled with the juice of wicked roots:
In words darke and perplexed nine-times thrice
Inchantments mutters with her magick voice.
Now *Scylla* came; and, wading to the waſt,
Beheld her hips with barking dogs embrac't.
Starts backe: at first not thinking that they were
Part of her selfe, but rates them, and doth feare
Their threatning-jawes: but those, from whom she flies,
She with her hales. Then looking for her thighes,
Her legs, and feet; instead of them she found
The mouthes of *Cerberus* environ'd round
With rav'ning Curres: the backs of salvage beasts
Support her groine; whereon her belly rests.
Kind *Glaucus* wept; and *Circes* bed refus'd:
Who had so cruelly her Art abus'd.
But *Scylla*, still remaining, *Circe* hates;
Who for that cause destroy'd *Vlysses* mates.
And had the *Troian* nauy drownd of late,
If not before transform'd by powerfull Fate
Into a Rocke: the stony Prodigy
Yet eminent, from which the Sea-men fly.
This, and *Charybdis* past with stretched oares;
The *Troian* fleet, now neare th'*Ausonian* shores,
Crosse windes, and violent, to *Libya* drave.
There, in her heart, and palace, *Dido* gave
Æneas harbor: with impatience beares
Her husbands flight: forth-with a Pile she reares,
Pretending sacrifice; and then doth fall
Vpon his sword: deceiv'd, deceiving all.
Flying from *Carthage*, *Eryx* he re-gaind;
There where his faithfull friend *Acestes* raignd.
His fathers funeralls re-solemniz'd,
He puts to Sea, with ships well-nigh surpriz'd

By *Iris* flames, *Hippotades'* Command,
The sulphur-fuming Iles, the rocky Strand
Of *Acheloian Syrens* leaving, lost
His Pilot: to *Inarime* then crost,
To *Prochyta*, and *Pithecusa*, walld
With barren hills; so of her people calld.
For *Iupiter*, detesting much the slie
And fraudulent *Cercopeans* perjury,
Into deformed beasts transformd them then;
Although unlike, appearing like to men:
Contracts their limmes, their noses from their browes
He flats, their faces with old wrinkles plowes;
And, covering them with yellow haire, affords
This dwelling; first depriving them of words,
So much abus'd to perjury and wrongs:
Who jabber, and complaine with stammering tongues.
Then on the right-hand left *Parthenope*,
Misenus on the left, far-strecht in Sea,
So named of his Trumpetor: thence, past
By slimy Marishes, and anchor cast
At *Cuma*; entring long-liv'd *Sibyls* Caves.
A passage through obscure *Avernus* craves
T'his Fathers *Manes*. She erects her eyes,
Long fixt on earth, and with the Deities
Reception fild, in sacred rage repli'd.
Great things thou seek'st, O thou so magnifi'd
For mighty deeds! thy piety through flame,
Thy arme through Armies conseerate thy name.
Yet feare not, *Trojan*, thy desires enjoy:
T'*Elysian* Fields, th'infernall Monarchy,
And Fathers shade, I will thy person guide:
No way to noble Vertue is denide.
Then to a Golden bough directs his view,
Which in *Avernian Iuno's* Hort-yard grew:
And bade him pull it from the sacred tree.
Æneas her obeyes: and now doth see
The Spoyles of dreadfull Hell; his Grand-sires, lost
In death, and great *Anchises* aged Ghost.
There knowes the customes of the *Latian* State,
The toyle of future warre, and following fate,
Then, in retreat, his weary steps applyde:
And by discourse with his *Cumaan* Guide
His toyle beguiles; as in that horrid way,
Through glomy twy-light, he remounts to Day.

Whether,

Whether, ſaid he, thou bee'ſt a Deity,
Or of the Gods belov'd; for ever I
Will ſerve thee as a Goddeſſe: and confeſſe
That by thy favour I have wonne acceſſe
Vnto th'abodes of Death; that by thee I
Eſcape his infernall Monarchy.
And therefore will, when I to day returne,
A Temple build, and incenſe to thee burne.'
The Propheteſſe on him reverts her eye;
And ſighing, ſaid; I am no Deity:
To mortalls offer no immortall Dues;
Leaſt ignorance thy gratitude abuſe.
Yet had beene free from deaths impetuous powre,
Had I to *Phœbus*, given my virgin flowre.
While hopefull; tempting me with gifts, he ſaid,
Aske what thou wilt, my faire *Cumæan* Maid,
And take thy wiſh: I ſhew'd a heape of ſand,
And wiſht as many birth-dayes as my hand
Contained graines: forgot to adde the prime
Of youthfull yeares, which ſhould have crownd my time.
Who this had granted alſo, if my bed
He could have won. His gifts deſpis'd, I led
A ſingle life. Thoſe happier times are gone;
And craſie age with trembling ſteps comes on.
Seaven ages have I liv'd, and live I muſt
Till yeares have equalled thoſe graines of duſt.
Three hundred Harveſts conſummate the ſumme,
Three hundred Vintages. The time will come,
When length of daies my body ſhall abate,
And little leave in quantity or weight.
None then will thinke that I belov'd had beene,
Or pleas'd a God. He, by whom all is ſeene,
(Such change ſhall I endure) or, will not know,
Or elſe deny, that he had lov'd me ſo.
No eye ſhall ſee me: yet a voice alone
Fate will afford, by which I ſhall be knowne.
Thus *Sibyl*, as they clim'd that ſteepe aſcent,
Pious *Æneas* through this *Stygian* vent
At *Cuma* role: and ſacrificing, came
To ſhores ſince called of his Nurſes name:
Neritian Macareus, the friend
Of *Ithacus* did here his travells end.
Who knowing *Achæmenides*, of late
On *Ætna* left, admires to ſee his mate

Long

Long given for dead. What chance, or God, said he
O *Achamenides*: hath set thee free?
How comes a *Grecian* souldier to be found
In *Troian* vessell? for what Country bound?
When *Achamenides*: (not now forlorne,
Now like himselfe, his rags not pind with thorne)
May I fell *Polyphem* behold againe,
Whose jawes ore-flow with blood of strangers slaine;
If I this home preferre not farre above
Vlysses ship; or lesse *Aeneas* love
Then my owne father. Could I render more
Then all my All, the recompence were poore.
That now I speake, I breath, Heaven, Sun-shine see
(Can I unmindfull or ungratefull be)
Is by his bounty: that the *Cyclops* fowle
And hungry maw had not devour'd my soule:
That now I may be buried when I die;
Or at the least, not in his entrailes lye.
O what a heart had I! with feare bereft
Of soule and sense! when I behinde was left,
And saw your flight! I had an Out-cry made,
But that afeard to have my selfe betrayd.
Yours, almost had *Vlysses* ship destroyd:
I saw him rive out of the mountaines side
A solid rocke, and dart it on the Maine:
I saw the furious Giant once againe,
When mighty stones with monstrous strength he flung;
Like quarries by a warlike engine slung.
Least ship should sinke with waves and stones I feare:
Not then remembring, that I was not there.
He, when your flight had rescu'd you from death,
O'r *Aetna* paces; sighing clouds of breath:
And groping in the woods, bereft of sight,
Encounters justling rocks: mad with despight
Extends his bloody armes to under waves,
The *Greekes* pursues with curses; and thus raves.
O would some God *Vlysses* would ingage,
Or some of his, to my insatiate rage!
I'd gnaw his heart, his living members rend,
Gulpe downe his blood till it againe ascend,
And crash his panting sinewes. O, how light
A losse, or none, were then my losse of sight!
This spake, and more. My joynts pale horror shooke,
To see his grim, and slaughter-smeared looke,

His

His bloody hands, his eyes deserted seat,
Vast limmes, and beard with humane gore concreat.
Death stood before mine eyes (my least dismay:)
Now thought my selfe surpriz'd; now, that I lay
Drownd in his paunch. That time presents my view,
When two of ours on dashing stones he threw:
Then on them like a shagged Lyon lies;
Their entrailes, flesh, yet moving atteries,
White marrow, with crasht bones, at once devoures.
I, sad, and bloodlesse stood: feare chil'd my powres,
Seeing him eat, and cast the horrid food;
Raw lumps of flesh, wine mixt with clotted blood.
Even such a fate my wretched thoughts propound.
Long lying hid, afraid of every sound,
Abhorring death, yet coveting to die;
With mast, and hearbes repelling famine; I,
Forlorne, to death and torment left, at last
This ship espy'd: and wafting it, in hast
Ranne to the shore, nor safety vainely seeke.
A *Troian* vessell entertaind a *Greeke*.
Now, worthy friend, your owne adventures tell;
And what, since first you put to sea, befell.
He told how *Aeolus* raign'd in *Thuscan* Seas,
Storme-fettering *Aeolus Hippotades*,
Who nobly gave to their *Dulichian* Guide
A winde, encloséd in an Oxes hide.
Nine daies they sailed with successefull gales;
Sought shores descry'd: the tenth had blancht their sailes
When greedy Sailers, thinking to have found
A masse of envi'd gold, the wind unbound.
This through rough seas the Navy backward drives,
Which at th'*Æolian* port againe arrives.
To *Lastrigonian Lamus* ancient towne
From thence, said he, we came. That countries crowne
Antiphates then wore. Three thither sent,
Two of us scarce by flight our death prevent:
The third the *Lastrigonians* teeth embrude
With his hot gore. *Antiphates* pursude
Our flights; incites his troopes; who tumbling downe
Huge stones and trees, our men and vessels drowne.
One scap't; which us, and sad *Vlysses* bore.
Ioyntly our lóst companions we deplore;
And grieving reach that Sea-environ'd land,
Which farre from hence you see; Still may it stand

Farre

Farre from my sight: beware thou Goddesse Sonne,
Iust *Trojan* Prince, (for now the warres are done,
With them for ever end our enmity)
From *Circes* Mansion, O *Æneas* flie.
There anchoring; mindfull of the *Cyclops* strand,
And fell *Antiphates*, we feare to land.
But casting lots, the lot elected us,
Faithfull *Polites*, sage *Eurylochus*,
Elpenor prone to wine, and eighteene more
To visit *Circe* on that unknowne shore.
Approaching, we before the Portall staid.
A thousand Lyons, Beares, and Wolves invade
Our hearts with feare, which needed not, for they
Insteed of teeth their flattering tailes display,
And fawning follow; till her hand-maids came
And led us through that marble-coverd frame
Vnto their Mistris. On a throne of State,
She in a sumptuous inward chamber sate:
With gold her under garment richly shone;
And over it a purple mantle throwne.
Nereides, and Nymphs, nor carded wooll,
Nor following twine with busie fingers pull:
But weeds dispose in order; mingled flowres
Select in maunds, and hearbs of different powres,
At her direction: who the vertue knew
Of every simple, of their compounds too;
And gives them their due weight. Saluted, she
Salutes againe; her chearefull lookes as free,
As her full bounty to supply our neede.
Who bids her ready damsels mixe with speede
The pulp of barly, hony, curds, strong wines;
And to this sweet receit hid juyces joynes.
Then gave the cup with her owne sacred hand;
Which thirstily we drunk, while with her wand
The direfull Goddesse strokes our crownes. I shame
To tell; yet tell: I presently became
With bristles rough: thinking as I was wont,
T'have spoke, and shew'd my griefe in words, I grunt.
My lookes hung downe, my mouth extends t'a snout,
My stiffer neck with swelling brawnes sticks out;
And goe upon those hands, wherewith of late
I tooke the cup. With those whom frightfull fate
Had thus un-mand (so great a potency
In potions lurks) included in a Stie.

Alone

Alone *Eurylochus* the ſhape of Swine
Avoids: alone refus'd the proffered wine.
Which had not he rejected, with the reſt
Himſelfe had beene a briſtle-bearing Beaſt.
Nor ſhould *Vlyſſes* our miſ-haps have knowne:
Or forced *Circe* to reſtore his owne.
Peace-bearing *Hermes* gave him a white flowre;
Call'd *Moly* by the Gods; of wonderous powre,
Sprung from a Sable root: inform'd withall
By heavenly counſell, enters *Circe's* Hall.
Proffering th'inſidious Cup, her magick wand
About to raiſe, he thruſts her from her ſtand;
And with drawne ſword the trembling Goddeſſe frights.
When vowed faith with her faire hands ſhe plights;
And grac't him with her nuptiall bed: who then
Demands in dowry his transfigur'd men.
Sprinkled with better juice, her wand reverſt
Above our crownes, and charmes with charmes diſperſt;
The more ſhe ſings, we grow the more upright,
Our briſtles ſhed, our cloven feete unite,
Shoulders and armes poſſeſſe their former grace.
With teares our weeping Generall we embrace
And hang about his neck: nor ſcarce a word
Breathes through our lips, but ſuch as thanks afford.
From hence our Paſſe was for a yeare deferr'd;
In that long time much ſaw I, and much heard:
Of which, a Maid (one of the foure, prepar'd
For ſacred ſervice) cloſely this declar'd.
For while my Chiefe with *Circe* ſports alone,
She ſhew'd a young-mans Image of white ſtone
Cloſ'd in a Shrine, with crownes imbelliſhed;
Who bare a Wood-pecker upon his head.
Demanding whoſe it was, why placed there,
Why he that Bird upon his ſummit bare?
I will, reply'd ſhe, O *Macarem*, tell
In this my Miſtris power: obſerve me well.
Saturnian Picus in *Auſonia* raign'd,
Who generous horſes for the battle train'd.
His forme, ſuch as you ſee: whom had you known,
You would have thought this feature were his own.
His mind as beautifull. Nor yet could he
Foure *Grecian* wraſtlings in th'*Olympicks* ſee.
The *Dryades*, in *Latian* mountaines borne,
His lookes attract: nor Nymphs of fountaines ſcorn

To

To sue for pity. Those whom *Albula*,
Numicus, *Anio*, *Almo* short of way,
And heady *Nar* sustaine; the shady Flood
Of *Farfarus*, the *Scythian Cynthius* woo'd-
Environ'd marishes, and neighbouring lakes.
Yet for one only Nymph the rest forsakes:
Whom whilome on Mount *Palatine*, the faire
Venilia to the two fac'd *Ianus* bare.
The Maid, now marriageable, honoured
Laurentian Picus with her nuptiall bed.
Her beauty admirable: yet more fam'd
For artfull songs; and thereof *Canens* nam'd.
Her voice the woods and rocks to passion moves;
Tames salvage beasts, the troubled Rivers smooths,
Detaines their hasty course, and, when she sings,
The birds neglect the labour of their wings.
While her sweet voice cœlestiall musick yeelds,
Young *Picus* followes in *Laurentian* Fields
The salvage Bore, upon a fiery Steed;
Arm'd with two darts: clad in a *Tyrian* weed
With gold close-buckl'd. Thither also came
The Daughter of the Sun; who left her name
Retaining fields, and on those fruitfull hills
Her sacred lap with dewy Simples fills.
Seeing unseene, his sight her sense amaz'd:
The gathered hearbs fell from her as she gaz'd:
Whose bones a marrow-melting flame enclos'd.
But when she her distraction had compos'd.
About t'impart her wish, the following presse,
And swiftnesse of his horse, forbid accesse.
Thou shalt not so escape, said she, although
The winds should wing thee; if my selfe I know,
If hearbs retaine their powre, if charmes at least
My trust deceive not. Then creates a Beast
Without a body, bid to runne before
The Kings pursuit; and made the ayrie Bore
To take a thicket, where no horse could force
His barr'd accesse. He leaves his foming horse
On foot to follow a deceitfull Shade,
With equall hopes: and through the forrest straid.
New Vowes she straight conceiveth, aid implores:
And Gods unknowne with unknowne charmes adores.
Wherewith inur'd t'eclypse the pale-fac't Moone:
And cloud her Fathers splendor at high Noone.

And

And now with pitchy fogs obſcures the day,
From earth exhal'd. His Guard miſtake their way
In that deceitfull Night, and from him ſtraid.
When ſhe, the time and place befitting, ſaid:
By thoſe faire eyes, which have inthralled mine;
And by that all-alluring face of thine,
Which makes a Goddeſſe ſue; aſſwage the fire
By thee incenſt; and take unto thy Sire
The all-illuminating Sunne: nor prove
Hard-hearted to *Titanian Circes* love.
Her, and her prayers, deſpiſ'd; What ere thou art,
I am not thine, ſaid he: my captive heart
An Other holds; and may ſhe hold it long.
Nor with a ſtranger will I ever wrong
Our nuptiall faith, ſo long as Nature gives
Life to my veines, and *Ianus* daughter lives.
Titania, tempting oft, as oft in vaine;
Thou ſhalt not ſcape my vengeance, nor againe
Returne to *Canens*. What the wrong'd can doe,
A wronged Lover, and a Woman too,
Thou ſhalt, ſaid ſhe, by ſad experience prove:
For I a woman, wrong'd, and wrong'd in love.
Twice turnes ſhe to the Eaſt, twice to the Weſt;
Thrice toucht him with her wand, three charmes expreſt:
He flies; at his unwonted ſpeed admir'd;
Then ſaw the feathers which his skin attir'd:
Who forth-with ſeekes the woods; and angry ſtill,
Hard oakes aſſailes, and wounds them with his bill.
His wings the purple of his cloake aſſume;
The gold that claſpt his garment turnes to plume,
And now his neck with golden circle chaines:
Of *Picus* nothing but his name remaines.
The Courtiers *Picus* call, and ſeeke him round
About the fields, that was not to be found.
Yet *Circe* find (for now the day grew faire,
The Sunne and Winds ſet free to cleanſe the aire)
And charge her with true crimes: their King demand
With threatning lookes, and weapons in their hand.
She ſprinkles them with juyce of wicked might.
From *Erebus* and *Chaos* conjures *Night*,
With all her Gods; and *Hecate* intreates
With tedious mumblings. Woods forſake their ſeates,
Their leaves looke pale, Hearbs bluſh with drops of gore,
Earth grones, dogs howle, rockes horcely ſeeme to rore:

Vpon

Vpon the tainted ground black Serpents slide;
And through the aire unbodied Spirits glide.
Frighted with terrors, as they trembling stand,
She strokes their wondering faces with her wand:
Forth-with the shapes of salvage beasts invest
Their former formes; not one his owne possest.
Phœbus now entring the *Tartessian* Maine,
Sad *Canens* with her eyes and soule, in vaine
Expects her Spouse. Her servants she excites
To runne about the woods with blazing lights.
Who not content to weepe, to teare her haire,
And beat her breasts (though these expresse her care)
In haste forsakes her roofe; and frantick, strayes
Through broad-spred fields. Six nights, as many dayes,
Without or sleepe, or sustenance, she fled
O're hils and dales, the way which fortune led.
Now tir'd with griefe and travell, *Tyber* last
Beheld the Nymph: on his coole bankes she cast
Her feeble limmes: there weeps, and weeping sung
Her sorrowes with a softly warbling tongue.
Even so the dying Swan with low-raisd breath,
Sings her owne exequies before her death.
At length her marrow melts with griefes despaire;
And by degrees she vanisheth to Aire.
Yet still the place doth memorize her fame:
Which of the Nymph the Rurals *Canens* name.
In that long yeare, much, and such deeds as these
I saw and heard. Vn-nervd with slothfull ease,
Againe we put to Sea: by *Circe* told
Of our hard passage, and the manifold
Disasters to ensue, I grew afraid
(I must confesse) and here arriving, staid.
Macareus ends. *Caieta* Vrne-inclosd,
This verse had on her marble tombe imposd.
Here, with due fires, my pious Nurse-child me
Caieta burnt; from *Grecian* fires set free.
They loose their cables from the grassie strand;
Avoiding *Circes* guilefull palace, stand
For those tall groves, where *Tyber*, darke with shades,
In *Tyrrhen* Seas his sandy streames unlades.
The throne of *Faunus* sonne, the *Latian* starre
Lavinia gaines; but not without a warre.
Warre with a furious Nation is commenst;
Sterne *Turnus* for his promist wife incenst:

While

While all *Hetruria* to *Latium* swarmes:
Hard victory long sought with pensive armes.
To get Recrutes from forraine States they trie.
Nor *Troians*, nor *Rutulians* want supply.
Nor to *Evanders* towne *Æneas* went
In vaine: though vainely *Venulus* was sent
To banisht *Diomeds* Citie, late immur'd:
Those fields *Iapygian Daunus* had assur'd
To him in dowre. When *Venulus* had done
His embassie to *Tydeus* warlike sonne:
The Prince excus'd his aid; as loth to draw
The subjects of his aged father in-law
T'unnecessary warre: that none remaine
Of his to arme. Least you should thinke I faine;
Though repetition Sorrow renovates;
Yet, while I suffer, heare the worst of fates.
After that *Pergamus* our prey became,
And lofty *Ilium* fed the *Grecian* flame:
A Virgin, for a virgins rape, let fall
Her vengeance, to *Oileus* due, on all.
Scattered on faithlesse Seas with furious stormes,
We, wretched *Grecians*, suffer'd all the formes
Of horror: lightning, night, showres, wrath of skies,
Of Seas, and dire *Capharean* cruelties.
To abridge the story of so sad a fate;
Now *Priam* would have pitied our estate.
Yet *Pallas* snatcht me from the swallowing Maine;
Then from my ungratefull Country chac't againe,
For *Venus*, mindfull of her ancient wound,
New woes inflicts. Much on the vast Profound,
Much suffering in terrestriall conflicts, I
Oft call'd them happy, whom the injury
Of publick tempests, and the harborlesse
Caphareus drownd: envy'd in our distresse.
The worst indur'd; with seas and battles tyr'd,
My men an end of their long toyle desir'd.
But *Acmon*, full of fire, and fiercer made
By usuall slaughters: What remaines (he said)
O mates, which now our patience would eschue?
Though willing, what can *Cytherea* doe
More then sh'hath done? when worse mis-haps affright,
Then prayers availe: but when mis-fortunes spight
Her worst inflicts, then fear'e is of no tile:
And height of ills, security produce.

Let

Let *Venus* heare: although she hate us all,
(As all she hates that serve our Generall.)
Yet let us all despise her empty hate;
Whose Powre hath made us so unfortunate.
Pleuronion Acmon angry *Venus* stung:
Revenge reviving with his lavish tongue.
Few like his words: the most severely chid
His tongues excesse. About to have reply'd,
His speech, and path of speech, at once grew small,
His haire converts to plume; plumes cover all
His neck, back, bosom: larger feathers spring
From his rough arme, his arme was now a wing.
His feete divide to toes, hard horne extends
From his chang'd face, and in a bill descends.
Rhetenor, Nycteus, Lycus, Abas, Ide,
Admire! and in their admiration try'd
Like destiny. Most of my Souldiers grew
Forth-with new Fowle; and round about us flew.
If you inquire, what shape their owne un-mans;
They are not, yet are like to silver Swans.
These barren fields, with this poore remnant, I,
As sonne-in-law to *Daunus*, scarce enjoy,
Thus farre *Oenides*. *Venulus* forsakes
Tydides Kingdome: by *Puteoli* takes
His way, and through *Mesapia*: there surveid
A Cave, environ'd with a sylvan shade,
Distilling streames. By halfe-goate *Pan* possest:
Which erst the Wood-nymphs with their beauties blest.
They terrifi'd at first with sudden dread,
From home-bred *Apulus*, the shepheard, fled:
Straight, taking heart, despised his pursuit:
And danced with a measure-keeping foot.
He scoffes: their motion clowne-like imitates:
Nor onely raileth, but obscenely prates.
Nor ceaseth, till a tree invests his throte;
A tree whose berries his behaviour note.
An olive wild, which bitter fruit affords,
Becomes; dis-seasned with his bitter words.
Th'Embassador returnes without the sought
Ætolian succors: the *Rutulians* fought
Gainst foes and fortune; of that hope depriv'd:
Whole streames of blood from mutuall wounds deriv'd.
Loe, fire-brands to the Nauy *Turnus* beares:
And what escaped drowning, burning feares.

Pitch,

Pitch, rozen, and like ready food for fire,
Now *Vulcan* feede: the hungry flames aspire
Vp to the sailes along the lofty mast;
And catch the yards, with curling smoke embrac't.
But when the Mother of the Gods beheld
Those blazing Pines, from top of *Ida* feld;
Lowd Shalmes and Cymballs usherd her repaire:
Who, drawne by bridled Lyons through the aire,
Thus said: Thy wicked hands to small effect,
O *Turnus*, violate, what we protect.
Nor shall the greedy fire a part of those
Tall Woods devoure, which sheltred our repose.
With that she thunders, powring downe amaine
Thick storms of skipping haile, and clouds of raine.
Th' *Astræan* Sons in swift concursions joyne;
Tossing the troubled aire, and *Neptunes* brine.
One she employes, whose speed the rest out-strips;
That brake the Cables of the *Phrygian* Ships,
And drave them under the high-swelling Flood.
The timber softens, flesh proceeds from wood,
The crooked Sterne to heads and faces growes,
The Oares to swimming legs, fine feet, and toes;
What were their holds, to slender sides are growne,
The lengthfull keele presenting the back-bone;
The yards to armes, to haire the tackling grew:
As formerly, so now, their colour blew.
And they, but lately of the floods afraid;
Now in the floods, with virgin pastime, plaid.
These Sea-nymphs, borne on mountaines, celebrate
The Seas, forgetfull of their former state.
Yet weighing, what themselves so oft endur'd
On high-wrought waves, oft sinking ships recur'd;
Excepting such, as *Græcians* carry: those
They hate, yet mindfull of the *Troian* woes.
Who saw *Vlysses* ships in surges queld
With pleased eyes; with pleased eyes beheld
Alcinous ship, in swiftnesse next to none.
Vnmoveable; the wood transformd to stone.
'Twas thought this wondrous prodigy would fright
The *Rutuli*, and make them cease from fight.
Both parts persist, both have their Gods to friend;
And Valour no lesse potent: nor contend
Now for *Lavinia*, for *Latinus* crowne,
Nor dotall Kingdome; but for faire renowne:

Asham'd

Asham'd to lay their bruled armes aside,
Till death or conquest had the quarrell tride.
Venus her sonne victorious sees at length.
Great *Turnus* fell; strong *Ardea* falls, of strength
While *Turnus* stood, devour'd by barbarous flame,
In dying cinders buried. From the same
A Fowle, unknowne to former ages, springs;
And fannes the ashes with her hovering wings.
Pale colour, leanenesse, shreeking sounds of woe,
The image of a captive city show.
Who also still the Cities name retaines:
And with selfe-beating wings of Fate complaines.
And now *Æneas* vertues terminate
The wrath of Gods, and *Iuno's* ancient hate.
An opulent foundation having laid
For young *Iülus*, by his merit made
Now fit for Heaven: the Powre, who rules in Love
The Gods solicits; then, embracing *Iove*:
O Father, never yet to me unkind;
Now O enlarge the bounty of thy mind.
A Deity, meane, so it a Deity be,
Æneas give; that art to him by me
A Grand-father: th'un-amiable realmes
Suffice it once t'have seene, and *Stygian* streames,
The Gods agree; nor *Iuno's* lookes dissent.
Who with a chearefull freenesse forward bent.
Then *Iove*; He well deserves a Deity:
Thy sute, faire Daughter, to thy wish enjoy.
She, joyfull, thanks returnes: and through the aire,
Drawne by her yoked doves, lights on the bare
Laurentian shores; where smooth *Numicius* creepes
Through whispering reedes into the neighbour Deepes.
Who bids him from *Æneas* wash away
All unto death obnoxious, and convay
It silently to Seas. The horned Flood
Obeyes; and what subsists by mortall food,
With water parg'd, and onely left behind
His better parts. His mother the refind
Annoints with sacred odors, and his lips
In *Nectar*, mingled with *Ambrosia*, dips;
So deifi'd: whom *Indiges Rome* calls;
Honour'd with altars, shrines, and festivalls.
Two-nam'd *Ascanius Latium* then obeyd,
And *Alba*: next, the Scepter *Sylvius* swaid.

His sonne *Latinus*, held that ancient name,
And crowne. Him *Epitus*, renound by Fame,
Succeeds. Then *Capu. Capetus*, his Son
Succeeded him. Next *Tiberine* begun
His raigne: who, drownd in *Thuscan* waters; gave
Those streames his name: who *Remulus* got, and brave
Sould *Acrota*. But *Remulus* was slaine
With thunder; who the Thunderer durst faine.
More moderate *Acrota* resign'd his throne
To *Aventine*, upon the Mount whereon
He raign'd, intomb'd; which yet his name retaines.
Over the *Palatines* next *Procas* raignes.
Pomona flourisht in those times of ease:
Of all the *Latian Hamadryades*,
None fruitfull Hort-yards held in more repute;
Or tooke more care to propagate their fruit.
Thereof so nam'd. Nor streames, not shady groves,
But trees producing generous burdens loves,
Her hand a hooke, and not a javelin bare:
Now prunes luxurious twigs, and boughes that dare
Transcend their bounds: now slits the barke, the bud
Inserts; enfore't to nurse anothers brood.
Nor suffers them to suffer thirst, but brings
To moisture-sucking roots, soft-sliding Springs.
Such her delight, her care. No thoughts extend
To loves unknowne desires: yet to defend
Her selfe from rapefull Ruralls, round about
Her Hort-yard walls; t'avoid, and keepe them out.
What left the skipping *Satyres* un-assaid;
Rude *Pan*, whose hornes Pine-bristled garlands shade;
Silenus, still more youthfull then his yeares;
Or he who theeves with hooke. and member feares,
To taste her sweetnesse? but farre more then all
Vertumnus loves; yet were his hopes as small.
How often, like a painefull Reaper, came,
Laden with weighty sheafes; and seem'd the same?
Oft wreathes of new-mow'd grasse his browes array
As though then exercis'd in making hay.
A goade now in his hardned hands he beares,
And newly seemes to have unyok't his Steeres.
Oft vines and fruit-trees with a pruning hooke
Corrects, and dresses; oft a ladder tooke
To gather fruit: now with his sword the God
A Souldier seemes; an Angler with his rod:

And various figures daily multiplies
To winne accesse, and please his longing eyes.
Now, with a staffe, an old-wife counterfeits;
On hoary haire a painted miter sets.
The Hort-yard entering, admires the faire
And pleasant fruits: So much, said he, more rare
Then all the Nymphs whom *Albula* enjoy,
Haile spotlesse flowre of Maiden chastity:
And kist the praisd. Nor did the Virgin know,
(So innocent) that old-wives kist not so.
Then, sitting on a banke, observeth how
The pregnant boughs with Autumns burthen bow.
Hard by, an Elme with purple clusters shin'd:
This praising, with the vine so closely joyn'd:
Yet, saith he, if this Elme should grow alone,
Except for shade, it would be priz'd by none:
And so this Vine, in amorous foldings wound,
If but dis-joyn'd, would creepe upon the ground.
Yet art not thou by such examples led:
But shunst the pleasures of a happy bed.
I would thou wer't: not *Helen* was so sought,
Nor she, for whom the lustfull *Centaures* fought,
As thou shouldst be; no nor the wife of bold
Or cautelous *Vlysses*. Yet, behold
Though thou averse to all, and all eschewe;
A thousand men, Gods, Demi-gods, pursue
Thy constant Scorne, and every deathlesse Powre
Which *Alba's* high and shady hills imbowre.
If thou art wise, and would'st well married be;
Or an old woman trust, who credit me,
Affects thee more then all the rest, refuse
These common wooers, and *Vertumnus* choose.
Accept me for his gage; since so well none
Can know him; by himselfe not better knowne.
He is no wanderer; this his delight:
Nor loves, like common lovers, at first sight.
Thou art the first, so thou the last shall be:
His life he only dedicates to thee.
Besides, his youth perpetuall; excellent
His beauty; and all shapes can represent.
Wish what you will, what ever hath a name;
Such shall you see him. Your delights, the same:
The first-fruits of your Hort-yard are his due;
Which joyfully he still accepts from you.

But

But neither what these pregnant trees produce
He now desires, nor hearbs of pleasant juyce:
Nor ought, but only You. O pity take!
And what I speake, suppose *Vertumnus* spake.
Revengefull Gods, *Idalia*, still severe
To such as slight her, and *Rhamnusia* feare.
The more to fright you from so foule a crime,
Receive (since much I know from aged Time)
A story, generally through *Cyprus* knowne;
To mollifie a heart more hard then stone.
Iphis, of humble birth, by chance did view
The high-borne *Anaxarete*, who drew
Her blood from *Teucer*. Seeing her, his eyes
Extracts a fire, wherein his bosome fries.
Long strugling, when no reason could reclame
His fury, to her house the Suppliant came.
Now to her Nurse his wretched love displaid;
And by her foster'd hopes implor'd her aid:
Now humbly sues to some of most repute
In her affection, to preferre his suit.
The pleading Wax his sad lines often beares,
Oft mirtle garlands, sprinkled with his teares,
Hangs on the posts: on the hard threshold laid
His tender sides, his sighs the doores up-braid.
But she more cruell then the seas, imbroild
With rising stormes; more hard then iron, boyld
In fire-red furnaces; or rooted rocks;
Disdaines the lover, and his passion mocks.
Who to her froward deeds addes bitter words
Of no lesse scorne; nor hope to love affords.
Impatient of his torment, and her hate;
These words, his last, he utters at her gate.
O *Anaxarete*, thou hast o'r-come!
Nor shall my life be longer wearisome
To thy disdaine. Triumph, O too unkind!
Sing *Paans*, and thy browes with laurell bind.
Thou hast o'r-come; loe, willingly I dye:
Proceed, and celebrate thy cruell joy.
Yet is there something in me, ne'r the lesse,
That thou wilt praise; and my deserts confesse.
Thinke how my love and life together left
My breast: at once of two cleare lights bereft.
Nor rumour, but even I will death present
In such a forme, as shall thy pride content;

But O you Gods, if you our actions see
(This only I implore) remember me:
Let after ages celebrate my name:
And what you take from life, afford to fame.
Then heaves his meager armes and watry eyes
To those knowne posts, oft crownd with wreathes, and tyes
A halter to the rop. Such wreathes he said,
Best please; hard-hearted, and inhumane Maid!
Then, turning toward her, he forward sprung:
When by the neck th'unhappy lover hung:
Struck by his sprawling feet, wide open flie
The sounding doores; and that sad deed descry.
The servants shreeke; the Vainely raised bore
T'his mothers house; his father dead before.
His breathlesse corps she in her bosome plac't;
And in her armes his heatlesse limmes embrac't.
Lamenting long, as woefull parents use;
And having paid a woefull mothers dues;
The mournfull Funerall through the City led:
And to prepared fires conveyes the dead.
This sorrowfull Procession passing by
Her house, which bordred on the way, their cry
To th'eares of *Anaxarete* arrives:
Whom now sterne *Nemesis* to ruine drives.
Wee'l see, said she, these sad solemnities:
And forth with to the lofty window highes.
Whence, seeing *Iphis* on his fatall bed;
Her eyes grew stiffe; blood from her visage fled,
Vsurpt by paleneese. Striving to retire,
Her feet stuck fast; nor could to her desire
Divert her lookes: the hardneese of her heart
It selfe dilated into every part.
This *Salamis* yet keepes, to cleare your doubt,
In *Venus* temple; call'd, the *Looker-out*.
Inform'd by this, O lovely Nymph, decline
Thy former pride, and to thy lover joyne.
So may thy growing fruits survive the frost:
Nor ripening by the rapefull windes be lost.
When this the God, who can all shapes endue
Had said in vaine; againe himselfe he grew:
Th'abiliments of heatlesse Age depos'd.
And such himselfe unto the Nymph disclos'd.
As when the Sunne, subduing with his rayes
The muffling clouds, his golden brow displaies.

Who

Who force prepares: of force there was no need;
Struck with his beauty, mutually they bleed.
Vnjust *Amulius*, next th'*Ausonian* State
By strength usurpt. The nephewes to the late
Deposed *Numitor*, him re-inthrone:
Who *Rome*, in *Pales* Feasts, immur'd with stone.
Now *Tatius* leads the *Sabine* Sires to warre.
Tarpeia's hands her fathers gates unbarre:
To death with armelets prest; her treasons meede.
The *Sabine* Sires like silent Wolves proceed
T'invade their sleeping sonnes, and seeke to seaze
Vpon their gates; barr'd by *Iliades*.
One *Iuno* opens: though no noise at all
The hinges made; yet by the barres lowd fall
To *Venus* knowne: who this had shut; but knew
That Gods may not, what Gods have done, undoe.
Ausonian Nymphs the places bordering
To *Ianus* held, inchaced with a spring.
Their aid sh'implores. The Nymphs could not deny.
A suite so just, but all their floods untie.
As yet the Fane of *Ianus* open stood:
Nor was their way impeached by the flood.
Beneath the fruitfull spring they sulphur turne;
Whose hollow veines with black Bitumen burne:
With these the vapours penetrate below;
And waters, late as cold as *Alpin* snow,
The fire it selfe in fervour dare provoke:
Now both the posts with flagrant moisture smoke.
These new-rais'd streames the *Sabine* Powre exclude,
Till *Mars* his Souldiers had their armes indu'd.
By *Romulus* then in battalia led:
The *Roman* fields the slaughtred *Sabines* spred;
Their owne the *Romans*: Fathers, Sonnes in law,
With wicked steele, blood from each other draw.
At length conclude a peace; nor would contend
Vnto the last. Two Kings one throne ascend
With equall rule. But noble *Tatius* slaine,
Both Nations under *Romulus* remaine.
When *Mars* laid by his shining caske; and then
Thus spake unto the Sire of Gods, and men.
Now, Father, is the time (since *Rome* is growne
To such a greatnesse, and depends on One)
To put in act thy never-fayling word;
And *Romulus* a heavenly throne afford.

You, in a ſynod of the Gods, proteſt:
(Which ſtill I carry in my thankfull breſt)
That one of mine (this O now ratifie!)
Should be advanc't unto the ſtarry skie.
Iove condeſcends: with clouds the day benights;
And with flame-winged thunder earth affrights.
Mars, at the ſigne of his aſſumption,
Leanes on his lance, and ſtrongly vaults upon
His bloody charriot; laſhes his hot horſes
With ſounding whips, and their full ſpeed enforces:
Who, ſcouring downe the ayry region, ſtaid
On faire mount *Palatine*, obſcur'd with ſhade:
There *Romulus* aſſumeth from his throne,
Rendering not King-like juſtice to his owne.
Rapt through the aire, his mortall members waſt,
Like melting bullets by a Slinger caſt:
More heavenly faire, more fit for lofty ſhrines;
Our great and ſcarlet rob'd *Quirinus* ſhines.
Then *Iuno* to the ſad *Herſilia*
(Loſt in her ſorrow) by a crooked way
Sent *Iris* to deliver this Command.
Starre of the *Latian*, of the *Sabine* land;
Thy ſexes glory: worthy then, the vow
Of ſuch a husband, of *Quirinus* now;
Suppreſſe thy teares. If thy deſire to ſee
Thy husband ſo exceed, then follow me
Vnto thoſe woods, which on mount *Quirin* ſpring;
And ſhade the temple of the *Roman* King.
Iris obayes: and by her painted Bow
To earth deſcending, told *Herſilia* ſo.
When ſhe, ſcarce lifting up her modeſt eyes:
O Goddeſſe (which of all the Deities
I know not; ſure a Goddeſſe) thou cleare light,
Conduct me, O conduct me to the ſight
Of my deare Lord: which when the Fates ſhall ſhew;
They heaven on me, with all their gifts, beſtow.
Then, with *Thaumantias*, entering the high
Romulian Hills, a ſtarre ſhot from the ſky,
Whoſe golden beames inflam'd *Herſilia's* haire;
When both together mount th'enlightned Aire.
The builder of the *Romane* City tooke
Her in his armes, and forth-with chang'd her looke:
To whom the name af *Ora* he aſſignd.
This Goddeſſe now is to *Quirims* joynd.

OVID'S

OVIDS METAMORPHOSIS

The Fifteenth Booke.

THE ARGVMENT.

BLack Stones convert to White. Pythagoras
In Ilium's *lingring warre* Euphorbus *was.*
Of transmigrations, of the change of things,
And strange effects, the learned Samian *sings.*
Recurd Hippolytus *is deifide;*
Whom safer Age, and name of Virbius *hide.*
Ægeria thawes into a Spring. From Earth
Prophetick Tages *takes his wondrous birth.*
A Speare a Tree. Grave Cippus *vertues shun*
The Crowne, his Hornes present. Apollo's *Son*
Assumes a Serpents shape. The Soule of Warre,
Great Cæsar, *slaine, becomes a Blazing Starre.*

MEanewhile, a man is sought that might sustaine
So great a burthen, and succeed the raigne
Of such a King: when true-foreshewing Fame
To God-like *Numa* destinates the same.
He, with his *Sabine* rites unsatisfi'd,
To greater things his able mind appli'd
In Natures search. Incited with these cares,
He leaves his countries *Cures*, and repaires
To *Croto's* City: asks, what *Gracian* hand
Those walls erected on *Italian* land?
A Native then, in time and knowledge old,
Who much had heard and seene, this story told.

Ioves sonne, enricht with his *Iberian* prey,
Came from the Ocean to *Lacinia*
With happy steps: who, while his cattle fed
Vpon the tender clover, entered
Heroick *Croto's* roofe; a welcome Guest:
And his long travell recreates with rest.
Who said, departing; In the following age
A city here shall stand. A true presage.
There was one *Myscilus*, *Argolian*
Alemons issue: in those times, no man
More by the Gods affected. He, who beares
The dreadfull Club, to him in sleepe appeares;
And said: Be gone, thy countries bounds forsake;
To stony *Æsarus* thy journey take.
And threatens vengeance if he dis-obay.
The God and sleepe together flew away.
He, rising, on the Vision meditates:
Which in his doubtfull soule he long debates.
The God commands; the Law forbids to goe:
Death due to such as left their Countrey so.
Cleare *Sol* in seas his radiant fore-head vaild,
Swart Night her browes exalts, with starres impal'd;
The selfe same God the same command repeates:
And greater plagues to disobedience threats.
Afraid, he now prepares to change his owne
For forraine seats This Through the City blowne;
Accus'd for breach of lawes, arraign'd, and try'd;
They prove the fact, not by himselfe deny'd.
His hands and eyes then lifting to the sky:
O thou, whom twice Six Labours deifie;
Assist, that art the author of my crime!
White stones and black they us'd in former time;
The white acquit, the black the pris'ner cast:
And in such sort this heauy sentence past.
Black stones all threw into the fatall Vrne:
But all to white, turnd out to number, turne.
Thus by *Alcides* powre the sad Decree
Was strangely chang'd, and *Mycilus* set free.
Who, thanking *Amphitryoniades*,
With a full fore-wind crost th'*Ionian* Seas.
Lacedemonian Tarentum past,
Faire *Sybaris*, *Neathus* running fast
By *Salentinum*, *Thurin's* crooked Bay,
High *Temesis*, and strong *Iapygia*:

Scarce

Scarce searching all that shores sea-beaten bound,
The fatall mouth of *Æsarus* out-found.
A Tomb, hard by, the sacred bones enclos'd
Of famous *Croto:* here, as erst impos'd,
Alemons sonne erects his city walls:
Which of th'intombed he *Crotona* calls.
Of this Originall, this City boasts:
Built by a *Grecian* on *Italian* coasts.
Here dwelt a *Samian*, who at once did fly
From *Samos*, Lords, and hated Tyranny:
Preferring voluntary banishment:
Though farre from heaven, his mind's divine ascent
Drew neere the Gods: what natures selfe denies
To humane Sight, he saw with his Soules eyes.
All apprehended in his ample breast,
And studious cares; his knowledge he profest
To silent and admiring men: and taught
The Worlds originall, past humane thought:
What Nature was, what God: the cause of things;
From whence the Snow, from whence the lightning springs;
Whether *Iove* thunder, or the winds, that rake
The breaking Clouds: what caus'd the Earth to quake;
What course the Starres observ'd; what e'r lay hid
From vulgar sense: and first of all forbid
With slaughtred creatures to defile our boords,
In such, though unbeleev'd; yet learned Words.
Forbeare your selves, O Mortalls, to pollute
With wicked food: fields smile with corne, ripe fruit
Weighs downe their boughes; plump grapes their vines attire
There are sweet hearbs, and savory roots, which fire
May mollifie; milke, honie redolent
With flowers of thyme, Thy pallat to content
The prodigall Earth abounds with gentle food;
Affording banquets without death or blood.
Brute beasts with flesh their rav'nous hunger cloy:
And yet not all; in pastures horses joy:
So flocks, and heards. But those whom Nature hath
Indu'd with cruelty, and salvage wrath
(Wolves, Beares, *Armenian* Tigres, Lions) in
Hot blood delight. How horrible a Sin,
That entrailes bleeding entrailes should intomb?
That greedy flesh, by flesh should fat become!
While by one creatures death another lives!
Of all, which Earth, our wealthy mother, gives;

Can nothing pleaſe, unleſſe thy teeth thou imbrue
In wounds, and dire *Cyclopean* fare renue?
Nor ſatiate the greedy luxury
Of thy rude panch, except an other die?
But that old Age, that innocent eſtate,
Which we the Golden call; was fortunate
In hearbs, and fruits, her lips with blood undy'd.
Then Fowle through aire their wings in ſafety ply'd:
The Hare, then feareleſſe, wandred o'r the plaine;
Nor Fiſh by their credulity were ta'ne.
Not treacherous, nor fearing treachery,
All liv'd ſecure. When he, who did enuy
(What God ſo e'r it was) thoſe harmeleſſe cates,
And cramb'd his guts with fleſh; ſet ope the gates
To cruell Crimes. Firſt, Slaughter without harme
(I muſt confeſſe) to Piety, did warme
(Which might ſuffice) the reeking ſteele in blood
Of ſalvage beaſts, which made our lives their food:
Though kild; not to be eaten. Sinne now more
Audacious; the firſt ſacrifice, the Bore
Was thought to merit death; who bladed corne
Vp-rooting, left the husband-man forlorne.
Vine-brouzing Goates at *Bacchus* altar ſlaine,
Fed his revenge: in both, their guilt their bane.
You Sheepe, what ill did you? a gentle beaſt,
Whoſe udders ſwell with *Nectar*, borne t'inveſt
Expoſed man with your ſoft wooll; and are
Alive, then dead, more profitable farre.
Or what the Oxe? a creature without guile,
So innocent, ſo ſimple; borne for toyle.
He moſt ungratefull is, deſerving ill
The gift of corne; that can un-yoke, then kill
His painefull Hinde: that neck with axe to wound
In ſervice gall'd, that had the ſtubborne ground
So often tild; ſo many crops brought in.
Yet not content therewith, t'aſcribe the ſinne
To guiltleſſe Gods: as if the Powres on high
In death of labour-bearing oxen joy.
A ſpotleſſe ſacrifice, faire to behold,
('Tis death to pleaſe) with ribbands trickt, and gold,
Stands at the altar, hearing prayers unknowne!
And ſees the meale upon his fore-head throwne,
Got by his toyle: the knife ſmeard in his gore,
By fortune in the laver ſeene before.

The

The entrailes, from the panting body rent,
Forth-with they ſearch, to know the Gods intent.
Whence ſprings ſo dire an appetite in man
To interdicted food? O Mortals, can,
Or dare you feed on fleſh? henceforth forbeare
I you intreat, and to my words give eare:
When limmes of ſlaughtred Beeves become your meat;
Then think, and know, that you your Servants eat.
Phœbus inſpires; his Spirit we obay:
My *Delphos*, heaven it ſelfe, I will diſplay;
The Oracle of that great Powre unfold:
And ſing what long lay hid; what none of old
Could apprehend. I long to walke among
The lofty ſtarres: dull earth deſpis'd, I long
To back the clouds; to ſit on *Atlas* crowne:
And from that height on erring men looke downe
That reaſon want: thoſe thus to animate
That feare to dye; t'unfold the booke of Fate.
O You, whom horrors of cold death affright;
Why feare you *Styx*, vaine names, and endleſſe Night;
The dreames of Poets, and faind miſeries
Of forged Hell? Whether laſt-flames ſurpriſe,
Or Age devoure your bodies; they nor grieve,
Nor ſuffer paines. Our Soules for ever live:
Yet evermore their ancient houſes leave
To live in new; which them, as Gueſts, receive.
In *Troian* warres, I (I remember well)
Euphorbus was, *Panthöus* ſonne; and fell
By *Menelaus* lance: my ſhield againe
At *Argos* late I ſaw, in *Iuno's* Fane.
All alter, nothing finally decayes:
Hether and thether ſtill the Spirit ſtrayes;
Gueſt to all Bodies: out of beaſts it flyes
To men, from men to beaſts; and never dyes.
As pliant wax each new impreſſion takes;
Fixt to no forme, but ſtill the old forſakes;
Yet it the ſame: ſo Soules the ſame abide,
Though various figures their reception hide.
Then leaſt thy greedy belly ſhould deſtroy
(I propheſie) depreſſed Piety,
Forbeare t'expulſe thy kindreds Ghoſts with foo
By death procur'd; nor nouriſh blood with bloc
Since on ſo vaſt a ſea, my ſailes unfurld,
And ſtreatcht to riſing winds; in all the World

There

Ther's nothing permanent; all ebbe and flow:
Each image form'd to wander too and fro.
Even time, with restlesse motion slides away
Like living streames: nor can swift Rivers stay,
Nor light-heel'd Howers. As billow billow drives,
Driven by the following; as the next arrives
To chace the former: times so flye, pursue
At once each other; and are ever new.
What was before, is not, what was not, is:
All in a moment change from that to this.
See, how the Night on Light extends her shades:
See, how the Light the gloomy Night invades.
Nor such Heavens hew, when Mid-night crown's repose,
As when bright *Lucifer* his taper showes:
Yet changing, when the Harbinger of Day
Th'enlightned World resignes to *Phœbus* sway.
His raised Shield, earths shaddowes scarcely fled,
Lookes ruddy; and low-sinking, lookes as red:
Yet bright at Noone; because that purer skie
Doth farre from Earth, and her contagion fly.
Nor can Night-wandring *Dian's* wavering light
Be ever equall, or the same: this night
Lesse then the following, if her hornes she fill;
If she contract her Circle, greater still.
Doth not the image of our age appeare
In the successive quarters of the Yeare?
The Spring-tide, tender; sucking infancy
Resembling: then the juycefull blade sprouts high;
Though tender, weake; yet hope to plough-men yeelds.
All things then flourish: flowers the gaudy fields
With colours paint: no vertue yet in leaves.
Then following Summer greater strength receives:
A lusty Youth: no age more strength acquires,
More fruitfull, or more burning in desires.
Maturer Autumne, heat of Youth alaid,
The sober meane twixt youth and age, more staid
And temperate, in Summers waine repaires:
His reverent temples sprinkled with gray haires.
Then comes old Winter, void of all delight,
With trembling steps: his head or bal'd, or white.
So change our bodies without rest or stay:
What we were yester-day, nor what to day,
Shall be to morrow. Once alone of men
The seeds and hope; the womb our mansion when:

Kind

Kind Nature ſhewd her cunning; not content
That our vext bodies ſhould be longer pent
In mothers ſtretched entrailes, forth-with bare
Them from that priſon, to the open aire.
We ſtrengthleſſe lye, when firſt of light poſſeſt;
Straight creepe upon all foure, much like a beaſt;
Then, ſtaggering with weake nerves, ſtand by degrees,
And by ſome ſtay ſupport our feeble knees:
Now, luſty, ſwiftly run. Our Youth then paſt,
And thoſe our middle times, we poſt in haſt
To inevitable Age: this laſt devoures
The former, and demoliſheth their powres.
Old *Milo* wept, when he his armes beheld,
Which late the ſtrongeſt beaſt in ſtrength exceld,
Big, as *Alcides* brawnes, in flaggy hide
Now hanging by ſlack ſinewes: *Helen* cry'd
When ſhe beheld her wrinkles in her Glaſſe;
And asks her ſelfe, why ſhe twice raviſht was.
Still-eating Time, and thou O envious Age,
All ruinate: diminiſht by the rage
Of your devouring teeth, All that have breath
Conſume, and languiſh by a lingring death.
Nor can theſe Elements ſtand at a ſtay:
But by exchanging alter every day.
Th'eternall world foure bodies comprehends,
Engendring all. The heauy Earth deſcends,
So Water, clog'd with weight: two light, aſpire,
Depreſt by none; pure Aire, and purer Fire.
And though they have their ſeverall ſeates; yet all
Of theſe are made, to theſe againe they fall.
Reſolved Earth to Water rarifies;
To Aire extenuated Waters riſe;
The Aire, when it it ſelfe againe refines,
To elementall Fire extracted, ſhines.
They in like order back againe repaire:
The groſſer Fire condenſeth into Aire;
Aire, into Water: Water thickning, then
Growes ſolid, and converts to Earth againe.
None holds his owne: for Nature ever joyes
In change, and with new formes the old ſupplies.
In all the world not any periſh quite:
But onely are in various habits dight.
For; to begin to be, what we before
Were not, is to be borne; to dye, no more

Then

Then ceasing to be such: although the frame
Be changeable, the substance is the same.
For nothing long continues in one mold.
You Ages, you to Silver grew from Gold;
To Brasse from Silver; and to Ir'ne from Brasse.
Even places oft such change of fortunes passe:
Where once was solid land, Seas have I seene;
And solid land, where once deepe Seas have beene.
Shels, far from Seas, like quarries in the ground;
And anchors have on mountaine tops been found.
Torrents have made a valley of a plaine;
High hills by deluges borne to the Maine.
Deepe standing lakes suckt dry by thirsty sand;
And on late thirsty earth now lakes doe stand.
Here Nature, in her changes manifold,
Sends forth new fountaines; there shuts up the old.
Streames, with impetuous earth-quakes, heretofore
Have broken forth; or sunk, and run no more.
So *Lycus*, swallowed by the yawning Earth,
Takes in another world his second birth.
So *Erasinus*, now is hid, now yeelds
His rising waters to *Argolian* fields.
And *Mysus*, his first head and bancks disclam'd,
Else-where ascends and is *Caicus* nam'd.
Coole *Amasenus* watering *Sicily*,
Now fills his bancks,; now leaves his channell dry.
Men formerly drunk of *Anigrus* streames:
Not to be drunk (if any thing but dreames
The Poets tell) since *Centaures* therein washt
Their wounds, by great *Alcides* arrowes gasht.
So *Hypanis*, deriv'd from *Scythian* Hills,
Long sweet, with bitter streames his channell fills.
Antissa, *Tyrus*, and *Ægyptian Phare*,
The floods embrac't: yet now no Ilands are:
Th'old Planter knew *Leucadia* Continent:
Which now the Sea hath from *Epirus* rent.
So *Zancle* once on *Italy* confind;
Till interposing waves their bounds dis-joynd.
If *Bura* and *Helice* (*Grecian* townes)
You seeke; behold, the Sea their glory drownes:
Whose buildings, and declined walls, below
Th'ambitious flood as yet the Sailers show.
A Hill by *Pitthean Troezen* mounts, uncrownd
With sylvan shades, which once was level ground.

For

For furious winds (a ſtory to admire)
Pent in blind cavernes, ſtrugling to expire;
And vainely ſeeking to enjoy th'extent
Of freer aire, the priſon wanting vent;
Puffs-up the hollow earth extended ſo,
As when with ſwelling breath we bladders blow.
The tumor of the place remained ſtill,
In time growne ſolid, like a lofty hill.
To ſpeake a little more of many things
Both heard and knowne: New habits ſundry Springs
Now give, now take. Horn'd *Hammons* at high Noone
Is cold; hot at Sun-riſe, and ſetting Sun.
Wood, put in bubling *Athamas* is fir'd
The Moone then fartheſt from the Sun retir'd
Ciconian ſtreames congeale his guts to ſtone
That thereof drinks: and what therein is throwne.
Crathis, and *Sybaris* (from your mountaines rold)
Colour the haire like amber, or pure gold.
Some Fountaines, of a more prodigious kind,
Not only change the body, but the mind.
Who hath not heard of obſcene *Salmacis*?
Of th'*Æthiopian* lake? for who of this,
But only taſt, their wits no longer keep,
Or forthwith fall into a deadly ſleep.
Who at *Clitorius* Fountaine thirſt remove;
Loath wine, and abſtinent, meere water love.
Whether it by antipathy expell
Deſire of wine; or (as the Natives tell)
Melampus having with his hearbs and charmes,
Snatcht *Pratus* frantick daughters from the harmes
Of entred Furies, their wit's phyſick caſt
Into this ſpring; infuſing ſuch diſtaſt.
With ſtreames, to theſe oppoſ'd, *Lynceſtus* flowes:
They reele, as drunk, who drink too much of thoſe.
A Lake in faire *Arcadia* ſtands of old
Call'd *Pheneus*; ſuſpected, as two-fold:
Feare, and forbeare, to drink thereof by night:
By night unwholſome, wholſome by day-light.
So other lakes and ſtreames have other powre.
Ortygia floted once, fixt at this houre:
Once *Argo* feard the juſtling *Cyanes*;
Which rooted now, reſiſt both winds and ſeas.
Nor *Ætna*, burning with emboweld fire,
Shall ever, or did alwayes, flames expire.

For

For whether *Tellus* be an Animall,
Have lungs, and mouthes that ſmoking flames exhale;
Her organs alter, when her motions cloſe
Theſe yawning paſſages, and open thoſe.
Or whether winds, in caves impriſ'ned, rave;
Iuſtling the ſtones, and minerals which have
The ſeede of fire, inkindled with their rage:
Their furious flames the falling winds aſſwage.
Or if Bitumen doe the fire provoke;
Or ſulphure burning with more ſubtill ſmoke:
When Earth that food and oylie nouriſhment
With-drawes, the matter by long feeding ſpent;
The hungry fire of ſuſtenance bereft,
Ill-brooking famine, leaves by being left.
In *Hyperborean Pallene* live
A People, if to fame we credit give,
Who, diving three times thrice in *Tritons* lake,
Of Fowle the feathers and the figure take.
The like, they ſay, the *Scythian* Witches doe
With magick oyles: incredible, though true.
If wee may truſt to triall, ſee you not
Small creatures of corrupted fleſh begot?
Bury your ſlaughtred Steere (a thing in uſe)
And his corrupted bowells will produce
Flowre-ſucking Bees; who, like their parent ſlaine,
Love labour, fields, and toyle in hope of gaine.
Hornets from buried horſes take their birth.
Break off the Crabs bent clawes, and in the earth
Bury the reſt; a Scorpion without faile
From thence will creep, and menace with his taile.
The Catterpillers, who their cop-webs weave
On tender leafes (as Hindes from proofe receive)
Convert to poyſnous Butterflies in time.
Greene Frogs, engendred by the ſeede of ſlime,
Firſt without feete, then leggs aſſume; how ſtrong
And apt to ſwimme, their hinder parts more long
Then are their former, fram'd to skip and jump.
The Beares deformed birth is but a lump
Of living fleſh: when licked by the Old,
It takes a forme agreeing with the mold.
Who ſees the Young of honie-bearing Bees
In their ſexangular incloſure, ſees
Their bodies limme-leſſe: theſe unformed things
In time put forth their feet, and after, wings.

The

The ſtarre-imbelliſht Fowle, which *Iuno* loves,
Ioves Armour-bearer, *Cytherea's* Doves,
And birds of every kinde; did we not know
Them hatcht of eggs, who would conjecture ſo?
Some thinke the pith of dead-men, Snakes becomes;
When their back-bones corrupt in hollow tombs.
Yet theſe from others doe derive their birth.
One only Fowle there is in all the Earth,
Call'd by th'*Aſſyrians* Phœnix, who the waine
Of age repaires and ſowes her ſelfe againe.
Nor feeds on graine nor hearbs, but on the gumme
Of frankincenſe, and juycy Amomum.
Now, when her life five ages hath fulfild;
A neaſt her horned beake and talons build
Vpon the crowne of a trembling Palme:
This ſtrew'd with Caſſia, Spiknard, precious Balme,
Bruiz'd Cinamon, and Myrrh; thereon ſhe bends
Her body, and her age in odors ends.
This breeding Corps a little Phœnix beares:
Which is it ſelfe to live as many yeares.
Growne ſtrong; that load now able to transferre;
Her cradle, and her parents ſepulcher,
Devoutly carries to *Hyperions* towne:
And on his flamy Altar layes it downe.
If theſe be wonderfull, admire like ſtrange
Hyæna's, who their ſexe ſo often change:
Thoſe foodleſſe creatures, fed by ayre alone;
Who every colour, which they touch, put on.
The Lynx, firſt brought from conquered *India*
By vine-bound *Bacchus*, his hot piſſe, they ſay,
Congeales to ſtone. So Corall, which below
The water is a limber weed, doth grow
Stone-hard, when toucht by ayre. But Day will end,
And *Thœbus* panting Steeds to Seas deſcend,
Before my ſcant oration could purſue
All ſorts of ſhapes, that change their old for new.
For this we ſee in all is generall.
Some Nations gather ſtrength, and others fall.
Troy, rich and powrefull, which ſo proudly ſtood;
That could for ten yeares ſpend ſuch ſtreames of blood;
For buildings, only her old ruines ſhowes;
For riches, tombs; which ſlaughtred Sires incloſe.
Sparta, *Mycena*, were of *Greece* the flowres;
So *Cecrop's* City, and *Amphion's* towres:

Now glorious *Sparta* lyes upon the ground;
Lofty *Mycenæ* hardly to be found;
Of *OEdipus* his *Thebes* what now remaines,
Or of *Pandion's Athens*, but their names?
Now fame reports that *Rome* by *Dardan* Sons
Begins to rise, where yellow *Tyber* runs
From fountfull *Appennines*; and there the great
Foundation of so huge a fabrick seat.
This therefore shall by changing propagate,
And give the World a Head. Of such a fate
The Prophets have divin'd. And this of old,
As I remember, *Priam's Helen* told
To sad *Æneas*, of all hope forlorne,
In sinking *Troy's* eclipse. O Goddesse-borne,
If our *Apollo* can presage at all;
Troy, thou in safety, shall not wholly fall.
Both fire and sword shall give thy vertue way:
Flying, with thee, thou *Ilium* shalt convay;
Vntill thou find a Land, as yet unknowne,
To *Troy*, and thee, more friendly then thy owne.
A City built by *Phrygians* I fore-see;
So great none ever was, is, or shall be.
Others shall make it great: but He, whose birth
Springs from *Iülus*, Soveraigne of the Earth.
He, having rul'd the World, shall then ascend
Æthereall thrones, and Heaven shall be his end.
This, I remember, with propheticke tongue,
Sage *Helen* to divine *Æneas* sung.
We joy to see our kindreds City grow:
The *Phrygians* happy in their over-throw.
But least our heedlesse Steeds too farre should range
From their proposed course; All suffer change:
The heavens themselves, what under them is found;
Earth, what thereon, or what is under ground.
We, of the World apart, since we as well
Have Soules as Bodies, which in beasts may dwel:
To those, which may our parents Soules invest,
Our brothers, dearest friends, or men at least;
Let us both safety, and respect afford:
Nor heape their bowels on *Thyestes* boord.
How ill inur'd: to shed the blood of man
How wickedly is he prepar'd, who can
A sunder cut the throats of calves, and heares
The bellowing breeder with relentlesse cares!

Or

Or silly Kids, which like poore infants cry,
Stick with his knife: or his voracity
Feed with the fowle he fed? O to what ill
Are they not prone, who are so bent to kill?
Let Oxen till the ground and die with age:
Let Sheepe defend thee from the winters rage:
Goates bring their udders to thy payle. Away
With nets, grins, snares, and arts that doe betray:
Deceive not birds with lime, nor Deere inclose
With terrors, nor thy baits to fish expose.
The hurtfull kill: yet only kill: nor eate
Defiling flesh, but feede on fitter meate.
With other, and the like Philosophy
Instructed, *Numa*, now return'd, was by
Th'intreating *Latines* crownd. Taught by his Bride
The Nymph *Ægeria*, by the Muses guide.
Religion institutes, a People rude
And prone to warre, with lawes and peace endu'd.
His raigne and age resign'd to funerall,
Plebeians, *Roman* Dames, Patricians, all
For *Numa* mourne. His wife the City fled:
Hid in *Aricia's* Vale, the ground her bed,
The woods her shroud, disturbs with grones and cries
Orestean Diana's sacrifice.
How oft the Nymphs who haunt that Grove and Lake
Reprov'd her teares, and words of comfort spake!
How oft the *Thesean* Heroe, moderate
Thy sorrow, said! nor only is thy fate
To be deplor'd: non worse mis-fortunes looke,
And you will yours with greater patience brooke.
Would mine were no example to appease
So sad a griefe: yet mine your griefe may ease.
Perhaps y'have heard of one *Hippolytus*,
By Step-dames fraud, and fathers credulous
Beliefe bequeath'd to death. Admire you may
That I am he, if credit, what I say:
Whom *Phædra* formerly solicited,
But vainely, to defile my fathers bed.
Fearing detection, or in that refus'd,
She turnes the crime, and me of her's accus'd.
My father, banishing the innocent,
Along with me his winged curses sent.
Toward *Pitthean Trœzen* me my charriot bore:
And driving now by the *Corinthian* shore,

The

The ſmooth ſeas ſwell; a monſtrous billow roſe,
Which, rouling like a mountaine, greater growes,
Then, bellowing, at the top aſunder rends:
When from the breach, breaſt high, a Bull aſcends:
Who at his dreadfull mouth and noſthrills ſpouts
Part of the ſea. Feare all my followers routs:
But my afflicted mind was all this while
Vnterrifi'd; intending my exile.
When the hot horſes ſtart, erect their eares:
With horror rapt, and chaced by their feares,
O'r ragged rocks the totterd charriot drew:
In vaine I ſtrive their fury to ſubdue,
The bits all frotht with ſome: with all my ſtrength
Pull the ſtreatcht raines, I lying at full length,
Nor had their heady fright my ſtrength o'r-gon;
Had not the fervent wheele, which roules upon
The bearing Axel-tree, ruſht on a ſtump:
Which brake, and fell aſunder with that jump.
Throwne from my charriot, in the raines faſt-bound,
My guts drag'd out alive, my ſinewes wound
About the ſtump, my limms in peeces hal'd;
Some ſtuck behind, ſome at the charriot traild;
My bones then breaking crackt, not any whole,
While I exhal'd my faint and weary ſoule.
No part of all my parts you could have found
That might be knowne: for all was but one wound.
Now ſay, ſelfe-tortred Nymph, or can, or dare
You your calamities with ours compare?
I alſo ſaw thoſe realmes, to Day unknowne:
And bath'd my wounds in ſmoking *Phlegeton*.
Had not *Apollos* Son imploid the aid
Of his great Art; I with the dead had ſtaid.
But when by potent hearbs, and *Paons* skill.
I was reſtor'd, againſt ſterne *Plutos* will:
Leaſt I, if ſeene, might envy have procur'd:
Me, friendly *Cynthia* with a cloud immur'd:
And that, though ſeene, I might be hurt by none;
She added age, and left my face unknowne.
Whether in *Delos*, doubting, or in *Creet*;
Rejecting *Creet* and *Delos* as unmeet,
Shee plac't me here. Nor would I ſhould retaine
The memory of One by horſes ſlaine:
But ſaid; hence forward *Virbius* be thy name
That wer't *Hippolytus*; though thou the ſame.

One

One of the Lesser Gods, here, in this Grove,
I *Cynthia* serve; preserved by her love.
But others miseries could not abate
Ægeria's sorrowes, nor prevent her fate.
Who, couched at the bases of a hill,
Thawes into teares, that streame-like ran; untill
Apollo's Sister, pitying her woes,
Turn'd her t'a Spring; whose current ever flowes.
The Nymphs and *Amazonian* this amaz'd,
No lesse then when the *Tyrrhen* Plough-man gaz'd
Vpon the fatall clod, that mov'd alone:
And, for a humane shape, exchang'd its owne.
With infant lips what was but earth of late
Reveal'd the Mysteries of future fate:
Whom Natives *Tages* calld. He first of all
Th'*Hetrurians* taught to tell what would befall
Or when astonisht *Romulus* of old
Did, on Mount *Palatine*, his lance behold
To flourish with greene leaves: the fixed foot
Stood not on steele, but on a living root.
Which, now no weapon, spreading armes displaid,
And gave admirers unexpected shade.
Or when as *Cippus* in the liquid glasse
Beheld his hornes, which his beliefe surpasse.
Who lifting oft his fingers to his brow,
Felt what before he saw: nor longer now
Condemnes his sight. Returnd with victory,
His eyes and hornes erecting to the sky:
You Gods, what e'r these prodigies portend,
If prosperous, he said, let them descend
On *Romans* and on *Rome*: but if they be
Vnfortunate, O let them fall on me!
An Altar then of living turf erects,
The fire feeds with perfumes, pure wine injects:
And with the panting entrailes of a beast
New slaine, consults, to know the Gods behest.
This, when the *Tyrrhen* Augur had beheld,
And saw therein endeavours that exceld,
Although obscure, he from the sacrifice
To *Cippus* hornes converts his steady eyes:
Haile King, to thee, and to those hornes of thine,
This place, and *Latian* towres, their rule resigne.
Delay not, enter thou the yeelding gate:
Hast, *Cippus*, hast: such is the Will of Fate.

Thou

Thou ſhalt be crownd a King upon that day:
And ſafely an eternall ſcepter ſway.
He, ſtarting back, from *Rome* diverts his face:
And ſaid, You Gods, far hence this Omen chace.
Better that I in baniſhment grow old,
Then me, a King, the Capitoll behold.
Hiding his hornes with leauy ornaments,
The people and grave Senate he convents.
Then mounts a Mound, late by the Souldier made,
And praying firſt (as was the cuſtome) ſaid.
Vnleſſe expeld your City, here is One
Will be your King: though not by name, yet knowne
By his ſtrange hornes. I heard the Augur ſay,
If once in *Rome*, you all ſhould him obay.
He might, unſtopt, have entred without feare:
But I with-ſtood; though none to me more neare.
Be he, *Quirites*, into exile ſent:
Or, if he merit ſuch a puniſhment,
Bind him in heauy chaines, and keepe him ſure:
Or with the Tyrants death your feares ſecure:
The troubled people ſuch a murmuring make;
As when farre off the roring ſurges rake
On ratling ſhores; or when lowd *Eurus* breakes
Through tufted Pines: then one diſtinctly ſpeakes
In this confuſion; asking, Which is he?
All ſeeking for the hornes they could not ſee,
Cippus repli'd; 'Tis I for whom you looke.
Then from his head (with-held) his garland tooke;
And ſhew'd the hornes which on his fore-head grew.
Not one but ſigh'd, and downe his count'nance threw:
And thoſe cleare browes (a thing beyond beliefe)
Adornd with merit, they behold with griefe.
Nor ſuffer him his honour to debaſe:
But on his head a laurell garland place.
And ſince he his owne entrance did with-ſtand:
The nobles, in due favour, ſo much land
To *Cippus* gave, as well two oxen might
Round with a plough from morning untill night.
The monumentall figure of his hornes,
So much admir'd, the golden Poſts adornes.
Now Muſes, Goddeſſes of Verſe, relate
(You know, nor yeares your memory abate)
How *Æſculapius* in our City found
A Temple, by circumfluent *Tyber* bound.

A deadly

A deadly plague the *Latian* ayre defil'd:
Soules from their ſeats the pale diſeaſe exil'd.
Wearied with funerals, when phyſick faild;
Nor any humane induſtry prevaild;
They ſeeke cœleſtiall aid. To *Delphos* ſent,
Built in the round Earths navell, and preſent
Their prayers to *Phœbus*; that he would deſcend
To their reliefe, and give their woes an end.
His Temple, Laurell, and his Quiver, ſhake:
Who thus, they trembling, from his Tripod ſpake.
What here you ſeeke, you neerer ſhould have ſought:
And ſeeke it neerer yet. *Apollo* ought
Not now to cure you, but *Apollo's* Seede.
Goe with ſucceſſe; and fetch my Sonne with ſpeede.
The Senate having heard this Oracle,
The City ſearch, where *Phœbus* ſonne ſhould dwell:
The ſhore of *Epidaure* the Legate ſeekes:
There anchoring, he entreats th'aſſembled *Greekes*
To ſend their God: who might th'*Auſonian* State
To health reſtore; and urg'd the charge of Fate.
They vary in opinion, ſome aſſent
To ſend this ſuccour; many, not content
To looſe their owne in giving others aid,
Strive to retaine him, and the reſt diſſwade.
While thus they doubt the Day declin'd his Light:
And Earth-borne ſhadowes cloth'd the world in Night,
Th'Health-giving God, in ſleepe, appeares to ſtand
As in his Fane; a ſtaffe in his left hand:
And ſtroking with his right his reverend beard;
From his hope-rendring breaſt theſe words were heard.
Feare not, I come; my ſhape I will forſake:
View, and mark well this ſtaffe-infolding Snake:
Such will I ſeeme, yet ſhew of greater ſize;
So great as may a Deity comprize.
He with the voice, with him and Voice away
Sleepe flew: fled Sleepe purſude by chearefull Day.
The ſtarres now vanquiſht by the mornings flame;
The doubtfull Nobles to the temple came,
Intreat him by cœleſtiall ſignes to ſhew
Whether he were content to ſtay or goe.
This hardly ſaid, the God in Serpents ſhroud,
His high creſt gold-like gliſtring, hiſt aloud.
His ſtatue, altar, gates, the marble flore,
And golden roofe, ſhooke at th'approching Powre.

He,

He, in his Fane, breast-high his body raiſ'd:
Rouling about his eyes that flame-like blaz'd.
All tremble. The chaſt Prieſt, his treſſes ty'd
With ſacred fillet, knew the God, and cry'd
'Tis he! 'tis he! all you who preſent are
Pray with your hearts and tongues: O heavenly-Faire,
Propitious prove to thoſe who thee implore!
All that were there the preſent Powre adore,
Reiterating what the Prieſt had ſaid:
With heart and tongue the *Romans* alſo prayd.
He, by the motion of his lofty creſt,
And doubled hiſſes, ſigne's to their requeſt.
Then ſliding downe the poliſht ſtaires, his looke
Reverts on his old altars; now forſooke:
Salutes his ſhrine, and Temple decke with towres.
Then creeping on the ground, ſtrewd with freſh flowres,
Indenteth through the City; ſtopping where
The Harbour is defended by a Peere.
The following troopes, and thoſe whoſe zeales aſſiſt
In honouring him, with gentle lookes diſmiſt;
He climes th'*Auſonian* ſhip: which felt the waight,
And ſhrunk with bearing of ſo great a fraight.
The joyfull *Romans*, offering on the ſtrand
A Bull to *Neptune*; anchor weigh, and land
Forſake with eaſie gales. Raiſ'd on his traine,
He, leaning, lookes upon the blew-wav'd Maine.
Through *Ionian* Seas by friendly *Zephyrus* borne,
They fell with *Italie* on the ſixth morne.
Lacinian Iunos Fane, *Scyllæan* ſhores,
Iapygia paſt; they ſhun with nimble ores
Amphryſian rocks; *Ceraunian*, weather cleft;
Romechium, *Caulon*, and *Narycia* left:
Sicilian Straites o'r-come, and wrackfull ſeas;
Saile by the manſion of *Hyppotades*:
By *Temeſa*, in mettals fruitfull; by
Leucoſia, and the *Paſtan* Roſary.
Neere *Capree*, and *Minerva's* Fore-land row,
Surrentine hils, where wines ſo generous grow;
Heraclea, *Stabia*, *Naples* borne to eaſe,
Cumæan Sibyl's Temple: next to theſe,
Hot Baths; *Linternum*, ſweet with maſtick flowres;
Vulturnus, who his ſandy channell skoures,
Sinueſſa, ſwarming with white Snakes, ill-aiſ'd
Minturnæ, and where piety prepar'd

His Nurse a tomb: forth-with the mansion make
Of fell *Antiphates*; and then the Lake-
Beseiged *Trachas*: thence directly bore
To *Circe's* Ile, and *Antium's* solid shore.
The Sea now swelling high, this harbor holds
The Saile-wing'd ship. The God his wreathes unfolds;
And, with huge doublings, o'r the yellow sand
Slides to his fathers temple on that strand.
Rough waves asswag'd, the *Epidaurian* Guest
His fathers altar leaves; to Sea-ward prest,
Slicing the sandy shore with rustling scales:
And, by her sterne the ship ascending, sailes
Till he to *Castrum*, to *Lavina's* name-
Retaining Seat, and mouth of *Tyber* came.
All hither throng; sons, daughters, mothers, sires,
The Nunnes who keepe the *Phrygian Vesta's* fires,
With lowd salutes of joy. On either side
The River, as the Vessell stemmes the tide,
Altars, with incense fed, the aire perfume:
And knives from Sacrifices heat assume.
Rome entring, the Worlds Head, He winds about
The lofty mast; and from on high thrusts out
His glittering head, to chuse a fitting place.
The armes of *Tyber* do an Ile embrace,
Which equall streame from either banke divides;
Thither *Apollo's* sacred Serpent slides:
Who now coelestiall shape assuming, ends
Their miseries, and health to all extends.
He here, a forraine Powre, makes his aboad.
In his owne City *Cæsar* is a God.
Glorious in Peace and War: whom war's surcease
With triumphs ground, his government in peace,
Nor race of wonder with such quicknesse runne;
More make a blazing Star, then his great Sonne.
For of all *Cæsars* acts, none may compare
With his adopting so divine an Heire.
For, was it more t'o'r-come the *British* Ile?
Fill the seaven mouthes of paper-bearing *Nile*
With conquering sailes? *Numidians* rebelling,
Cinyphian Iuba, *Pontus* proudly swelling
In *Mithridates* to subject to *Rome*?
Meriting many, to triumph for some?
Then him beget, in whose dominion
The Gods so abundantly have favour'd man?
To th'other they a Deity decreed;

That this might not from mortall birth proceed.
Which when faire *Venus* saw; and saw withall,
Conspiring weapons threat the High-Priests fall;
Her colour fled: to every God she met,
She said, behold, what snares for me are set!
To murder me in him how Treason strives;
Who only of *Iulus* race survives!
Still must I undeserv'd afflictions beare?
How lately wounded by *Tydides* speare!
Now ill-defended *Troy* againe is lost:
My Sonne *Æneas*, with long errors tost
On wrathfull Seas, I saw descend to Hell:
Then warre with *Turnus*; or, the truth to tell,
With *Iuno* rather. How remember I
Old harmes sustaind in my posterity?
I, through this feare, all former feares forget.
Loe; they their wicked swords against me whet:
O helpe! restraine their furies! nor, for shame,
With the High-Priests blood extinguish *Vesta's* flame.
Thus, through all heaven, her Sorrowes vainely speake;
And melt the Gods: who, since they could not breake
The ancient Sisters adamantine doome,
By sure Ostents demonstrate Woes to come.
Armes, clashing in the aire with clouds o'r-cast:
Terrible trumpets, and the cornet's blast,
Proclaime the murder: *Sols* afflicted looke,
And pale eclipse, the World with terror strooke.
Oft, Meteors through the aire their flames extend:
Oft, drops of blood from purple clouds descend.
Black rust obscures dimme *Lucifers* aspect:
And *Cynthia's* charriot bloody staines infect.
The *Stygian* Owle each where disturbes their sleepe
With ominous screeches: Ivory Statues weepe.
The sacred Groves resound with yelling cries.
And fearefull menaces. No sacrifice
The Gods appease: the headlesse inwards shew
Signes of succeeding Tumults, Death, and Woe.
Dogs nightly, in the Court, about the Gods,
And holy Temples howle. From sad abods
The Dead arise, and wander here and there:
Rome trembling, both with Earth-quakes, and with feare.
These Warnings of the Gods no changes wrought
In Fate, or Treason. Murderous swords were brought
Into the Temple: for no place might sort
With such a slaughter, but the sacred Court.

Then *Venus* smote her breast: who sought to shroud,
And snatch him thence in that Æthereall cloud,
Which *Paris* from *Atrides* rage convaid:
And freed *Æneas* from *Tydides* blade.
Daughter, said *Iove*, canst thou resist the doome
Of conquering Fates? Into their mansion come.
There shalt thou see Decrees that needs must passe,
Writ in huge folds of solid steele and brasse.
Which safe, eternall, ever fixed there;
My thunder, lightnings rage, nor ruine feare.
In lasting Adamant there maist thou reed,
What shall to thy great Progeny succeed.
I read, remember well, and will relate.
What may informe thee in succeeding fate.
He, whom thou striv'st to save, his race hath runne
Of Time and Glory: whom, thou and his Sonne
Shall make in heaven a God; on Earth, with praire
And Temples dignifi'd. His names great Heire
Alone his Load shall beare: and strongly shall
By our conduct revenge his fathers fall.
By his good fortune *Mutina* shall owe
To him her peace: *Pharsalian* fields shall flow
With blood; blood twice *Philippi* shall embrue:
On red *Sicilian* Seas he shall subdue
A mighty name. Th'*Ægyptian* Spouse shall fall,
Ill trusting to her *Roman* Generall:
To make our stately *Capitoll* obay
Her proud *Canopus*, shall in vaine assay.
What need I of those barbarous people tell,
And Nations, which by either Ocean dwell?
He shall the habitable Earth command;
And stretch his Empire over sea and land.
Peace given to Earth; he shall convert his care
To civill Rule, just Lawes; and by his faire
Example vertue guide. Then looking to
The future times, and Nephewes to ensue;
A Sonne shall blesse him from a holy womb:
To him he shall resigne his name, and roome.
Nor shall, till full of age, ascend th'abods
Of heavenly Dwellers, and his kindred Gods.
Meane-while from this slaine corps his soule convay
Vp to the starres, and give it a cleare Ray:
That *Iulius* may with friendly influence
Shine on our Capitoll and Court from thence.
This said: invisible faire *Venus* stood

Amid the Senate; from his corps, with blood
Defil'd, her *Cæsars* new-fled spirit bare
To heaven, not suffer'd to resolve to aire.
And, as in her soft bosome borne, she might
Perceive it take a Powre, and gather light.
When once let loose, It forth-with up-ward flew;
And after it long blazing tresses drew.
The radiant Starre his Sonnes great acts beheld;
Out-shining his: and joy'd, to be exceld.
Though he would have his Fathers deeds preferd
Before his owne: yet free-tongu'd Fame deterr'd
By no commandment, yeelds th'avoided Bayes
To his cleare browes; and but in this gaine-sayes,
So *Atreus* yeelds to *Agamemnons* fame;
Ægeus so to *Theseus*: *Telous* name
Stoops to *Achilles*. That I may confer
Th'illustrious to their equalls, *Iupiter*
So *Saturne* tops. *Ioue* rules the arched skie,
And triple world; the Earths vast Monarchy
T'*Augustus* bowes: both Fathers, and both sway.
You Gods, *Æneas* guids, who made your way
Through fire and sword, you Gods of men become;
Quirinus, Father of triumphant *Rome*;
Thou *Mars*, invincible *Quirinus* Sire;
Chast *Vesta*, with thy ever-burning fire,
Among Great *Cæsars* Houshold-Gods inshrin'd;
Domestick *Phœbus*, with his *Vesta* joyn'd;
Thou *Ioue* whom in *Tarpeian* towres we adore;
And You, all You, whom Poets may implore:
Slow be that day, and after I am dead,
Wherein *Augustus*, of the world the Head,
Leaving the Earth, shall unto heaven repaire;
And favour those that seeke to him by prayer.

And now the worke is ended, which, *Ioue's* rage
Nor fire, nor Sword shall raze, nor eating Age.
Come when it will my deaths uncertaine howre;
Which of this body only hath a powre:
Yet shall my better part transcend the skie;
And my immortall name shall never die.
For where-so-ere the *Roman* Eagles spred
Their conquering wings, I shall of all be read:
And, if we Poets true prelages give,
I, in my Fame eternally shall live.

FINIS.

THis Booke, together with the Commentary, and Pictures, and Notes in the Margent, with the first booke of Virgil's Æneis, is printed in a large volume, and to be sold at the signe of the Bell in St. Pauls Church-yard.

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FINIS.

LEt this Booke with the figures in the margent referring to every fifth line in the Metamorphosis in Latin, be reprinted, according to the refined copy, which came forth with the Commentarie and *Pictures*.

SA: BAKER.

May, 26. 1638.